CORONET

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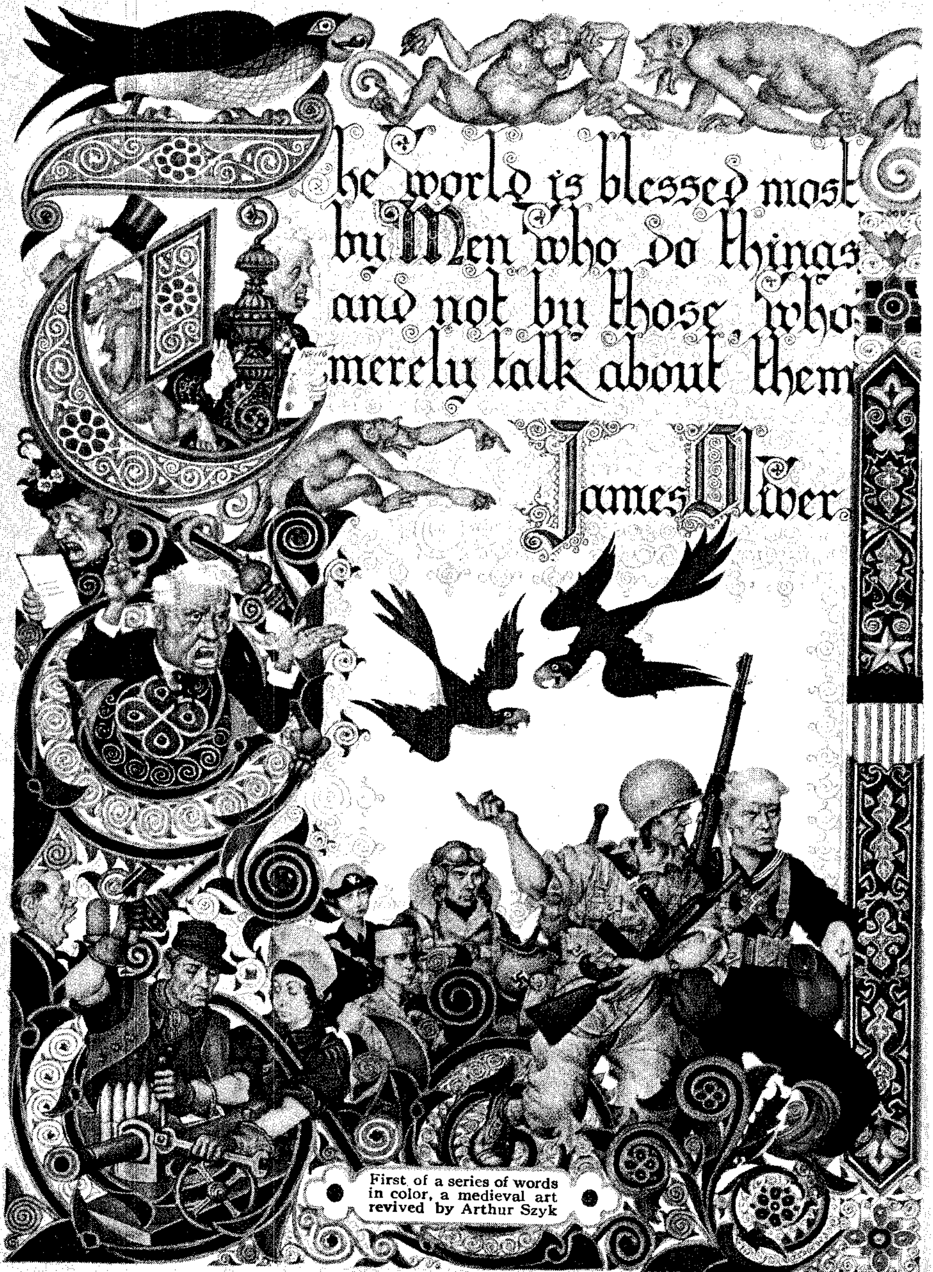
In this issue . . .

Raw Milk Can Kill You

. . . the shocking truth about Undulant Fever


The world is blessed most
by Men who do things
and not by those who
merely talk about them
James Oliver

First of a series of words in color, a medieval art revived by Arthur Szyk

CORONET

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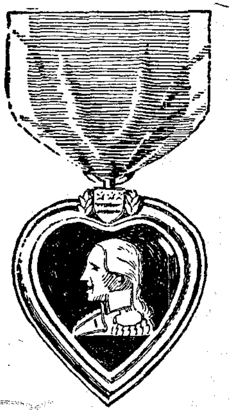


Japanese Americans fighting valiantly in Italy have proved their loyalty with BLOOD

Purple Heart Battalion

by SIDNEY CARROLL

I AM MANY thousands of miles from the Great White Fatherland as I write this, in a place where newspapers are rarities. But in several scattered samples of newsprint I've been able to get, I've read stories which lead me to believe that my friends and relatives back home haven't quite settled the question of race prejudice.

I read in the Milwaukee *Journal* that the Hood River Post of the American Legion has removed the names of sixteen Japanese-Americans from the town's honor roll. I note too that the American Legion has revoked the charters of two Legion Posts because those posts were comprised of Japanese-American veterans of the first World War. I see that the American Legion in Portland, Oregon, raised strenuous objections to the efforts of some Portland citizens who volunteered to provide care for a Japanese cemetery. I have read that Mr. Fred Howser, an official of the state of California, has received letters from newly formed anonymous organizations. The members of these organizations have pledged themselves to shoot on sight every Jap they see. I understand one of these organizations has as its name the motto: "Remember Pearl Harbor."

Now that is curious, because "Remember Pearl Harbor" is also the motto of the famous 100th Battalion, which is composed of "those little slant-eyed yellow men," the Japanese. They are the Nisei, the generation of Japs born on American soil and brought up in American schools and they form a fighting outfit which has been called one of the best in the world by General Mark Clark.

The first time I ever saw any men of the 100th Battalion was in August, 1944. I was bound for Pearl Harbor on a transport, and like all transports we were loaded with soldiers going to war. I saw among the GI's several soldiers who had Japanese faces.

They were dressed in the regulation fatigues and they roamed the decks, part of the mob. They were certainly Japs, but they were certainly not prisoners. I questioned the Army captain beside me at the rail.

"They're all men from the 100th Battalion," he said.

"All Japs?"

"All Nisei," he said. "There's a difference."

"Where are they coming from?"

"They're going home on furlough—to Hawaii. They've been fighting in Italy for a year."

I said they seemed to have a tired look, and he said, "They're the only men on this ship who've seen any action. Every Nisei you see on this ship is a wounded man."

The ones I saw looked quite intact to me, and I said so. The captain laughed. "You should see them in the showers." He shook his head. "In the nude," he said, "you can see the Purple Hearts all over 'em."

Afterward, in Honolulu, I saw and talked with many of these heroes. The one I was most eager to see was Masao Awakuni, the Tank Destroyer.

Once, back in Italy, Awakuni rested on one knee in an open field with a bazooka on his shoulder waiting for a German tank to lumber nearer. When it was twenty-five feet away he fired and hit the tank but it kept coming. His second shot was a dud. His third shot stopped the tank and killed or wounded every man in it. Another time, near Cassino, Awakuni got so far into the German lines alone that he bumped smack into a Mark IV tank. He finished it off with the first bazooka shot. I saw Awakuni in Honolulu, for he was one of the wounded home on furlough. The ninety-eight pound Tank Destroyer doesn't look big enough to bust his way out of a Lily Cup.

In Honolulu I heard some wonderful tales about how some of these Nisei won their medals. But let me tell you first, just briefly, the story of the 100th Battalion.

THE STORY really starts on December 7, 1941, when some 1,400 Nisei were incorporated in the two Hawaiian National Guard Regiments. On December 6th, those 1,400 young men had been our good friends, the Nisei, in whom we had implicit faith. But on December 7, while smoke still rose from the battleships in Pearl Harbor, we took a second look at the Nisei and decided they were something else again. We decided they were Japs. It looked as if those 1,400 would be the last Nisei ever to join our armed forces and it was doubtful if they would ever be allowed to bear arms.

Then a group of Nisei—business and professional men, met in Honolulu and drew up a petition. They asked for the chance to fight for their country. They wanted to prove they deserved our trust. When the document reached the desk of Hawaii's military governor it cleared away a great deal of fog. We decided to let the Nisei fight. A provisional battalion left Hawaii on June 5, 1942. On its arrival on the West Coast of the United States the battalion was officially named the 100th Infantry Battalion. The men promptly coined another name for themselves. "Puka" in Hawaiian means a hole. There are two holes (or zeros) in the number 100. To themselves, the men of the 100th have always been "Puka Puka."

Their commanding officer was Lt. Col. Farrant Turner. Half of their officers were white, half Nisei. Five per cent of them were university graduates, twenty-five per cent had some university education, nearly all had graduated from high school. Roughly twenty-five per cent of them were Christians and about the same number were Buddhists.

Seeing their ship point eastward, to the United States, they knew they were aiming ultimately for Europe. Their spirits sank. Our own military mentors had blocked their hopes to fight in the Pacific for a good reason. If we had Japs fighting on our side against Japs, there was bound to be confusion. The only thing to do with the Nisei was to let them fight in Europe, where the average GI wouldn't shoot at them just as a matter of principle.

In the United States, the Nisei were trained first at Camp McCoy, Wisconsin, then at Camp Shelby, Mississippi. Wherever they went people looked at them curiously at first. But they soon made friends.

On August 21, 1943, the 100th Battalion embarked for Oran, North Africa, where they joined the 34th Division. They went into battle at Salerno taking their first casualties on the 29th of September in a delaying action south of Montemilletto. It was here that they rescued twenty-two paratroopers who had been cut off by the Germans.

For forty days they were part of the Army Corps attacking in the Cassino area. They moved first to Anzio, and then to Rome, and to Belvedere. Their casualties were high. They had reached Italy with 1,319 men in September, 1943. In January of 1944 they had about 200 "effectives" left. Reinforcements came from Hawaii.

The 100th had proved that they could be trusted and so our War Department asked 1,500 Nisei in Hawaii to "volunteer" for Selective Service. On January 24th, 10,000 eager young Jap-American volunteers lined up outside the Selective Service offices in the islands. The Army accepted 2,875. After preliminary training, these men were shipped to the United States to join some 1,200 Nisei from the mainland, forming the 442nd Combat Team. They were trained in Mississippi before shipping out to Italy to reinforce the diminished forces of the glory-stained 100th Battalion. In the early summer of 1944, they caught up with the 100th south of Belvedere. Friends and brothers met for the first time in a year. The men of the 100th were tough veterans by that time and the boys of the 442nd were "kids" to them. In two weeks of training they tried to teach the kids all they had learned. The 100th and the 442nd now formed the 442nd Combat Team of the 34th Infantry Division.

> "The overwhelming majority of Americans of Japanese origin wish to be and are wholly loyal to the United States, and not only that, but they wish to prove that loyalty in service to their native land . . .
>
> "I have too great a belief in the sanctity of American citizenship to want to see those Americans of Japanese descent penalized and alienated through blind prejudice. I want to see them given a square deal. I want to see them treated as we rightly treat all other Americans, regardless of their racial origin—with respect and support, unless or until they have proved themselves unworthy of respect and support. That fundamental principle should apply all along the line, to every citizen of the United States of America."
>
> *—Joseph C. Grew, Under Secretary of State and former Ambassador to Japan (From a speech made on November 18, 1943)*

Although most of the Nisei fighting these days were never part of the original 100th, the other GIs respectfully refer to all Nisei soldiers as "the 100th."

The Nisei tried to make themselves at home in Italy. On the first of May, Lei Day in Hawaii, they plucked yellow Italian wild flowers, made leis and strung them over one another's shoulders. They squatted in circles with their rifles on their laps, played their ukuleles and sang. They peeled the labels from cans of pineapple, and used them as pin-up pictures.

They have many legendary characters, both living and dead.

There is Shizuya Hayashi, who climbed a hill alone, poked an automatic rifle into a German machine gun nest, killed the nine Germans therein. Then he spied a German anti-aircraft battery. He advanced, swung his automatic into action, killed nine more Germans. The four remaining Germans started to run. He captured them.

There is also the interesting case of Private Jesse M. Hirata, whose rifle jammed while he was advancing on a sniper's nest. He picked up a shovel, swung it around like a ball bat, flattened and captured three Germans.

Once the Nisei were sent in to take a certain village. Alfred Tomita, out on a demolition job, got so far ahead of the reconnaissance troops that he reached the village

The Record

The Nisei of the 100th Battalion wear many medals. By August, 1944, in addition to a War Department citation, they had bagged 9 Distinguished Service Crosses, 44 Silver Stars, 31 Bronze Stars—and over 1,000 Purple Hearts, not including clusters for the second timers among the wounded.

alone. Fortunately for Tomita, the village had been evacuated, and having time on his hands, Tomita cleaned up the streets, so everything was nice and tidy when the rest of the U.S. Army arrived.

The Nisei are excellent athletes. Their bodies are small and wiry, their muscles hard and quick, their feet tough as horn. Back home they played football in their bare feet; a good man can punt a ball sixty yards with the naked toe.

All this explains why they are good fighters, but if their physical prowess can be explained on a purely physical basis there remains the larger question of what inspires them to fight. What is the secret of their extraordinarily high morale?

The answer is simple. The Nisei happen to know what they are fighting for. They fight for something you might call respect.

They are Americans, educated in American schools, playing American games, abiding by American law, but they are slant-eyed and yellow and their ancestors came from the land of our enemies. When war broke out the Nisei in Hawaii were abused and suspected because of these facts: eyes, skin, ancestors. They knew that our sudden fever of distrust would never die unless they gave us real proof of their patriotism. We had educated the Nisei in the American way of life; but when the time came for them to make a choice between blood lines and democracy, we weren't sure our teachings had really stuck.

They had stuck, we know that now. The Nisei were as American as their "white" mentors could hope. Yet the men of Puka Puka are learning that though democracy may be worth dying for, it takes a long time for the theoretically irrevocable rights of a democracy to turn into working facts. On the battlefields they found the respect they were fighting for; a man in a foxhole doesn't stop to question his buddy's ethnic origins. But back home it has been different.

When the first wounded Nisei veterans of the Italian campaigns, the wearers of the Purple Hearts, traveled the 10,000 miles home to Hawaii on furlough, they were decked with leis and treated as heroes. But after a few days the heroes were shocked and bewildered to discover that many people in the streets were hostile to them. Even white servicemen insulted them. They took their troubles to their former commanding officer who had come back to Hawaii with the Legion of Merit. Turner asked: "Have you been wearing your ribbons?" They said they had not, they thought service ribbons a little ostentatious. "Wear your service ribbons wherever you go," Turner told them. The Puka Puka took his advice. Once people saw the service stripes there were no more insults.

The trouble is that people do not know what the Nisei have done and what they are doing. The trouble is that when we say "Jap" we do not stop to think that there are several species of Jap. Lt. Col. Turner's experiment with the service ribbons leads to the not too fantastic notion that it might be a good idea to have returning veterans of Puka Puka stop off in several American cities and order them to parade, bedecked in all their ribbons, in front of the people I have been reading about.

While the prejudices of a "white" and pious citizenry flourish in the United States, the men of the Nisei fight and die to gain a little respect from these same citizen patriots. The Nisei wants us to trust him—not with the trust of the patron or overseer, but with an abiding trust, as between brothers. That is something to fight for and that is why the gentlemen of the Puka Puka fight so gloriously.

Ways of the Orient

Lieut. Tommy Harmon tells how the Chinese were carrying him on a stretcher back to his base, because his burned legs wouldn't allow him to walk. There was a Chinese at each end of the stretcher and another man at the side, walking along watching. The narrow path wound across rough and rocky ground.

Suddenly, the stretcher bearer at Tom's head stumbled and started to go down. Harmon braced himself against the expected agony of a sudden jar, of scraping raw, red burns on the rocks. But when he landed, the landing was soft.

The Chinese who walked at the side of the stretcher was assigned to be a cushion, and when he saw the bearer begin to slip, he dived under the stretcher, face down on the rocks, so that the American boy might land on a broad and willing Chinese back.

—Sgt. Soll in *The Communiqué*

Economy of words ofttimes sharpens the point of a tale. The Chinese are masters of this artful simplicity, as was demonstrated when Doolittle was flown from Chungking to India after the Tokyo raid.

The Chinese-piloted bomber carried an overload of sixty four persons. When the plane landed, eight refugees were found to have stowed away besides. Doolittle was amazed as he watched these men climb out. "How did you ever get off the ground?" he asked the pilot.

"Refugees," replied the pilot, "never weigh much." —James Harris

Wong was showing his Occidental friend the sights in San Francisco's famous Chinatown. As they approached a Chinese cinema, the friend suggested they see the show. Agreeably Wong went up to the box office and asked the price of admission.

The ticket seller looked the two over and replied, "For your friend it will be $1.00. For you $1.50."

"But why would you charge me more than my friend?" asked the puzzled Chinese.

"Because you would understand the show, and your friend would not."

—Passon Lyon

The strange story of Anna Jarvis, founder of the day which has brought joy, along with flowers and gifts, to countless mothers the world over

Mother of Mother's Day

by JOHN LACERDA

MAY THE THIRTEENTH will be her day but Anna Jarvis probably will not greatly care. In her soundproofed room will be flowers; perhaps special visits from the sanitarium's doctors and nurses. Someone from the Jarvis Committee may come by to read her letters aloud.

But to Anna Jarvis, eighty four, gaunt and sightless, Mother's Day will mean, at most, only a reminder of an old bitterness.

When Miss Jarvis began her world crusade for homage to mothers everywhere, she was an attractive, intelligent woman. She refused several suitors to care for her blind sister Elsinore. With the passing of the years Anna was to become a moody recluse, a chronic seeker of satisfaction in the courts.

Little is known of Anna's mother, Mrs. Anna Reeves Jarvis, other than that she was the daughter of a Grafton, West Virginia, clergyman who loved flowers—especially carnations.

Around the turn of the century the family moved to Philadelphia to be near Anna's brother, Claude Jarvis. After a few years Claude died and left the women an estate with a paper value of 700,000 dollars; included was a three-story brick home and a trust providing Anna and Elsinore with an annual income of 10,000 dollars. But Claude's creditors swarmed in and years later, in 1945, Anna was to learn that the estate had vanished.

On May 9, 1905, Mrs. Jarvis, her sobbing daughters at her bedside, passed away. Anna's grief was unbounded.

On the second anniversary of her mother's death a memorial service was held at the Grafton church and there Anna announced her intention to start a crusade for the world's "neglected" mothers.

"They suffer so much and receive so little in return," she said. "We never appreciate them until they have gone."

In Philadelphia, Anna settled to her task. She wrote to kings and governors, teachers and clergymen, bootblacks, prisons, Army camps, to the White House and to members of Congress, urging:

"Although every day should be a day for honoring our mothers, let us set aside one special day for the signifying of unfaltering love."

Her letters brought immediate response. Concurring answers came from Josephus Daniels, Theodore Roosevelt, John D. Rockefeller.

In Seattle in 1908, the Presbyterian Assembly directed its pastors to dedicate their sermons to mothers on the second Sunday in May. Parishioners were urged to write letters of love to their mothers if they were living, and, if dead, to wear white carnations. At Seattle's

First Presbyterian Church, women were told to bring bouquets to church for the pastor's blessing, after which the flowers were placed on mothers' graves.

In 1910, Governor M. E. Hay of Washington proclaimed the second Sunday in honor of "those who went down into the valley of the shadow of death for us."

In 1912, Oklahoma joined in, with Governor Lee Cruce calling on citizens "to remember her whose love passeth human understanding." Other states followed suit.

On May 7, 1914, strong-voiced Thomas J. Heflin earned Anna's undying gratitude by introducing House Joint Resolution 263 designating May's second Sunday for the honoring of mothers. Discussion from the floor brought in Anna's name and that of the Fraternal Order of Eagles, now active in the crusade.

The Senate concurred and on May 9, President Wilson proclaimed the day for "a public expression of our love and reverence for mothers." He suggested that the public join the government in putting out flags.

Some forty-three countries took up the idea.

Anna was alarmed at the trend the observance was taking.

"Visit your mother, wear a carnation in her honor and display the flag throughout the day," she had advocated. Now with the movement worldwide, things were getting somewhat out of hand.

"Mother's day," she sobbed to a reporter, "is to be desecrated by the commercial racketeers. The telegraph companies with their ready-made greetings, the florists, the candy manufacturers and greeting card manufacturers have made a lucrative racket out of my idea.

"Even a barber in my neighborhood saw a chance to make some money. He put a sign in his window: 'Get a shave and take a clean mug home to mother.'

"A printed card means nothing except that you are too lazy to take the time to write to the woman who has done more for you than anyone else in the world.

"And candy! You take home a box to mother—and then eat it yourself. Whatever you do, give her something she wants and needs. That was the ideal of the Mother's Day that I founded."

She denounced advertisements suggesting that mother's old furs be traded in for new ones, that mother should be treated to ginger-ale or a forty-five cent lunch on her day; that mother would enjoy the pleasures of a certain wheelchair.

As Anna's bitterness increased she began to isolate herself from the outside world. Her letter writing was stepped up. She subscribed to a clipping service. Her records and papers became so numerous that she had to buy the house next door for storage.

She admitted no one to her home without an appointment and then the visitor had to use a code knock before the door would open. She seldom retired until one a.m. and usually arose at five a.m. to walk twice around the block for exercise. The neighborhood was deteriorating; her own property was falling into disrepair but she was too busy to bother.

Anna had alarm clocks all over her house set for various times as reminders of something to be done on schedule—such as reading a chapter in a detective story.

A large oil portrait of her mother was kept in the parlor; before it was a bowl of withered china roses; beside the chair was a huge urn filled with palms from the funeral.

Once Anna went to Grafton to be her own counsel in a suit contesting an award of only fifty dollars for land on which a power company wanted to string a line. The land was part of the sixty-acre Jarvis farm. Anna questioned witnesses, roundly denounced the judge and jury—and won an award of 160 dollars.

After this success Anna came home and filed suit against a garage company that had leased a building on the Jarvis estate. She said the rental was too low. Since court processes seemed too slow she began a personal heckling campaign against the garage manager. He had her arrested, charging that she tore down signs, ordered everybody out of the place, tried to collect rent from motorists and called him a "skunk" and a "bum."

SHORTLY thereafter Anna founded "The Mother's Day International Association."

She announced that buttons would be the official Mother's Day insignia. These she made available at two dollars a hundred, taking a loss on the price.

In 1923 Anna forced cancellation of a Mother's Day rally planned in New York by a group of public-spirited citizens including Alfred E. Smith, Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, the Rev. S. Parkes Cadman and Otto Kahn. She said "a silly newsreel" was going to be taken at the rally and that "these people favor the gouging of the people by street peddlers who sell dead flowers and other remembrances." She was especially irate against the chairman, gentle "Uncle Robert" Spero, known for his philanthropies among the blind and poor.

Anna threatened to sue for alleged copyright infringement and the committee called off the rally. Triumphantly, Anna went to Washington that Mother's Day to lay a wreath on the grave of the Unknown Soldier.

The following October she threw a convention of Associated Retail Confectioners into turmoil when she ran into their Philadelphia meeting and shouted: "You are using a beautiful idea as a means of profiteering! As the founder of Mother's Day I demand that it cease." A private detective escorted her outside.

In 1925 she stormed into the same hotel and upbraided a convention of the American War Mothers. She charged that the association, which continued to favor the wearing of a carnation although Anna had dropped this emblem in favor of buttons, was trying to make money for the florists. Anna's shrill voice filled the convention hall. The delegates shouted back. Finally the turmoil spilled over into the street, and a crowd gathered.

Arrested and charged with disorderly conduct, Anna said the arrest was just a publicity stunt by "flower peddlers" in the War Mothers' organization.

Six years later she attacked the Golden Rule Foundation, dedicated to charitable works among destitute mothers. Mrs. Eleanor

Roosevelt, Jane Addams, the governors of four states were among the subscribers to the plan, which called for contributions from persons whose mothers had died. Anna was asked to join and Mrs. Roosevelt sent her a copy of the bylaws which stipulated that no member of any committee identified with the Golden Rule observance of Mother's Day should derive any material advantage for services rendered. But Anna remained adamant.

In 1934 she went to Washington and castigated James A. Farley for the Mother's Day stamps. The Post Office Department issued an humble apology while collectors rushed to obtain the first cachets.

One cold day last November, Anna wandered into Philadelphia General Hospital and asked for medical treatment. She was emaciated, virtually blind. Her money was gone.

She was taken to Marshall Square Sanitarium at West Chester and a group of Philadelphians formed a committee to care for her.

Her sister Elsinore refused to leave their cold, dilapidated house. In January, 1944, a policeman found Elsinore dead on the floor, before a lighted gas stove. Rain had come through the leaking roof and frozen on the floor, on the Victorian furniture and bric-a-brac.

In her troubled hours, Anna accuses her benefactors of keeping her in a darkened room to torment her. She denies she is blind.

Poor Anna is receiving good care in her final days. She has made her peace with the florists and the confectioners and they are contributing generously to the Anna Jarvis Fund. After Anna goes, the nation will be asked to cooperate in the building of a permanent memorial to the woman who sacrificed mind, spirit and fortune to the perpetuation of Mother's Day.

Beauty and the Beast

"ARE THE HOT wires ready?" came the stentorian voice.

"Yes, Master, red hot."

"Is the oil boiling?"

"Yes, Master, searing."

"Is the victim tied securely?"

"Yes, Master, she cannot move."

"Is the shroud over her?"

"Yes, Master."

"Okay, then give her the two dollar permanent." —*The U. of Iowa Frivol*

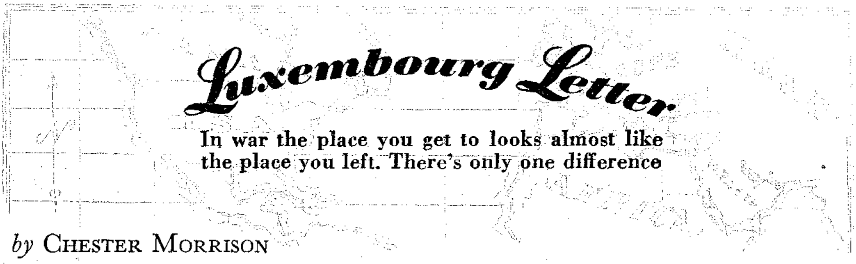
AN UNOBTRUSIVE gentleman in the museum was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was *Spring*.

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped, "Well, what are you waiting for—Fall?" —*The Highway Traveler*

ZASU PITTS TELLS IT on herself. A Marine walked over to her at the Hollywood Canteen one day and said, "Hiya, Beautiful!"

ZaSu smiled and said, "I know why you're calling me that. It's because I spent six hours in a beauty parlor."

"No," the Marine countered. "It's because I spent six months in the Solomons." —HAROLD IRVING



Luxembourg Letter

In war the place you get to looks almost like the place you left. There's only one difference

by CHESTER MORRISON

EDITORS' NOTE: *Anticipating Chester Morrison's monthly, foreign-stamped letters holds more suspense for Coronet's editors than following a continued story. We never know where this roving news correspondent is going to light next, or what events, great or small, comic or tragic, will strike his sensitive imagination. But of this we are sure: whether Morrison writes from Belgrade or Casablanca, from the Black Sea or the Firth of Forth, we shall watch for his letters eagerly and publish them with pride.*

—*Luxembourg*

I SAW A MAN by the side of the road, under the fir trees that were dripping with rain. There were mud puddles everywhere, and the road was very slippery. It was cold.

He was bloated and black, the way you get when you stop breathing. He must have been there some time, because it doesn't happen so quickly in the cold, and I thought of a man I never knew very well. I met him just before he got to be like that. He was an Australian.

Australians are called Diggers and I think it is because whenever you see them they are digging holes. At least it used to be like that. They dig holes to hide in and holes to shoot from and holes for a variety of other purposes, and sometimes it used to seem as though they were digging holes just for the hell of it.

So they were moving into an attack. When you move into an attack on company front you walk along for a few yards, and then you begin to hear the close, shrill whine of machine gun bullets, and you fall down for a while until you think you had better get moving again. And you get up and go on.

It's like that. You walk a while, crouching, and drop a while, and in time you get to where you are going. And the place you get to looks just like the place you left, only there are not so many people in the new place.

These were all Diggers going in, with their rifles handy, and bayonets on their rifles. Bayonets are awful things to see on a rifle. There was nothing important about the skirmish. They just had to get across a gully where there was a railroad track. The railroad was no good. It had been blown up long ago. But they had to get across the gully so the engineers could start laying a water pipeline. There were Germans on the other side of the gully.

The Germans were defending themselves with machine guns, as anybody always has to do when somebody else wants to get them out of where they are. The machine gun is not quite so awful as the bayonet. It's quicker. But it has a nasty, petulant voice like an angry woman.

I forget how I got messed up in this foolishness, but here were these

Australians in their ten-gallon hats and the bayonets on their rifles. And there was I, running and crouching, like a dope, and running again to get across a little gully.

One of the Diggers dropped. I think the bullet hit him in the shoulder and came down inside; it must have hurt, because he hollered and drew up his knees. And that's the way a man gets to be one of those nauseating black objects beside a road.

He looked at me; his eyes were puzzled, and he was crying. I tried to pick him up, because I did not know he was dying.

I kept saying, "Come on, Digger. Come on, Digger," like a fool, because I couldn't think of anything else to say. And he just looked and wondered, and that was the last he heard because just then he died.

That was back a couple of years ago, but I thought of it when we skidded along past the fir trees and saw that other man on the wet ground under the trees. There has been so much of it.

Sometimes people look at you with a kind of wondering resentment. French people and English people, and even Italians. They look at you and you know they're thinking, "Why couldn't it have been you?" They never say it right out, but you get the feeling. "Why did it have to be Cecil, or François, or Beppo? What are you doing here alive, with all your arms and legs?" And sometimes, as the British soldier says, it makes you think.

Sidewalk Parade

♛ FROM SOME distance two soldiers looked on as a young woman chased her hat which had been blown off by a strong gust of wind. "That girl's from the country," said one doughboy.

"How do you make that out?" asked his companion.

"You can always tell a country girl from a city girl if there's a good wind," replied the first. "A country girl grabs her skirt—a city girl, her hat."

—RANDOLPH MACFARLAN

♛ "MY POOR fellow," said the kind old lady, "it must be dreadful to be lame, but just think how much worse it would be if you were blind."

"You're right lady," agreed the beggar. "When I was blind I was always getting counterfeit money."

—*Bainbridge Mainsheet*

♛ THERE WAS a lot of excitement on a local bus the other day when a man got up and offered his seat to a woman —and she fainted. When she came to she thanked him—and he fainted.

—*Will Rogers Field News*

♛ EVERY SATURDAY night, a crowd of Manhattanites drive into a service station for their weekly allotment of gas. Each time the same directions are given: "Put one gallon in the tank and one in this can." Finally curiosity got the better of the attendant and he asked, "Why not both in the tank?"

"It's this way," replied the customer. "We take in all the night spots we can until the car is out of gas. Then we know we've gone as far as we can go, so we put the other gallon in the tank and come home." —CALLIE SEWELL

Through the mad faith of Oscar Serlin, a series of slender magazine skits evolved into that all-time box-office hit, Life with Father

Footlight Bonanza

by Mona Gardner

ONE ANEMIC spring day in California a man, almost as big as the bedroom he was pacing, strode back and forth triumphantly from the window to the door. En route he passed a bookcase—empty except for three well-thumbed books: *God and My Father*, *Life with Father*, and *Life with Mother*.

Suddenly the room door was opened. The big man waved a letter in the face of the friend who entered, crying exultantly: "I've got it! I've got it!"

The friend read the letter. It was a pleasant noncommittal note saying Mrs. Clarence Day would be returning to New York in the autumn...*possibly* a chat could then be arranged, about this notion of Oscar Serlin's for dramatizing certain magazine sketches written by her late husband.

"This letter doesn't say anything," the friend protested.

Serlin smiled beatifically. "Yes, it does. It shows no one else has the stage rights yet. Oh, I've got a wonderful play. It'll make a million dollars."

"You're crazy, Oscar," the friend remarked conservatively.

Broadway, in varying tones and emphasis, repeated the statement for the next two and a half years while the insistent gleam in Serlin's eye was hatched into a three-act play. But, the egg Broadway was waiting to see laid, turned out to be a fabulous one of purest gold. Now an American stage classic, *Life with Father* ranks as one of the most valuable pieces of theatre property ever known.

Last November, when *Life with Father* celebrated its sixth anniversary on Broadway, the play had grossed more than 7,000,000 dollars—the New York production piling up about 3,500,000 dollars and six road companies bringing in 3,700,000 dollars. Warner Brothers has paid 500,000 dollars down for movie rights and, in addition, contracted to pay fifty per cent of the gross receipts. A pessimistic estimate places these at 25,000,000 dollars.

Only two other plays have ever tallied such phenomenal straight-run records on Broadway—*Abie's Irish Rose* with 291 weeks, and

Tobacco Road with a total of 397 weeks. Both trail considerably in box-office totals.

Life with Father has piled up strange records—a Boston man has seen it forty times; thousands of fans have seen six performances. René Clair, the French movie director, exclaimed as he left the show: "But where did those playwrights meet *my* father?"

Serlin had long harbored the idea of committing the Day family to the stage. Going to Hollywood in the spring of 1937, he found himself alone in a train compartment with a *Life with Father* collection in book form. It was like being left alone with a bag of peanuts.

Stuffed with the Day family by the time he reached California, he wired a New York agent to get him the stage rights. After a sickening void of time (four days), the aforementioned letter arrived. Whereupon Serlin rushed to have dinner with Allan Scott, an author who doubled between screen-writing and play-writing. With the soup Serlin started a monologue on the Day family: by midnight it became a spirited dialogue: by dawn the first act curtain had the two customers rolling in the aisle.

Serlin's career up to this point had not been a riot of success. True, just before he graduated from De Paul University in Chicago, he had been able to borrow 1,000 dollars from Nick Lutze, the wrestler, for a rewarding theatre-by-theatre tour of Europe. But back in this country again, he had become one of that legion pounding the Broadway pavements, talking grandiose projects with actors and authors by day, and scrambling like sixty to get a dollar for his night's lodging.

Serlin had managed to activate five of his visions into production—*Skidding* (three weeks), *Solitaire* (four days), *The Guinea Pig* (eight weeks), *Broken Dishes* (six months), and *Lost Sheep* (three months). It was not exactly a Midas guarantee.

It was September before Mrs. Day found time to talk about her late husband's family life being put on the stage. The hearing was in a downtown office. Ranged along one wall were the Bostonian Mrs. Day, three literary agents, a lawyer, a stenographer. At bay on the other side were would-be producer and author, both morosely aware that the author's latest Broadway effort, *In Clover*, was actually in gutter. Probably because of all of this, Scott launched forth in the glib Hollywood conference approach.

When it was over, Serlin made his way to the door, white-faced. He was so tragedy-struck, that Mrs. Day softened the blow with: "Perhaps Mr. Serlin would have lunch with me tomorrow. Perhaps he can explain his own ideas a little better with just the two of us talking."

At lunch Mrs. Day's first question was: "How do you see it as a play?" Serlin replied: "We should just remove the fourth wall and let it be a visit to the Days." When they parted later, a handshake sealed their unwritten contract. Serlin was to find another author.

For two months Serlin, back in California, sniffed about, like a bird-dog trying to flush an author. One day Howard Lindsay volunteered: "I'm very keen about the Day material. I'd like to take a shot at making it into a play."

Serlin masked his surprise. Lindsay was a well-enough known playwright, but his last three scripts had been musical comedies strewn with slapstick and earthy gags. How would this style fit the Golden Age of the American Family? Lindsay continued: "I'm interested for a personal reason. My wife and I would like to act in a play together, and this sounds like an excellent co-starring vehicle for us!"

In his few scattered acting roles, Lindsay had been a consistent Milquetoast. Serlin was shocked. This Caspar trying to throw his pip-squeak voice around as the lusty roaring Father! "How wonderful," Serlin temporized, "to find a competent craftsman who is keen about the material! Plenty of time for casting later, plenty."

Lindsay, like most authors, hates to write. He'd talk character development or dialogue all night long, but addressing the typewriter was another thing. The harried Serlin coaxed, urged and needled via telephone—meanwhile living in a Greenwich Village bedroom with ropes stretched across the wall to hold his clothes. The incessant spaghetti he ate was financed by his brother Edward who borrowed this cash weekly from a bank.

The beginning of February, Russel Crouse moved in as collaborator. The debits against him were: he had been co-author of the earthy musicals *Hooray for What? Red, Hot and Blue;* and *Anything Goes.* That the other half of this co-authorship had been Howard Lindsay wouldn't exactly mitigate the stigma in the eyes of Mrs. and the brothers Day. Crouse's credits were: he was a very able craftsman: he had written a newspaper column on Old New York, and two books about the '80's period. Still more decisive—he'd waive contract and advance money.

Three months later a rough draft rolled from the Lindsay-Crouse typewriter. Serlin hurried to Mrs. Day with it. But Mrs. Day felt she'd rather hear it from the lips of the authors in the company of her brother-in-law, George Parmly Day, retired treasurer of Yale University, and his wife Wilhelmine.

So THE three Broadway lambs appeared for the slaughter in New Haven, juggled tea cups and seed cake, then raced nervously through the reading. They refer to it now as their "reading-of-the-will scene." Accustomed to Broadway's lavish superlatives, they took the tepid New Haven tones as an educated brush-off. Three days later Mrs. Day phoned a translation—George and Wilhelmine were simply delighted with the script.

The pace up to now was giddy compared to what followed. Lindsay had spells of vertigo and nervous indigestion which kept him in bed for days at a time. Crouse, on his way to the eye doctor, would stop by to commiserate.

"I'm too weak to work," Lindsay would say. "Too bad," Crouse would bewail, "just when I had a sort of idea for that breakfast scene . . ."

"You mean something to snap it up?" Lindsay would inquire, putting a pillow under his head. Ten minutes more and he'd be dressed and downstairs, the two of them plunging into a session that might go on until daybreak.

Four months of this and a first

act was done: three months later a second act emerged; and a final burst of seventeen days produced a third act. This is now referred to negligently as "the first draft." The burning question was Mrs. Day's reaction. A manuscript was rushed to her. Six weeks later her call came—oh yes, the script was quite interesting, only, of course, certain changes must be made. Three more versions were written between then and the New York opening.

In the interim, Serlin snatched two months to make the documentary film, *The City*, for The Carnegie Foundation, and found it was an eleven-month job. During this, he perfected new and amazing methods of chivying the collaborators—after hours and on Sundays he'd haunt old furniture shops, the library, and museums, steeping himself in the atmosphere of the '80's, and sending on to Messrs. Lindsay and Crouse infinite and persistent reminders—a piece of furniture, an antimacassar, a porcelain pug dog. Also he poured over the Day family albums and listened to the Day reminiscences.

In April 1939 the first contract was signed. Now all Serlin had to do was raise production money. A manuscript was sent to one of Clarence Day's old friends, Laurence Stebbins, who had helped finance *Green Pastures*. He sent the script back, calling it "very disappointing." When Serlin tried to show it to Arthur Mayer, owner of the Rialto Theatre in New York, Mayer said: "Look, Oscar, I'm loaning you 500 dollars. Pay me back if you ever make anything. But don't ask me to invest in that play I hear you're trying to do."

Next on the script list was John Hay Whitney, an inveterate Broadway angel, who forwarded the play to Robert Benchley for advice. He returned it with the remark: "I could smell this on the postman even before he got up the walk!"

Serlin hit upon the notion that with a star playing the leading role, money might loosen up. He dispatched scripts to Walter Huston, John Halliday, Walter Connolly, Roland Young, and the Lunts. Roland Young was so uninterested he hung up when Serlin called him on the telephone to talk about it; the others said no with equal finality—except Alfred Lunt, who asked his wife: "Why not? Why don't we try playing a decently married couple with children for a change?" His wife replied: "I couldn't stand leading you to baptism every evening for two years!"

OUT OF THE blue, Mrs. Carly Wharton, whose husband was Jock Whitney's lawyer—called, said she and her business partner, Martin Gabel, liked the script. Eventually a deal was closed for a 10,000-dollar guarantee towards the New York opening. The additional 5,000 dollars was raised between Dr. Irving Somach (Serlin's doctor); Edward Serlin, his brother; Ned Lehac, and the two authors.

This assured the New York opening, *provided* a few thousand were scraped together for the necessary out-of-town tryouts. Lindsay arranged the first of these for August 14th at the summer theatre in Skowhegan, Maine. Costs still mounted to 1,250. He borrowed it from Lindsay, along with 200 dollars to get himself up there. For the tryout only, Lindsay was to play Father. Serlin still couldn't see Lindsay as a commanding tyrant.

Broadway play scouts, directors, friends and mourners at the Skowhegan opening offered advice. Owen Davis, the very seasoned playwright, said: "It's okay, Lindsay, only you've got to take that baptism part out. It won't get by." Warner Brothers' agent offered 15,000 dollars for it on the spot as a picture for W. C. Fields and Mary Boland. But except for tightening lines here and there, the play went on for its Baltimore tryout.

It is traditional for a play to have mishaps on opening night, but *Life with Father* abused the privilege. Lindsay had laryngitis from screaming "Damnation!" loud enough to satisfy Serlin: some of the props hadn't arrived; at 7:30, Mrs. Day wrung her hands and said the curtain couldn't go up because they'd set the breakfast table with the wrong cloth; the maid dropped a tray of dishes, scattering muffins and butter pats under foot; the boy playing John, new to the stage, laughed his head off every time the audience laughed; the minister "dried up" and his prompter was heard all over the house; a whole scene was dropped because two youngsters forgot to come on, leaving Lindsay with an empty stage and a job of ad-libbing to do.

Shortly after the opening, the wiseacres at Sardi's were baiting Serlin about his nostalgic little play, and commiserating that it had such competition as the ferociously brilliant *Man Who Came to Dinner*. Serlin turned on them: "Listen, you. *The Man Who Came to Dinner* will close on Broadway, will be made into a picture, and be forgotten while *Life with Father* will still be running right in the Empire Theatre where it is today." Everyone enjoyed the joke.

But—*The Man Who Came to Dinner* did close on Broadway in 1941, became a movie that year, and is now on the way to limbo, while *Life with Father* is still at the same place on Broadway, while a seventh road company tours the country.

Serlin is now making other prophecies. He predicts the play will run twenty-five years: that it will be an American institution played in high school auditoriums, tent shows, on the radio and in television. And, in the course of these, will easily gross some 50,000,000 dollars. Broadway listens uneasily. He couldn't be right again, *could* he?

Last Straws

RIVALING THE PROUD MOTHER who told her daughter to "say something in Algebra, dear, for Mrs. Smith," is the action of a Midwestern town council. It ordered a canopy erected over the park sundial to protect it from the weather. And runner-up is another town council which, after learning that the fire apparatus had failed during a fire, passed a resolution requiring that all fire-fighting equipment must be inspected on the eve of a fire.

—H. W. BUTLER

Going into business for yourself opens interesting new horizons. Here are some simple precautions to be observed

The ODDS on Starting a BUSINESS

by HAROLD S. KAHM

DAZZLING prospects for starting his own small post-war business are being paraded before G.I. Joe these days. The government is willing to lend him the money to get his own enterprise under way, and many cities and organizations are also prepared to lend a hand. Hence, many thousands of returning veterans—and plenty of ambitious civilians, too—will certainly plunge headlong into that high adventure—"Be Your Own Boss."

But thus far no one has seen fit to mar this bright picture with the unpleasant truth that, according to ice-cold statistics, *ninety per cent of all new business ventures fail.*

Mrs. Graham was a marvelous cook. When her husband died (he probably ate himself to death) she took her insurance money and invested in a small restaurant. Within a month the place was jam-packed, and the diners left in a dreamy haze of contentment. No wonder! The food was superb, and you got a dinner for seventy-five cents that would have cost twice as much elsewhere.

There was only one small fly in the ointment. A dismal "Store for Rent" sign appeared in the window one day. Mrs. Graham had gone busted higher than a kite. She had never heard of cost-accounting, and it was too late when she realized those seventy-five-cent dinners were costing her about ninety-five cents.

The mortality rate is higher in the restaurant business than in any other, but not always because restaurateurs don't know arithmetic.

Take Mr. Wagner, who was keen at adding and subtracting. "In the restaurant business," pronounced this innocent, "cost-accounting is everything." So Mr. Wagner started a restaurant. He offered the public a sixty-five-cent dinner, and it was the kind of dinner anybody would consider well worth forty cents. Its exact cost, according to the books, was twenty-seven and 3/10 cents.

Mr. Wagner was going to get very, very rich. The only trouble was the public wasn't enthusiastic about paying sixty-five cents for a mediocre meal. So Mr. Wagner, who adored bookkeeping, one day found himself without any books to keep.

He had overlooked the fact that he was dealing with human beings. Conversely, Mrs. Graham was devoted to people, their care and feeding, but she didn't know how to add and subtract.

The main trouble with both was a lack of previous experience.

There is no substitute for experience, and even the slightest actual knowledge is better than none. For each business is as full of special tricks and pitfalls as a raisin pie is full of raisins, and it's helpful to know each raisin personally.

Suppose you've had no experience—does that prevent success in your own enterprise? Not always. Consider young Mr. Coleman, formerly Pfc, who was recently honorably discharged. He hankered for a nice little grocery store of his own. All he knew about a grocery store was that it was where you went to buy groceries. He went straight to the general manager of the biggest wholesale grocery firm in his district and calmly announced that he had 1,500 dollars to invest in the grocery business, and he'd like to know how to go about it.

The 25,000-dollar-a-year executive cheerfully taught the youngster every angle of the business; suggested a location, helped him buy his initial stock, promised to keep an eye on him. Guided by this expert advice, the boy was successful from the start. Soon his attractive little store was netting 100 dollars a week.

The average big wholesaler or manufacturer knows the retail end of his industry inside out, and he's usually delighted to help a newcomer get started. After all—it means another outlet for his goods!

If there is no business you already know, what kind of merchandise, or work, are you most familiar with? Years ago when radio was young and everybody was buying or assembling crystal sets, an elderly college professor by the name of White decided that radio had a brilliant future. So he quit his job to start a radio supply store. He knew nothing about radio, and when a customer asked for a certain part he'd never heard of he had to look it up in the catalogue. Down the street was another radio shop whose owner knew radios, could talk shop with his customers, and advise them on assembly details. He's still in business. Mr. White went the way of all bankrupts.

Never select an enterprise just because there seems to be a fortune in it, unless you're fitted for that field by familiarity or natural aptitude.

Another popular stumbling block is exemplified by the sad case of Mr. Williams, who found an excellent location for a home appliance repair shop. Mr. Williams didn't know how to so much as screw in a light bulb, but he planned to hire a competent repair man. Now came the fatal error: he hired his wife's favorite brother who claimed he could take a vacuum cleaner apart blindfolded, and put it together again with his teeth. This must have been the method he used, judging from outraged customers' complaints. But could Mr. Williams fire him? Not unless he was willing to follow it up with a trip to Reno. So he shut up shop and took his loss like a man. Moral: don't hire relatives to work for you. More than one enterprise has gone on the rocks for this reason. There are exceptions, but the rule in business is, "Relatives are poison."

As for partnerships, avoid them, because one partner is legally responsible for the acts of the other. If you're in the shoe business and your partner impulsively orders 50,000 pairs of left shoes, you are liable for the bill.

If the business is dissolved or goes into bankruptcy, and your partner is unable to meet his share of the debts, then you may be liable for all debts.

Either own and operate the business single-handed, or form a corporation. If you incorporate, you are responsible only to the extent of your stock in the business. In the event of disaster, you are personally liable for nothing. In the eyes of the law a corporation is a separate entity and does business accordingly. Forming a corporation doesn't mean you have to sell stock to all and sundry; the average small, or "closed," corporation is composed of three stock owners. By holding fifty-one per cent of the stock, you're the boss. To incorporate, see your lawyer.

Speaking of lawyers, never sign a lease, contract or other legal document without having him look it over first. Extra fine text in a contract isn't usually there to save paper, but to discourage you from reading it carefully.

A young man who inherited 20,000 dollars decided to invest it in a movie theatre. He discovered an ideal location, bought the property, borrowed additional capital from his bank, and started building. Then, as a matter of routine, he applied for a theatre license. The city council turned him down. Frantic, he went to court, to try to force the city to grant him a license, but the court said no: the city had the legal right to grant or withhold theatre licenses. The bank, of course, foreclosed on the property. Moral? Before you start any new business, find out if it requires a permit, and secure that bit of paper *first*.

One hazard of new businesses is the Shoestring Rainbow—the fallacy that you can get something for nothing. If you have 1,000 dollars to invest, it's far better to buy a 1,000-dollar business c.o.d. than a 50,000-dollar business on credit.

Of course, if you have no capital it *may* be all right to borrow it. If, as a veteran, you borrow it from the Federal government, that's fine—Uncle Sam is no loan shark. But if you borrow it from some unscrupulous individual, loan company or bank, you may find yourself mortgaged, with a stiff rate of interest, high payments, and a good chance of losing your business. Don't borrow unless interest and payment rates are low, and the time for payment, adequate.

Shortly after the war a man had a bright idea for a business; a new war plant had brought thousands of workers into town. What a wonderful spot for a small variety store! The enterprising Mr. Jones bought a lot, built a store, and started to do a land-office business. No sooner had he got started than the plant closed down. Frantically Mr. Jones inquired when it would be reopened. His question was answered. The plant was being moved to another location where it would be less exposed to enemy bombing. The new locality was already well supplied with stores.

It doesn't pay to start a business in a locality where most customers are employes of what may be a temporary industry. Find out the future plans for that industry. Not to do so is like buying a home for your bride before asking the girl if she'll marry you.

There's no use starting any new business unless you've first made sure there's a demand for it in the locality you've selected. Otherwise, what reason can you give the public to stop patronizing the other fellow, in your favor? To meet competition you must offer a more convenient location, better or cheaper merchandise or service, a more attractive store, or *something*.

Above all, you can't offer the public something it doesn't want at the moment. If none of the bakeries in a certain community sells doughnuts, is this your big chance to open up a doughnut shop? Better find out first if the reason the bakeries don't sell doughnuts is because nobody around there wants them. The same principle applies to virtually any business.

In the case of a hitherto unknown product or service that can't be judged in this way, proceed cautiously. It takes expensive advertising to create a demand for something new. Unless, of course, it's something the public has needed violently for a long time. Some years ago in Germany, a law required all business places to close at 8:00 p.m. The owner of a small delicatessen shop purchased an automatic, coin-controlled vending machine, with dozens of individual glass-doored compartments which a patron could open at any hour by depositing the right coins. In one compartment there would be a quarter pound of liverwurst, in another a half dozen rolls, and so on. The idea went over like a house afire—because it was the answer to an unsupplied demand.

Not knowing where to buy is one of the chief causes of new retail business failures. If your local wholesalers don't give you a fair deal, it is possible to have your merchandise shipped in from a distant house, or buy directly from the manufacturers. Your public library probably has a directory listing the names, addresses and products of every American manufacturer. Classified telephone directories contain the names of wholesalers in every field. Also, each industry has its trade journals, whose editors will be happy to supply any information you want. The library has a classified list of these trade journals (Ayer's Directory of Newspapers and Periodicals).

Some new businesses go broke because their owners didn't stay home; the grass being greener in far pastures, they started their new enterprise in a different town, where they were regarded as strangers and interlopers. Not all towns are like that, but before you locate in a strange community it's a good idea to talk things over with the local Chamber of Commerce, and others, to find out whether your enterprise would be welcomed.

Now WE come to a vital issue: is it better to buy an established, going business from someone, at a premium, or to start a completely new enterprise from scratch? An established business, if it has been successful for a period of time, will probably continue to make money under your management. A new business, on the other hand, usually loses money during the building process. When you consider this initial loss plus the advertising necessary to launch a new enterprise it may pay you to give someone a fair sum for the "good will" of his business. An established enterprise which has netted 400 dollars a month for two or three years, should be worth at least 2,000 dollars besides the value of stock and equipment. All in all it's safer to let some elderly gentleman retire to a pink bungalow in California, at your expense, while you take over his business. If you're a novice he'll show you the ropes before he departs, and this alone is worth much.

A couple of summers ago a young man with limited capital bought a shooting gallery and secured a concession in a big amusement park. The first week, business was fine. The second week another shooting gallery, much bigger and more elaborate, moved in a few yards away, and thereafter took the cream. The outraged young man protested to the park owner in vain. He had failed to specify in his lease that he was to have the exclusive shooting gallery privilege. Happily not many amusement park owners, or other businessmen, are like that. But some of them are, and when you negotiate for a lease, always specify that the landlord will not rent space near you to a competing business.

But that doesn't guarantee that a competitor can't move into a nearby store owned by somebody else! So the best rule is to avoid leasing a store in the vicinity of other vacant stores that you can't control—or near vacant lots on which store buildings may later be erected. Tricky, isn't it?

Generally speaking, these may be considered the major stumbling blocks that trip fledgling businessmen and send them headlong into the dark abyss of bankruptcy. The G. I. Joe or anyone else who considers them carefully and guides himself accordingly, has an excellent chance to make his fortune in the bright post-war world.

And it will, in all likelihood, be a very bright world for new business ventures. For although the old frontiers are gone, there are new ones—and the best of them all lies in the tremendous buying power of 135,000,000 prosperous and service-loving Americans.

For His Name's Sake

HIS EGO A BIT INFLATED by his high office, a certain bishop in New York State adopted the Church of England's practice of using only the baptismal name as signature. To the irritation of his fellow divines, he signed all his letters and documents "William of Albany."

Another bishop, meeting him on the street one day, pretended to have forgotten his name, "Oh, yes," he said at last, "you are William of Albany." Then he added, "By the way, I am exerting my influence to have you transferred to western New York."

"You can't do that," spluttered William of Albany. "You have no jurisdiction over me."

"I know," said the other, "but I'm sure you will be far happier there. Your episcopal residence will be at Buffalo, and you can then call yourself Buffalo Bill."

—Erik W. Modean

My Interview with the Pope

I LAST SAW Pope Pius XII on November 17, 1944. With my credentials and a formal engraved invitation in hand, I passed through an impressive series of corridors leading to the Pope's private chambers. In every room people waited for audiences, not only dignitaries, but soldiers from America, England, Poland, France and Brazil.

I recalled that afternoon of March 2, 1939, when a tiny wisp of white smoke emerging from the chimney of the Sistine Chapel signified the election of a new Pope. The Cardinal Deacon, stepping to the balcony of St. Peter's, made the familiar proclamation to the throng below: "I bring you tidings of great joy. We have a Pope."

Now, more than five years later, I was about to enjoy the privilege of a private talk with His Holiness. He entered the room, carrying his tall lithe form with the spring of an athlete. We began talking in English, then in French, and finally in German. I was surprised by the freedom of our conversation. I had expected him to be reserved and chary. Instead, he was so completely sure of his ideas that he talked directly on every subject. About the peace he said that mere diplomatic arrangements were not enough. There must, he said, be Christian charity, the kind of charity exemplified by the spirit of Christ.

Throughout the interview, I saw the Pope not only as a great spiritual figure but as a supreme diplomat with a practical appreciation of how to fight for his ideas. He is more modern than any of his predecessors and has proved he can use the radio and airplane without upsetting the tradition of the Papacy.

While still a cardinal he visited America in 1936 and demonstrated time and again his deep feeling for the masses. As Pope, he is unchanged in this respect. When Rome was bombed he went into the streets and prayed with the people. And during our talk he showed repeatedly that he is keenly alive to the sufferings of the people in war. Afterward, I saw him being carried through the aisles of the chapel in his sedan chair. He leaned far out to touch as many as possible of the hundreds of hands of men in uniform that were stretched toward him. After his public audience he mingled with the crowd, asking the soldiers where they were from, blessing countless rosaries, comforting and cheering wherever he could. It was an inspiring scene of generosity, understanding and good will.

As we parted the Pope graciously gave me two souvenirs—a small silver medal with his likeness engraved on one side, and an autographed picture not unlike the one reproduced here.

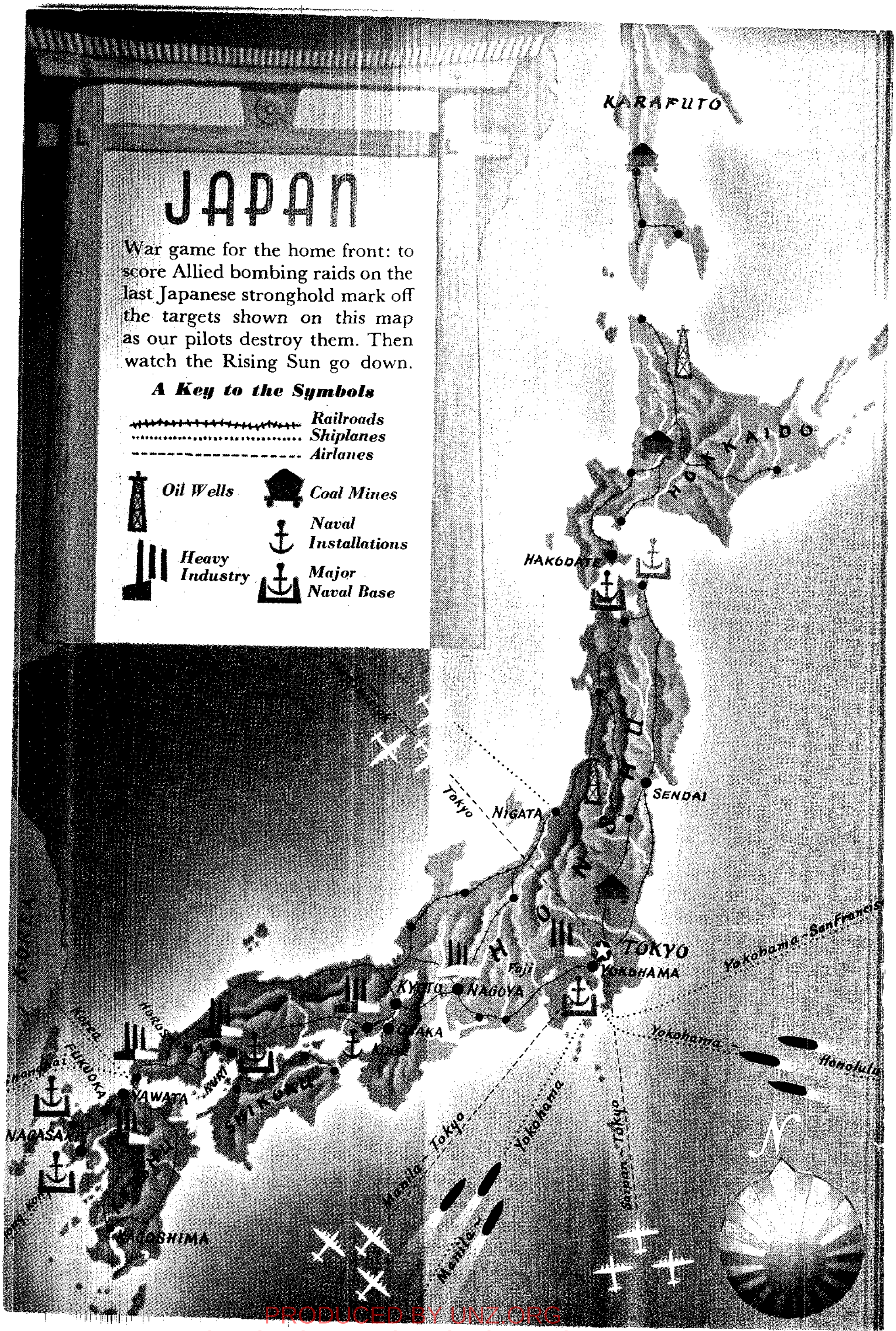
H. V. Kaltenborn

H. V. KALTENBORN

POPE PIUS X

JAPAN

War game for the home front: to score Allied bombing raids on the last Japanese stronghold mark off the targets shown on this map as our pilots destroy them. Then watch the Rising Sun go down.


A Key to the Symbols
Railroads
Shiplanes
Airlanes
Oil Wells
Coal Mines
Naval Installations
Heavy Industry
Major Naval Base
KARAFUTO
HOKKAIDO
HAKODATE
HONSHU
SENDAI
NIGATA
Tokyo
TOKYO
YOKOHAMA
Fuji
NAGOYA
KYOTO
OSAKA
KOBE
HIROSHIMA
KURE
SHIKOKU
YAWATA
FUKUOKA
Korea
Shanghai
NAGASAKI
Hong Kong
KAGOSHIMA
KOREA
Yokohama–San Francisco
Yokohama–Honolulu
Manila–Tokyo
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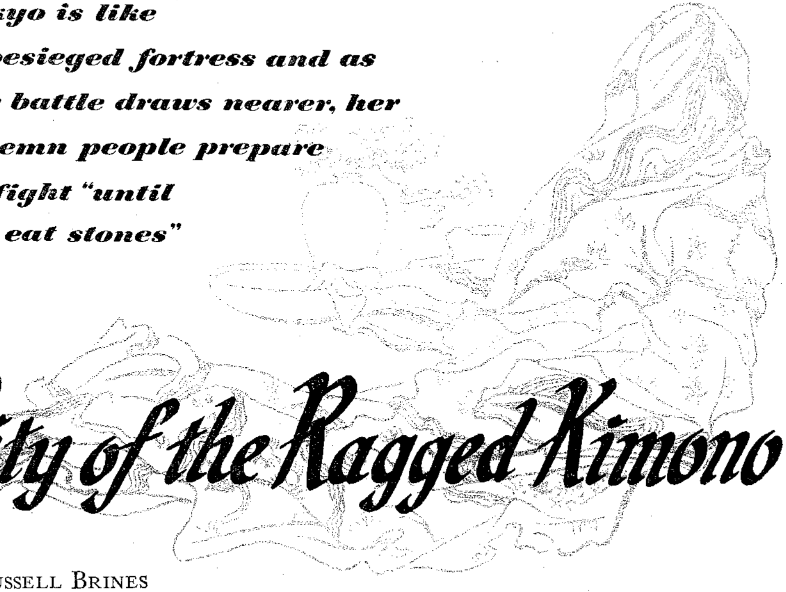
Tokyo is like a besieged fortress and as the battle draws nearer, her solemn people prepare to fight "until we eat stones"



City of the Ragged Kimono

by RUSSELL BRINES

EDITORS' NOTE: *After ten years of reporting Pacific affairs for the Associated Press, Russell Brines understands Japan too well to be hopeful of world peace. The Japanese militarists, he says, insist they will fight a hundred-year war if necessary, and they mean it. They are laying plans for the next war now. Brines' disturbing observations stem from his experiences as a correspondent in Tokyo, Manchuria and Manila; as prisoner of the Japanese in Manila and Shanghai. Always objective, he considers his personal reactions trivial against the great backdrop of Asia's drama. He is back in the Philippines now, covering that area for AP.*

TOKYO TODAY is grim, drab and grubby. A spirit of resignation is reflected in the solemn, pinched faces of people on the streets. Government policies and increased hardships are grooming the citizens of Japan's capital for their eventual role in the front line of battle.

During the day, sidewalks are crowded with pedestrians wearing ragged, faded kimonos. Those lucky enough to have them ride bicycles, and only a few of the very rich drive automobiles for which they pay dearly in the black market. Streets and parks are littered and dingy. Most luxury stores are closed for lack of stock, and at night the city lies in perpetual darkness.

The common people at home receive none of Japan's war loot; none of the rubber, wool, cotton, quinine and similar army-exploited products are available to them, and little of the rice and grain. Basic reasons for their privations are war needs, shortages of labor and transportation. But the underlying motive is an intensive program of self-denial, sponsored by a desperate government in preparation for the last phase of the war as outer

Excerpted from the book . Until They Eat Stones, published at $3.00 by J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania; copyright, 1944, by Russell Brines

reaches of the empire are lost. Communiqués are becoming accurate in admitting Pacific losses although they still exaggerate the damage inflicted on attackers.

For two years Tokyo has been under stricter rationing than any city in the overseas empire except Hong Kong. Here are the official figures for 1943 when the war was progressing favorably for Japan (obviously there has been considerable tightening of belts since that date):

Each person was allowed one half pound of rice daily (half of normal consumption); three ounces of fish twice a week, enough for about two bites; two ounces of meat a month; one half pound of sugar a month; one bar of soap a month. A family could buy six rice cakes a month. Coal was unobtainable, charcoal, only in limited amounts. The allowance of cooking gas, one yen per family monthly, would cook a supply of rice to be eaten cold. Fruit and vegetables were unrationed but limited by transportation restrictions. Hence many peasants who formerly shipped most of their crops to market for cash to buy other essentials have more food than usual, but share other privations with city dwellers,

The Japanese are growing visibly thin and their lowered resistance has increased disease. Each individual eats primarily for sustenance, without regard to appetite or taste. Sweet potatoes, grown in Manchuria, are increasingly important as a staple and for by-products such as a concoction euphemistically called "coffee." Rice is adulterated with corn and barley; limited supplies of milk are available only to the sick and not to children; butter, cheese and imported canned goods have disappeared.

Besides tight rationing of clothing, the commoner is faced with rising prices for garments of an ersatz material apt to disintegrate at the second washing or in a heavy rain. Government instructions for washing towels, for example, specify they should be hung up while wet, because wringing shortens their life.

A man is lucky if he can obtain during the year: one suit or overcoat or kimono; two shirts, six pairs of socks, two ties, two handkerchiefs and one suit of underwear. If she can afford them, a woman may annually buy: a kimono or dress of *mompei;* a baggy pair of overalls, worn over the kimono; six pairs of *sufu* stockings and enough *sufu* material for one towel.

Western-style shoes, virtually unobtainable, are made of composition cardboard material that is gone with the rain. Wooden *geta* are cheaper and sturdier but cannot be worn with the Western business suits still standard in Tokyo. One of these suits, or the plain "national uniform" closely resembling Russia's Communist party uniform, costs 150 yen, or about 40 dollars.

Rich citizens circumvent these hardships through the black market, paying, for instance, as much as 15,000 yen, or about 4,000 dollars, for a small automobile. They buy essential foods and luxuries in the same way and without any stirrings of conscience. For racketeering has always been a common part of Oriental life. When possible the commoner buys from the black market too; this is especially true of munitions workers, some of whom earn 1,000 yen monthly, which is ten times as much as they ever hoped for in normal years.

When "black merchants" are caught, their punishment varies. Some of the biggest operators escape with fines sizable in themselves, but still permitting them large profits. Smaller operators are badly beaten by the gendarmerie and sometimes imprisoned.

The government insists upon solemnity, but the war-rich crave gaiety. Two years ago they were supporting the geisha and red-light districts, whose bright lights burned behind the nightly dimout. Crowds stood patiently in long lines around the movie houses, though most pictures were fully dosed with war propaganda. Ginza beer halls were jammed until their monthly ration was exhausted, then closed until the next allotment. Baseball drew numerous fans, and with American phrases banned, announcers struggled manfully with such terms as "dame"—"bad" for "out," and "yoroshii"—"good" for "safe."

With public bars closed each day until five p.m. and restaurants closed after ten p.m. and limited to simple meals by maximum prices, "speakeasy" restaurants and bars now flourish. The customer is recognized by peeping eyes through a grilled door, in the best manner of American prohibition days.

The publicly displayed comforts of the war-rich weaken the government propaganda picture of a nation welded together by common service and common sacrifice. Many militarists and extremists are convinced that spartanism is the desirable way of life; they never cease sniping at those who flout it.

Early in 1944 the government made a comprehensive attempt to extinguish the few remaining bright lights in Tokyo. The restriction was applied to 4,300 geisha houses, to the city's better restaurants including the Imperial Hotel and to the legitimate drama. Even the famous Kabuki theatre, where classical plays glorified the samurai for the perpetuation of war psychology, had to go.

To supplant such entertainment the government offers the chance for more work in the state's interest and suggests that people spend their leisure in contemplation and greater devotion to the city's shrines.

With the Allied forces drawing ever closer, the government issued a stream of additional decrees. This included the mobilization of women, high school and college students; more comprehensive air raid precautions; the evacuation of lightly constructed government offices; use of college and school buildings as military storehouses, hospitals or air raid shelters; and use of every bit of vacant land to cultivate food. Propagandists also plead for greater industrial production.

THE ENTIRE program is based on a propaganda about-face. The formerly belittled Allied soldier is now a tough, determined foe. The United States has become the major enemy for propagandists who picture American pilots as "butchers," gleefully machine gunning children. The West is made more formidable by its productive activity, they say, while Japan's "superiority" lies in the abilities of her "valiant warriors" and the "inflexible will of the people." It is said the democracies want a short war, cannot last through a long one.

As part of the "Vacant Lots Utilization Program" for the growing of food, the emperor "graciously allowed," the city of Tokyo to utilize vacant areas in the outer imperial palace grounds for produce, and the outer moat for raising fish. Supposedly he planted the first seeds, a gesture which deeply affected the average Japanese; competition was keen for the "privilege" of devoting leisure time to this choice project.

Japan as an empire is nowhere nearly so poor as this program might indicate. National poverty has been exaggerated into a symbol of wartime conformity. Tokyo has been stripped of all available scrap metal; even the Buddhist temple bells have been melted for war materials. Yet the conquerors had access to many suitable ore deposits.

From now on, Japan's domestic propaganda probably will be pessimistic, although she will continue to exhibit a bolder front to the overseas empire. Unless evaluated against the militarists' callousness in driving their people toward hardship, this type of government-inspired "news" might be misleading to the West. It gives the impression that Japan is much closer to collapse than is true.

Air raid precautions involve thousands of men and women, members of an elaborate organization for fire-fighting, first aid, gas control and aircraft spotting, with bucket-brigade squads for every few houses. The efficiency of this organization in the heavy raids is now doubtful. Typically, the Japanese over-man their rescue squads; six men are assigned to each stretcher. Buckets of water, often badly slopped while passing through a dozen hands, are probably useless against the inferno that flimsy houses are now becoming under incendiary attack. The few large public air raid shelters are built so close to the surface that heavy bombs may penetrate them.

Air raid wardens' uniforms, cheap, baggy pants and thin wrapputtees of sickly olive drab, are worn proudly; orders are given with the civilian's idea of military crispness. The job is a coveted honor.

With the air raids, the government has attempted the resettlement of "non-essential" civilians. Although the total of "essential" civilians increases rapidly with mobilization, it is a question as to how many of Tokyo's more than 7,000,000 residents (most of them children) can be moved. As the Allied offensive approaches more closely, some influential businessmen may be granted permission to move to Manchuria.

Every Japanese, technically, is subject to either military conscription or labor service, and men between seventeen and forty must work in heavy, rather than light, war industry. Ninety per cent of total production is military. Industries are classed into four groups: "must" or vital factories; "may" or secondary war plants; "non-essential" and "industries which should be abolished." Workers may be requisitioned from any lower category group without government sanction, or exchanged between industries of the same category upon agreement of the executives.

The workingman has no voice

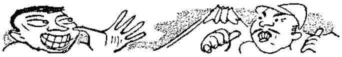
concerning his working conditions; any spoken outburst would attract immediate gendarmerie attention. Public opinion is against strikes or sabotage and militarists could count on the extremists to move in force against recalcitrant workers. Nevertheless, concessions have been granted in key factories; workers' wages have been raised, housing projects improved, medical facilities and larger rations have been granted. While some sabotage by Korean workers in the islands has been reported, the extent is apparently so far unimportant. Aside from Koreans, the Japanese are hesitant to import large numbers of subject peoples, distrusting the newly conquered. Hence the manpower shortage continues acute in the homeland, while Japanese industries abroad draw upon workers dominated by the armed forces. This is one reason for the removal of many factories to Manchuria.

Government insistence on the use of women in business and industry has necessitated a profound readjustment of social life. Old-line citizens oppose modernistic trends which take women away from their traditional place in the kitchen.

A fundamental bottleneck is the shortage of machine tools. Japanese newspapers boast that German blockade runners have brought vital machinery to the empire, but the amount could not be large, even if the Nazis were willing to spare it. Newspapers no longer publish reports of industrial accidents, which were frequent before the war.

Still, with badly worn machinery and overworked personnel, Japan continues to produce. The production total is far below that of the United States but higher than some American observers thought possible before the war.

Under these circumstances, the average Japanese lives and serves his emperor. The uncompromising solemnity of the times has brought a new air of oppression to Tokyo. Families may no longer bid farewell to army-bound sons at railroad stations, formerly a ceremonious occasion with flags and marching troops. Military necessity now provides for secret departures at night. The people at home are supposed only to work, sacrifice and wait. They are waiting now for deadly thunder from the skies.



A Thousand Times "No"

Some years ago an American-born Japanese received an official notice from the emperor that he had inherited some money in Japan. He was directed to call for it in person. Upon inquiry, he learned that in order to travel back to that country he would have to renounce his American citizenship and swear allegiance to the emperor. Then, in all likelihood, he would be drafted into the Japanese army.

But the fully Americanized Japanese knew when he was well off. He replied in three words that have become classic: "Dear Emp: Nix."

—Irving Hoffman

I Am a PSYCHO-NEUROTIC

Since some men have too much initiative for army life, too much sympathy to be inured to suffering, a P.N. discharge is no disgrace

ANONYMOUS

I SHALL NEVER forget the expression on his face when I told him. I was trying to tell my former boss about my discharge from the service. He stared at the letters P.N. stamped on my discharge certificate and shook his head. "But you . . . a psycho-neurotic!" The way he said it made me feel as if I had escaped from an asylum.

He asked me what I was going to do. And I told him I wanted to go back to the old life. I wanted to do just what I was doing when I left for the war two years before. He didn't say it but I could see what he was thinking.

I thought that people back here would understand. But the way my ex-boss looked when I told him made it clear that he didn't understand. And a lot of other people didn't either. They made me feel ashamed and afraid. But I'm not ashamed nor afraid any more since I've learned a lot about psychoneurosis.

Every returning veteran will have to face some psychological problems. Some will have to find their place in civilian life as men, because they went away to war as boys. Some will have to relearn the language of civilians, because the language of soldiers is different. Some will have to regain their initiative, because there is little place in the ranks for initiative.

Over a million men were rejected for military service because of psycho-neurotic tendencies. Maybe they're the kind of people who can't take orders, or can't stand crowds.

In the Army there's not much chance of giving anyone any special treatment. More often than not a man can't be assigned to the job for which he's best suited. There just aren't enough right jobs to go around. And some men just can't adjust themselves to the change. That's why so many men are discharged as psycho-neurotics.

I've had all of the symptoms since I was a lad. Qualities which made me a success as a civilian were the very things which made me crack up as a soldier. That's how it is with a lot of men who go into the Army. They have something which makes them stand out in their business or profession. It may be a lawyer with an unusually sharp and active mind. The monotony of war gets him. Or take the businessman, accustomed to giving orders and making decisions. Maybe he can't take the discipline or the fact that all decisions are made for him in the Army. Chances are he'll be classified a psycho-neurotic.

Take my case, for example. I was fourteen when I first suspected I was a little different. I was going to school from eight a.m. to three p.m. and working in a newspaper office until nine at night. One evening I begged my editor to let me cover the police beat on Sunday. "Where do you get all the drive?" he asked. "You ought to be out playing football and act like other boys your age at least one day."

I wondered why I enjoyed work more than play. I decided it was mostly because I was a lot smaller than most youngsters my age. I had to prove that I could be as big as the others—if not physically, then in some other ways.

Instead of going to college, I went to the city and got a job as a reporter. At night I wrote pulp magazine stories. The other reporters told me I was working myself into an early grave. But I was bound to get ahead at any cost. You see, even then I was building myself up for a crack-up as a soldier.

SOMETHING else happened in my impressionable youth, which had a life-long effect on my attitude toward death. A small boy had been run down by a car. I arrived at the scene before the police. The child's broken body lay there on the pavement in a widening pool of blood. Standing over the lifeless child was a couple. I don't know if you would call the expression on their faces terrified or petrified—or what exactly. Their son was dead. But they couldn't believe it. I have seen death often since then, and written of it many times.

But I could never write about death or witness it without remembering that scene—the tiny body lying on the pavement and the incredulous couple. It was not good training for a potential soldier.

Then I went to war and all around me there was destruction. The man who could destroy most efficiently was the man who won the medals. A dead man was no more unusual than a wrecked jeep. I remember one episode in particular. I had to go to a headquarters situated in an Italian farmhouse. It was summer and the fields were ablaze with poppies. Behind the farmhouse lay six bodies wrapped for burial in blankets. Only the feet—they still wore their shoes—protruded. The blankets were covered with crusted blood and feasting flies. A few feet away sat four soldiers engrossed in a game of poker. I stared at the bodies and I remembered that lifeless child lying in the street. Then I got sick.

There was also the air raid shelter in Foggia where a crowd of terrified Italians had been cremated. They had gone there to find safety from the bombs during a raid. An oil car standing on a nearby railroad siding was hit. A river of flaming oil poured into the crowded shelter. Those people didn't have a chance. No one tried to remove the bodies. They just sealed up the entrance. I could still smell death when I saw it and listened to a soldier tell the story. Then the bottom fell out of my stomach.

Maybe these things never would have caught up with me if I hadn't gone to Anzio. I hadn't been there more than an hour when the enemy opened up. Instinctively I dived under an ambulance and buried my face in the soft dirt. The second shell hit a little closer. Jerry had us "zeroed" all right. Then I heard a sharp metallic crack and I felt a dull impact against my head. I pressed my face hard against the ground. The shells were falling fast and close now. I was too scared to pray. I just quivered and cursed and clawed the dirt. Then as suddenly as it had started, it stopped.

The man lying next to me grabbed my shoulder. "My God! You've been hit!" I moved my arms fearfully. They were all right. Then I moved my legs. No pain. "Your head!" he shouted. I felt my helmet. My index finger slipped through a jagged hole. My hands were trembling so much I could hardly get my helmet off. Gingerly I ran my hand through my hair. No blood. Then I touched a bump. The pain was sharp, real. But I was alive, and in one piece. I kissed that battered old helmet, crawled out from under the ambulance and tried to stand up. But my knees buckled and that was when I realized how badly I had been shaken.

My friends carried me to a jeep and we started back. It was dark when we finally got to headquarters. There were so many men at Anzio with serious wounds I didn't have the heart to take up valuable space in a hospital. So I crawled into my slit-trench and closed the flap because it was raining now. The trench was so narrow my shoulders rubbed against the sides. My feet pressed against the end. There was a half ton of sandbags over me to stop flak and shrapnel and it was as dark as a dungeon down there. It must be like that in a grave.

My body trembled. My mind started wandering. Those sandbags might cave in . . . buried alive. I'd lie there for days without being found. The walls were closing in on me. I had to get out of there. Right away. Now. Quick.

Frantically I grabbed my helmet and scrambled out into the dark and rain. When my groping fingers felt canvas, I dived under the flap into the orderly tent—and someone to talk to.

After that night I couldn't go back to my slit trench to sleep, so I begged to work in surgery. I drove an ambulance by day and worked as a surgery assistant at night. My eyes were puffed and I couldn't keep food down. Finally I asked a medical officer for some stomach pills. He said, "You're going back to Naples, son."

At the Naples hospital I gave the executive medical officer a slip the doctor at Anzio had asked me to deliver. The M. O. looked at the paper and then he studied me a minute. "X-ray for ulcers? Baloney! You're going to bed—right now."

I was too tired to argue. I just wanted to get some place where I could sleep. The M. O. wrote several words on an admittance card and handed it to me. "Ward B," he directed. That's how I came to be labeled officially a psychoneurotic.

I spent my first few weeks in the hospital sleeping, learning how to eat again, and trying to figure out why I had cracked up. It wasn't fear alone, nor was it merely exhaustion. Yes, I knew what it was. I became sick of seeing men killed and maimed, of seeing ruined cities, and homeless children digging in slop buckets for food. I mean physically sick. That's what caused me to crack up. Anzio merely broke down my physical resistance to psycho-neurosis.

I told the doctor I wanted to get back to my oufit. He nodded understandingly, and patted my shoulder. "Sorry, son. You've had it in this war. You're going home."

I expected some trouble finding my way back into civilian life. But I wasn't prepared for what I encountered. A lot of people seemed to pity me and doubted if I could make a comeback in my profession. They knew that label psycho-neurotic had something to do with the mind. And you know what people think when they hear of mental disturbances.

Worried by my friends' attitude, I went to a psychiatrist to find out just what was wrong. We spent many hours together and he touched sensitive levers in my mind which made me talk. I talked of all the things which I had been ashamed to talk about, even with my friends. Little by little a tremendous weight of shame and guilt lifted from my conscience. The psychiatrist explained some of the feelings and reactions which had puzzled and worried me. And as for that label — psycho-neurotic — he convinced me that it was nothing to be ashamed of. (Incidentally, he added, the Army has discontinued the use of that "P.N." stamp on discharge certificates.) He told me that almost everyone has psycho-neurotic symptoms some time in his life. I'd just been in an unusually tough spot and it got the better of me. So my symptoms were a little more pronounced.

When I left the psychiatrist after our last visit, he gave me a parting bit of advice. "Just get back to work," he said, "the kind of work you like, and you'll be all right." I decided to take his advice and dig in and prove that I wasn't washed up just because the Army couldn't use me any more.

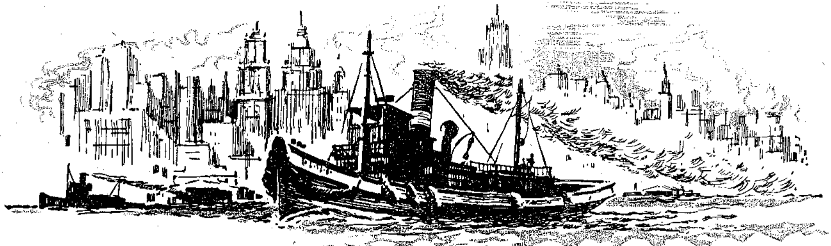
I worked with the old drive which had once made me a success in civilian life and which had led to my failure as a soldier. I've made advances in my profession since I found my way back. I've been offered several lucrative positions. Oddly enough, if I'm successful again it is so partly due to those very traits which labeled me a psycho-neurotic in military life.

There are millions like me. And those qualities which distinguish us as psycho-neurotics are often the very attributes which have contributed most to our success—sensitivity, ambition, initiative, drive, qualities hardly to be ashamed of. In fact, I think a lot of us are fortunate we're built that way.

Bargain Hunter

BOND BUYING MOTIVES vary, but the last extreme is the case of the woman from southern Missouri who went into town on her annual shopping trip. When she finished with her other purchases, she turned to the clerk and asked, "Is there any chance of getting that same bargain I got last year—those $25 bonds for $18.75?" —TERRY BATES

Admirals in Overalls



A tugboat skipper must look alive when a 10,000 ton ship "takes a sheer" in the tricky tides of New York Harbor

by HOWARD WHITMAN

IF YOU CAN imagine a tough tugboat captain craning out of his pilot house to blow kisses and wave a white hanky as one of his competitors steams by, that's roughly what's happening today in New York harbor. To old tidewater salts this era just about blows the top off that mercurial industry known as tugboating.

These tug captains whose dads and granddads threw shovels at each other as they raced for business, gunwale to gunwale, now chirp to a rival: "If you don't mind, fellow, would you pick up that job at number seven? I've got more business than I can handle."

War has brought peace to the waterfront. In 1944, when all Atlantic Coast shipping records were broken, the Port of New York accounted for 11,260,948 tons of cargo and 2,277 sailings. All that work, plus the interminable pushing and pulling of barges, scows and railroad floats, gives the harbor tugs more than enough to do.

Tugboating — or steamboating, as the harbor boys call it, is of two kinds: transport work, and barge work. The latter consists of pushing coal barges across the North River and railroad floats across the East River and hightailing all over the waterfront as nursemaid to a barge full of cattle or a scow full of garbage. But transport work—that's the patrician end of the business. There's class in nudging a converted luxury liner into its berth, prodding Liberty ships around the bends of Gowanus Bay, giving an LST a kick in the aft when it balks at going into drydock, or respectfully nuzzling the flare bows of an aircraft carrier.

In confined waterways, particularly New York harbor where tides and currents are murderous, big ships without tugs would be floating catastrophes. Picture the impact of a 10,500 ton Liberty ship smacking into a pier the way your car smacks into a curb when you park it. A mere touch may stove in plates, and a goodly bump often knocks down the pier shed and wrecks costly piling.

To fight momentum you need tugboats, which run from 300 to 2,200 horsepower. A tug is all boiler and engine, with little extra structure, a low deck with bitts fore and aft to make fast her hawsers, the crew's bunks below decks, big coal hoppers, a galley, a pilot house and a high belching smokestack. You can buy one for about 150,000 dollars.

Tugboating in the 1870's and 80's was a perpetual regatta. The boats cruised anxiously off Sandy Hook, their captains scanning the horizon with the good glass. When a sail was sighted the race was on. Firemen shoveled coal like fury as the engine room bells called for full steam ahead. Ten tugs might join the race for a single approaching ship. By harbor rules, a job was never cinched until a tug had "taken hawser," or until it actually had the sailing ship in tow. While the tug captain and the ship captain were still dickering, the second, third and fourth tugs to arrive could join in the bargaining.

AN OLDTIME steamboater who remembers those days from his childhood is Captain John J. Manning.

"A race for sails we used to call it," Manning recollects. "The boats would cruise out at two in the morning and run back and forth off the Hook, ten miles out. Maybe an Italian barque would be sighted bringing cargoes of olives and licorice. Then the race was on!"

The first tug to arrive would heave to off the starboard bow and the captain would shout up his bid, say, 120 dollars.

"Make it 100 dollars," the ship's skipper shouts back.

"Hundred and fifteen!" yells the tug captain.

Another puffing tug pulls up off the port bow and its captain bellows: "Tow you in for 110!"

"Who'll make it 100?" demands the ship's skipper.

"One hundred and five!" yields the first tug captain.

"One hundred it is!" counters the second captain.

"The job is yours! Heave your line," says the ship's skipper and the auction is over. Disconsolately the first tug churns away, its red-faced captain muttering short, expressive words.

A story persists of a skipper who bargained so close that on one occasion he bid way down to twenty-five dollars, his opponent said twenty dollars, and this determined skipper yelled up, "I'll tow your bloomin' barnacled barque in for nothing!" And so he did.

Fisher's Saloon, on South Street in lower New York, was the headquarters of steamboaters of that era and many a ruse was planned there.

When a tipster from Western Union brought word that there'd be a four-master off the Hook by morning, two captains would get together and drink their competitors under the table. Thus many an inexperienced tug captain slept it off at Fisher's during the hours when the sails of opportunity loomed off Sandy Hook.

One skipper, who seemed to know instinctively when ships were coming in, wearied of other steamboaters following him. In the dark hours of early morning, he reversed his lights, hanging a green light on the port side and a red on the starboard, instead of vice versa. Then he headed gaily out for business, and the confused competition thought he was just coming in.

The Atlantic Docks in Brooklyn, the tugboat home base in the old days, was known for its battles among rival tug crews. At sea, when a couple of tugs were racing out neck and neck it was not unusual for an enthusiastic mate to throw a shovel through the pilot house windows of the rival tug. A hot poker might fly back; finally there would ensue a two-way barrage ending in a complete exchange of stoking equipment.

Commodore Mike Moran in 1860 founded the first of the tugboat dynasties. His descendants are still running the Moran Towing and Transportation Company, which owns sixty-two tugboats, and is doyen of the harbor.

After witnessing some fights on the Atlantic Docks and hearing the rare tales in Fisher's Saloon, Moran decided some of these tugboaters might do better by banding together instead of battling on alone. He set up a tugboat agency on South Street and soon represented nearly twenty skippers.

In the late 1860's, Moran bought a pair of second-hand tugs on his own account, the *Ida Miller* and the *General Rosencrans*, and in 1878 he proudly built a brand new one, the *George L. Garlick*. Three years later he built another, the *Maggie Moran*, named after his wife, Margaret Haggerty Moran. This first tug to bear the Moran name set the pace for dozens of others.

Commodore Mike had five sons, each virtually weaned in a pilot house. One of them, Eugene, is president of the company today.

The dynasty of the Dalzells, another topflight tug family, began in 1879. Fred B. Dalzell, son of a Hudson River steamship captain, started in the office of a tugboat firm, C. P. Raymond and Co. as office boy. Fifteen years later Fred bought out the firm.

When he died in 1916 he had eight tugboats and a thriving business, which he turned over to his son, Fred Jr. Two years ago, with the fleet built up to fifteen boats, the company reins fell to grandsons Lloyd and Fred III. Fred III has since entered the Army, leaving slim, amiable, twenty-seven-year-old Lloyd Dalzell in charge of a fleet of twenty-four boats.

Moran and Dalzell tugs are as much a part of the harbor as the Statue of Liberty. You can spot them a mile away, Moran tugs with their red hulls and black stacks emblazoned with a white "M," Dalzell tugs sporting their natural wood and black stacks with a buff band and red "D."

In Commodore Mike Moran's day the most important tools of the business were the telescope and the megaphone. The good glass told him when there were ships in the Narrows; the big horn enabled him to shout instructions from the office window to the tug captains at the pier. Later, lights were used. Today, it's radio.

Tugs are equipped with shortwave, so they can talk to each other on a ship-to-ship band and a ship-to-shore band. FCC regulations put a crimp in a tug captain's vocabulary and it's not unusual to hear one shout, "Oh, sugar!" when he means something quite different.

Wartime security rules out the use of ships' names on the radio, so all vessels are referred to as "units." You hear the tug's radio crackle, "Pick up a unit at number twenty-three. She's got her stack aft." To waterfront ears, that means the ship at Pier 23 is a tanker.

Captain Dan Anglim, who handles a fleet of tugs like a mother hen parading her chicks, is Moran's chief dispatcher. He and his Dalzell rival, John L. Sullivan, are the men upon whom a tugboating business leans most heavily. A dispatcher can make or break his company.

The reason for this is the peculiar scale of tugboat charges. The standard charge is twenty-one dollars an hour, but the War Shipping Administration figures the cost up to twenty-three fifty an hour, suggesting a good way to lose money fast. "Running time" is the answer.

To the cost of each job is added running time to and from Pier 1, Manhattan, the tugboats' home base. Figuring half an hour each way, this adds an hour's charges so that a two-hour job nets sixty-three instead of forty-two dollars. Therein lies the margin of profit. A smart dispatcher deploys his tugs so that they can pick up a job close to the spot where they finished the last job. Actually they may lose only fifteen minutes between jobs, but the full hour's running time is charged. Planning his moves as carefully as a cab driver, a smart dispatcher can collect twelve or fifteen hours' fees for a tug that's been on the water only eight hours.

In 1938 there was a strike of tugboatmen and in the midst of it the *Queen Mary* reached quarantine. Normally, a half dozen tugs would tuck the *Queen* snugly in her berth at the Cunard pier. Captain R. B. Irving announced he was coming up the river without tugs and an imposing gathering of the press was on hand to criticize.

But Irving was a skipper of no mean skill. In the five minutes of slack water between the ebb and flow of the tides, he warped the mammoth vessel gently into its berth. The feat was heralded from one end of the maritime world to the other. The *Queen*, the press declared, "barely kissed the pier."

Skipper Irving later said he owed it all to St. Christopher. He was holding the medallion of the Patron Saint of Travelers in his hand all during the docking. His skill was appreciated anew by harbor folk a few weeks ago when another sea giant, with a bevy of tugs to aid her, got out of hand and nosed into the pier shed, causing 70,000 dollars in damage.

The 431 square miles of New York harbor are bedeviled with truculent tides and currents. Not long ago a Liberty ship was snatched up by an East River tide and carried smack into the side of an aircraft carrier. A tugboat was crushed like a cracker when a changing tide swung the stern of a big ship across its berth.

Then there was the derelict *Normandie*, which had to be moved from the North River pier to a shipyard in the Erie Basin. A ship without power is like a colt. In a tide it is likely to bound off in any direction, any time, without notice. This, in the lingo of the waterfront, is called "taking a sheer." The *Normandie* took six sheers on its trip down the North River. It missed hitting Governors Island by just a few hundred feet. Had it cracked into the island it might have remained for weeks, a menace to harbor navigation. Luckily, the sweating tugs swung the big ghost ship safely through.

In the cramped Kill Van Kull, a treacherous little waterway between Staten Island and New Jersey, it is often a pilot's job to negotiate a thirty-five foot channel with a tanker that's fat with gasoline and sets thirty-four feet down in the water. His one-foot margin of safety is narrow when you realize the friction of a tanker scraping a rock might explode the tanker to kingdom come. The real margin of safety, as in most tugboat operations, is in the skipper's head.

Captain Bruce Deane, skipper of the *William J. Lacey*, a Dalzell tug, gave me a chance to see how those pilot house brains operate. He is a quiet fellow who handles the wheel as if he were riding a bike in Central Park. In addition to being a tug skipper, Deane is a qualified harbor pilot, meaning he can mount the bridge of a big ship and take over when the tugs are doing their work. I saw him pushing Liberties and tankers around with the skill of an expert moving chess men. Deane has handled the biggest stuff that floats, including the battleship *Texas* and the cruiser *Philadelphia*. "Funny," he says, "how an admiral will turn his ship over to me without worrying—but the skipper of a little LST will worry and fret the whole time."

Tug skippers wear no shoulder boards or gold braid. An old pair of pants, worn jacket and battered cap are their uniform.

There's a bit of waterfront doggerel which says, "I push, I pull, I pant and chug. I'm nothing but a dirty tug." But that's modesty. The tugboaters know they're in a very special class. They're the kind of people who push other people around, and get paid for it.

A Line of Bull

THREE ROGUES WERE WALKING away from a market town, when they came across a farmer, asleep by the roadside. Beside him stood a bull, evidently being taken to market. "Quick," said one, "untie the animal and put the rope around my neck. You two take him to the market and sell him for a good price and I'll double-talk this hick out of it."

When the farmer awakened, he noticed the man where the bull should be, but before he could exclaim his astonishment, the slicker spoke up:

"Please, oh please, release me. You see I was not really a bull, but a man. My father is a famous magician, but unfortunately we quarrel a great deal. I finally tried his patience too much and he turned me into a bull. Now he must have regretted it and changed me back to my proper form."

An hour later the poor farmer was at the market, looking for another bullock. In one merchant's stock he saw the animal which had so recently been his own. Sadly he eyed it and passed on:

"Tsk!" he murmured. "Quarreled with his father again already."

—S. J. SABIN

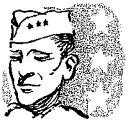
Out of This World

How can the most in information and entertainment be compressed into the least space? Answer: by coming as quickly as possible to the point in six pages of capsule reading which you should find varied, amusing and memorable.

Appointment with Tomorrow

SHORTLY BEFORE the outbreak of the first World War, Dudley Field Malone, then Assistant Secretary of State, was called on by a Mrs. Marshall with a forlorn seventeen-year-old boy in tow.

Her nephew, she explained, had finished sixteenth out of the 200 who had taken the entry examination for West Point. But there had been only fifteen openings. He was still fiercely ambitious to attend the Military Academy, and she wondered if anything could be done to help him.



Impressed by the tall lad's sincerity, Mr. Malone telephoned several Congressmen, only to find that all their appointments to West Point had been filled.

That evening he happened to be having dinner at the White House, and he mentioned the boy's plight to President Wilson. "Bring him to see me tomorrow," said the President. "I'll see what I can do."

The next morning Mr. Malone and the would-be soldier were shown directly to the President's study. Mr. Wilson rose, put his hand on the lad's shoulder and said kindly, "I have arranged an appointment to West Point for you. All I ask is that you make good for your mother, your father and your country."

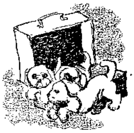
The young man upheld his end of the bargain. For he is now Lieut. General Mark Clark, liberator of Rome. —JOHN REDDY

Smuggler with a Heart

EARLY WINTER storms and a closing ice pack forced Admiral Richard E. Byrd's heroic band of antarctic explorers to abandon their East Base outpost on Palmar Land. They made their last minute escape in a battered Condor plane in which they could take only their scientific instruments and a few personal belongings.

One problem remained: what to do with the pack dogs which had brought them across the ice to Palmar Land. The dogs couldn't be left to starve. And there was no time to risk an additional flight. Reluctantly but humanely, the men staked out their dogs for the last time and set charges of dynamite to detonate a few hours after their departure.

Boarding the plane they tried not to think about the huskies they were deserting. But when the overloaded Condor rose precariously from the ice, they looked long and hard at all that was visible of the East Base—the upturned muzzles of the dogs crouched obediently in the snow, fulfilling their last order.



When the hazardous flight was over and the explorers had unloaded their precious gear, they turned curiously toward one of the men who was carrying a suspiciously bulky suitcase which he had guarded carefully during the flight. "What do you have there that's so valuable?" they asked.

Without answering, he opened the bag. Out tumbled seven furry little huskies not quite ten days old.

—Tom Gootée

Guiding Light

Your orders are to proceed to destination "X." You are to travel at night without headlights, avoid the regular roads and yet keep your place in a convoy that hits a speed of forty miles an hour or better. It's a tough assignment, but one the Transportation Corps of the U. S. Army carries out night after night with a minimum of casualties because of an ingenious device called the blackout light.

Attached to the rear of every vehicle, the blackout light cannot be seen at a distance of more than 400 feet. At less than sixty feet, four points of light are visible, cautioning the driver to apply the brakes quickly or he will be nudging the tail-board of the truck ahead. Between sixty and 180 feet, the best distance to operate in a closed column at night, the driver will see only two points of light. Over 180 feet the blackout light shows up as a single glow and is a warning to speed up or get lost.

Army men call it one of the most important "gadgets" on our side.

—Dick Beaumont

Complaints Special Delivery

During Easter week of 1942, Postmaster William H. McCarthy of San Francisco received a long distance call from Dearborn, Michigan. "What the deuce are you doing with mail for my boy?" shouted a broad Irish voice. "I'll have Congress investigate you!"

Because the majority of home folks write c/o Postmaster, New York or c/o Postmaster, San Francisco when they address their GIs overseas, they instinctively turn a barrage of wires, calls and anxious letters on these two harassed gentlemen when mail is overdue.

Postmaster McCarthy managed to pacify the angry father and call off the Congressional investigation. A few days later he heard that the Irish doughboy had just received a fistful of mail.

Not long afterward a soldier's mother dropped in to see McCarthy. The good lady wouldn't dream of asking him to reveal military information — no indeed. All she wanted him to do was to tell her the location of her son by code. If he were in Australia, write "High mountains and sheep"; if Africa, "Natives and sand"; or Hawaii, "Hula skirts."

The fact is, the postmaster cannot reveal the location of any serviceman abroad. When it is necessary to obtain these addresses, they may be had from the office of the Adjutant General, War Department, Washington 25, D. C.

Across the country, Postmaster Albert Goldman of New York City is similarly beset. Recently he received a long distance call from Cleveland. The woman on the other end of the line demanded that she be put in touch with her husband who was somewhere in a staging area waiting to be shipped. She had to find out before he sailed whether he wanted her to have their baby at a hospital in Cleveland or in New York.

As guardians of the lifeline between the Yanks overseas and the folks at home, McCarthy and Goldman are the targets when things go wrong. —Cyrus B. Dingman

Eyes for Science

At the Duke University School of Medicine, Dr. J. E. Markee is establishing a revolutionary type of medical laboratory—not in ordinary rooms and buildings, but *in the eyes of animals.*

Dr. Markee takes a bit of living tissue, normal or diseased, from any part of the body, even from an innermost organ such as the liver. This he transplants into the eye of an experimental animal. Unharmed and healthy, it harbors the added tissue, which amazingly behaves as *if it were still in the liver.*

The object is to provide medicine with a kind of window through which it can look in on the normal and diseased growth of body cells under real life conditions. In demonstrating that the eye of an animal can act as this window, Dr. Markee is leading the way to remarkable advances in science.

—Michael Welles

Army in the Guardhouse

One of the strangest Armies in the world is in São Paulo, Brazil. Its men are all in the guardhouse.

Year in and year out the troops maneuver behind prison walls. No one sets foot outside the gates during his period of confinement. But when each man leaves, the Army gives him an honorable discharge.

All this is a unique experiment in prison reform conceived by Dr. Nelson da Silva Gomes, sub-director of São Paulo's House of Detention, who thinks that if men can be taught self-discipline inside prison it will control their lives outside.

Prisoners involved in the experiment are for the most part minor offenders. Although they are not required to join the Army, all of them jump at the chance. Since the unit was formed in 1941, incidentally, no prisoner has tried to escape.

Dr. Silva himself is Commander-in-Chief, and he delegates his authority to a staff of officers. Promotions are made on the basis of good behavior and aptitude in the courses of military training. Officers' insigne is that of the regular Brazilian Army—and the uniform of the troops even includes spats. The men drill with sticks instead of rifles, and all officers carry small Brazilian flags instead of sabers.

The guardhouse of Dr. Silva's army is patrolled by a force of MPs who are required to report any serious infractions in writing. At the only trial necessary so far, the accused was given a full opportunity to defend himself, and judgment was passed by a court of officers. The sentence was sixty days' suspension from all army activities—about as tough a punishment as the men could imagine.

Practically everything about the guardhouse Army is different from all other armies. But one thing is the same. The bugler makes the same unholy noise at the same unholy hour. —John Lear

Home Rules for Teaching

In 1908, the Calvert Day School of Baltimore, Maryland, began using the U. S. mails to teach mothers how to teach. Since then over 65,000 youngsters, forced to live in areas lacking proper educational facilities, have received a solid elementary education without setting foot in a formal classroom.

Through the Calvert home study course, mother-teachers have equipped their children for high school, not only with the fundamentals but with the latest wrinkles in education. Pupils in both the Baltimore classrooms and in home-instruction groups on the other side of the world get a touch of science in the first grade. Ten-year-olds get a course in physics. And new courses being prepared include one in aeronautics for twelve-year-olds.

No magic formulas are involved in the Calvert method. Proof of that lies in these practical suggestions gleaned from the school's last quarter century of experience:

1. Don't over-emphasize "book learning." Cultivate, above all, accurate observation, self-confidence and initiative.

2. Good habits are the foundation for every success. When training a child to form good habits, allow no exceptions. In teaching him to say "please," never give him anything until he has said "please."

3. Habits are formed by repetition. Don't scold a door-slammer. Rather give him the "muscle memory" of closing a door quietly by having him do it—not once, but several times.

4. The more you expect of your child, the more you will get. Praise him for doing work well. Never discourage him by some thoughtless, slighting remark.

5. Don't withhold signs of affection as a punishment. The naughty child needs your affection more than ever.

6. Rewards are more effective in encouraging good behavior than punishments in deterring misbehavior.

7. Unless a pre-school child shows curiosity about words and letters he should not be taught to read and write. Otherwise he may develop reading difficulties.

8. Answer your child's questions about sex in the same matter-of-

fact manner that you tell him about brushing his teeth. Teach him to use proper physiological terms for sexual organs and processes just as he does for the other members and functions of his body.

Before being passed on to mother-teachers, each of these ideas has been tried on the 300 students of the Calvert Day School. Proof of their effectiveness is the ability of the majority of Calvert home-study pupils to hold their own against boys and girls who come out of conventional classrooms.

—ELMER W. PETERSON

The Old Watch Trick

WHILE CALVIN COOLIDGE was President, the magician Howard Thurston was invited to give a special performance at the White House. As one illusion, Thurston decided to present that old, dependable trick in which the magician borrows a watch, apparently smashes it to bits—and then returns it, whole as ever, to the dismayed owner. He hoped, of course, to use the President's watch.

By discreet inquiry he learned that Coolidge usually carried a large, gold pocket watch. He sought out the jeweler who designed the case and had an exact duplicate made which enclosed, however, a worthless set of works.

All went well with his regular performance, and he held the audience spellbound. Then came the climax.

Fingering his props, a heavy mallet and a wooden block, Thurston looked straight at the President and said firmly:

"I should like to have a special watch for this trick, if I may."

Coolidge smiled and took out his watch. Noting with satisfaction that it was the one he expected, Thurston picked up a small drawstring bag and approached the President. "Now if you, yourself, will place the watch inside this bag." Coolidge complied and Thurston pulled the drawstring tight.

Returning to his stand, he opened the bag just enough to admit his hand and drew out the watch. Placing it on the block, he raised the mallet for a crush-blow, when his assistant whispered frantically, "You have the wrong watch!"

With a quick glance Thurston saw that in his excitement he had drawn out not the fake but the real Coolidge watch. "What's that!" he shouted, aware that the whisper had been heard. "Someone has suggested that I have substituted a fake watch! We'll settle that now."

Holding the watch in full view, he marched over to the President. "I must ask you to identify this watch, sir." Naturally the President identified it as his own, and back it went into the bag.

A moment later Thurston brought out the duplicate and exhibited it with ostentation. Then the mallet fell. But President Coolidge's watch—and the evening—were saved.

—EDGAR BERNHARD

Symphony of Youth

ON THE PRINTED program the next number was listed as the *Largo al Factotum* from *The Barber of Seville*. Eugene Ormandy raised his baton and summoned the lively measures of the Rossini music from the 110 players of the famous Philadelphia Orchestra. Then, suddenly, he flung his stick down and turned to face the audience.

"You know," he mused aloud, "that music was really meant to be sung. I've just remembered there's a young man backstage who has a rather pleasing voice. Won't you step forward, Mr.—er—er, I'm sorry, I don't seem to remember the name . . ."

From the wings strode the at-once-familiar figure of Lawrence Tibbett. When the pandemonium had subsided, the great baritone moved up to the footlights and said, "Well, I *am* glad to see that even if Mr. Ormandy doesn't know who I am, you boys and girls still recognize John McCormack when you see him." So was launched another of the surprises which transform the Philadelphia Youth Concerts into a melee of music and merriment for 3,000 young symphony fans.

Begun in 1933, the Youth Concerts are handled by a committee of fifty youngsters who make all the program arrangements and even patrol the entrances and exits on concert nights.

The institution of a "Bouncers" squad became necessary when adults who had heard of the seventy-five cent top prevailing for the concert seats began offering the boys and girls a dollar and up for their tickets.

Now, each ticket states it "is to be used by a person between the ages of thirteen and twenty-five."

At least one selection on every program is in response to audience request. Occasionally, Conductor Ormandy will furnish a special treat, as he did when he called upon his first oboeist, Marcel Tabuteau, his first bassoonist, Sol Schoenbach, clarinetist Bernard Portnoy and horn player Mason Jones to offer a symphonic "jam session" in the Mozart *Concertante for Oboe, Clarinet, Bassoon and Horn.*

Several young musical artists now well on their way to nationwide fame, won their first public hearings at the Youth Concerts.

—Alix B. Williamson

E for Experience

A captain friend of mine who had served overseas with a Marine aviation unit was reassigned to an infantry unit in the States. In a classroom recently, he was explaining to a group of privates the correct method to approach a Jap pillbox. He recalled some excellent examples in a motion picture he had seen.

"How many of you saw *With the Marines on Tarawa?*" he asked.

No one responded, so the captain continued his lecture, explaining certain technical scenes from the picture. Soon he noticed a strange expression on the faces of his audience.

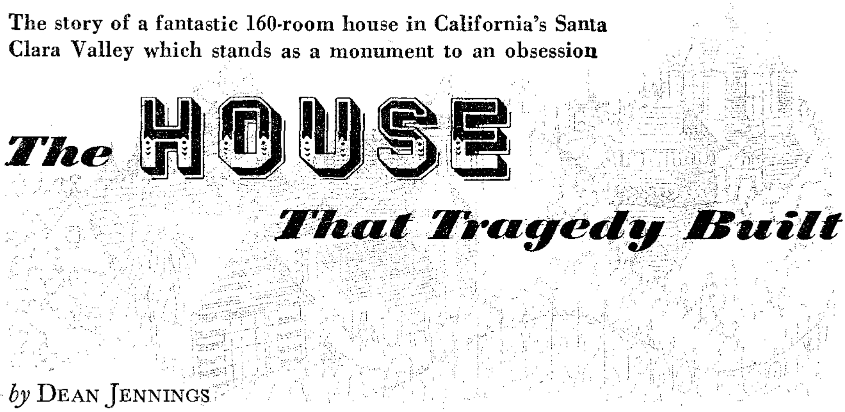
"How many of you understand what I'm talking about?" he asked.

The majority raised their hands, and one young Leatherneck stood up and said:

"We know exactly what you mean, sir. We were there."

—Capt. Charles Mathieu, Jr.

The story of a fantastic 160-room house in California's Santa Clara Valley which stands as a monument to an obsession



The HOUSE That Tragedy Built

by DEAN JENNINGS

IN CHICAGO RECENTLY a great American manufacturing firm was sued by an obscure inventor who claimed the company had stolen his idea for a household laundry tub with a built-in washboard.

The company's lawyers shortly produced photographs showing that such handy gadgets were not new, and had been first used some fifty years before when the plaintiff was still a baby.

The photographs of the early laundry tubs were taken in the so-called Winchester Mystery House, a fabulous dwelling in California's Santa Clara Valley which has been astonishing architects, builders and sightseers since it was first opened to the public. In fact it might be considered a candidate for the eighth wonder of the world, with its 160 rooms, forty-seven fireplaces, nine kitchens, 10,000 windows and 2,000 doors that took thirty-eight years to build and cost some 5,000,000 dollars. Furthermore, the house has hundreds of trap doors, blind stairways, secret peep holes, and miles of confusing hallways.

All this was home to one fragile little woman, Sara Winchester, who had a princely fortune and spent it in a mad construction frenzy that lasted almost four decades.

Today the great house and its secrets she once protected with steel fences and armed guards, is stripped of its mystery. Since her death more than a million tourists have trooped in awe through the freakish mansion which spreads like a fungus over nine acres.

Further, it appears now that in spite of her obsessions, the amazing Mrs. Winchester was somewhat of a genius who was years ahead of her time in the building art. Yet she never saw a blueprint, hired no architects, and drew the plans for this grotesque house herself.

MRS. WINCHESTER arrived in the Santa Clara Valley without advance fanfare in the summer of 1884, and moved into what was then known as the Caldwell property, an eight-room house on six acres of level ground some four miles from San Jose, the county seat.

Neighborhood snoopers soon discovered that she was the widow of William Wirt Winchester, whose family had amassed riches manufacturing firearms in New Haven, Connecticut. She was supposed to have had an income of 1,000 dollars a day.

Later it was learned that this tiny woman, who never grew beyond four feet ten inches, was carrying the burden of a terrible tragedy. Not long before, Winchester had completed a new house in New Haven for his wife and baby. Then the child was stricken with a fatal illness. Several months later Winchester himself died, and the stunned young widow came to California to forget.

Mrs. Winchester's avenue of escape from reality was soon apparent. One morning shortly after her arrival the old Caldwell house was invaded by a crew of workmen. Huge wagons rolled along the dusty roads from San Jose filled with building materials. Freight cars from the East were shunted off to Southern Pacific sidings near San Jose, and gave up staggering cargoes of silks, linens, bric-a-brac, grand pianos and other furniture.

Then things *really* began to happen. In less than six months, the original eight rooms expanded into twenty-five rooms.

The community was intrigued by Mrs. Winchester's activities, and some of the farmers came around with neighborly curiosity to watch the strange doings. Mrs. Winchester promptly ordered a high iron fence built around the property and instructed her gardeners to plant hedges and trees to shield the house from the road. It has been estimated that Mrs. Winchester never had less than twenty-four workmen daily throughout any year, and her payroll probably averaged 42,000 dollars annually.

By the turn of the century the monstrous house soared eight stories into the country sky, and already had more than 100 rooms. Building materials were imported from the Far East and half the countries of Europe, including rare rosewood which was bought by the pound. Art glass windows came from Tiffany's in New York at 1,000 dollars each; the massive front door alone cost 2,000 dollars. Mrs. Winchester installed three elevators and equipped the house with five different heating systems.

Almost every metal known, including silver and gold, was used for fixtures. The wallpaper was all embossed, and the food cooler was made of solid marble.

MRS. WINCHESTER'S fantastic building program was interrupted only once. In April, 1906, the San Francisco earthquake shook the mystery house. During the series of shocks an eighty-foot glass tower crashed into the grounds; several others were shaken loose, and Mrs. Winchester herself was trapped in her bedroom. She was terror-stricken when servants got her out, and for the next six years lived on a houseboat near Atherton, some thirty miles north.

But the house kept growing in her absence. Rooms were added, torn down, rebuilt. She was forced to buy additional land and eventually the main house overtook and engulfed the stables and garages. Mrs. Winchester became more and more of a recluse, and left the grounds only for occasional drives. She was heavily veiled on those trips, and built a tunnel so she could drive directly into the house.

During this period she bought three cars, a French Renault, a Buick and a Pierce-Arrow. The Renault developed mechanical trouble and a young garage worker, Fred Larson, came down from San Francisco to repair the car. When he finished his work, she offered him a permanent place, but Larson refused. Sara Winchester was not used to being balked and she persisted with her offer.

"How much salary do you want?" she asked impatiently.

Larson, still unwilling to stay, named what he thought was a fabulous figure she would certainly reject.

"All right," she said, "you're hired."

Larson remained, and became one of the only two human beings who lived in the fantastic house with Mrs. Winchester until she died. The other was Mrs. A. T. Noé, Mrs. Winchester's personal companion. Both are still living in California today, revering the memory of their extraordinary employer and defending her to the last wild rumor.

Many national and international celebrities, including President Theodore Roosevelt, received the same polite but firm refusal when they attempted to satisfy curiosity and talk their way into the mansion. Larson recalls that Mrs. Winchester viewed these interlopers with some humor, and realized the outside world thought her a freak.

"She wasn't crazy," Larson insists. "She was a plenty smart woman, and she had all these people pegged as plain busybodies."

At one time Larson wanted to fix a loose gate on the property and took six small brass-colored screws from the main supply room. The next day he was summoned to Mrs. Winchester's private parlor.

"Fred," she said, "there are exactly six screws missing from the supply room. Did you take them?"

Larson was nonplussed for a moment. "Yes, ma'am," he said presently. "I used them to fix a gate."

"Those screws, Fred," Mrs. Winchester said gently, "were solid gold. I was saving them for something special. Please get them at once."

Mrs. Winchester had a remarkable memory for these small details and knew the location of every piece of material in the house, even though vast storerooms were piled to the ceilings with thousands of building items.

The house was strung with miles of wire, and the walls were studded with push buttons, communicating devices and other gadgets whose uses are still a mystery. In all those long years, incidentally, not one member of Mrs. Winchester's staff ever saw the whole house and, like Bluebeard's wife, were ordered to keep out of certain rooms.

In the early Twenties Mrs. Winchester was ill much of the time, and lost strength. The end came quietly in her sleep on the night of September 5, 1922.

Subsequently, when the great house was stripped of its furniture and the dark halls began echoing to the whirr and musty odor of hundreds of bats, the property was put up for sale and bought for 20,000 dollars by Mr. and Mrs. John Brown, who once operated beach-ride tours and concessions in southern California. They have operated the gaunt skeleton—of which only five stories remain—as a museum for some twenty years.

Now that the house is open it is easier to understand some of Sara Winchester's phenomenal gifts. Many a housewife has noticed the corner plates on each step of the many stairways to prevent dust pockets. Most of the forty-seven fireplaces had hinged iron drops for ashes, and built-in, concealed wood boxes. Mrs. Winchester herself designed a remarkable trigger catch for many of the 10,000 windows.

There's a touch of the macabre, too, in the many doors and windows which open on blank walls. Mrs. Brown discovered to her horror, in fact, that some of the upstairs doors led into the air, and an unwary person stepping through them would fall to the ground.

What was it that impelled Sara Winchester to pour her energy and money into this strange monument?

Recently several psychiatrists, some of whom visited the place, have suggested a logical answer based on known behavior patterns. "Mrs. Winchester suffered a great shock with the loss of her husband and child," one said, "so this house became the instinctive and symbolic expression of an unfulfilled desire, wherein every room represented the creation and presence of a child. Building is for a woman a maternal expression."

Whatever the reason, Sara Winchester probably would be pleased to know that experts consider she built well. Some say the house could stand for another two centuries. Meanwhile, it has provided a living for Mr. and Mrs. Brown and for dozens of young people in the valley who have worked there as guides.

There has been much laughter of children in that house since 1922. That might have pleased Sara Winchester too.

Between the Lines of History

ONE NIGHT IN 1863—two years before Abraham Lincoln was assassinated by John Wilkes Booth—a young man of 20 was standing on a railroad platform in Jersey City, waiting for a train to Washington where he was going to visit the President. Suddenly he was caught up in a jostling crowd and shoved dangerously near a train which was just pulling out. Before he could help himself, the traveler found his feet were caught between the platform and the moving train. Unable to extricate himself, he faced serious injury or possible death, when a bystander fought his way forward and at great risk to himself quickly jerked the youth to safety.

The young man was Robert Todd Lincoln, son of the President, and the man who saved him was Edwin Booth, brother of the assassin who was to take the life of the boy's father. —EVELYN DOBBS HYND

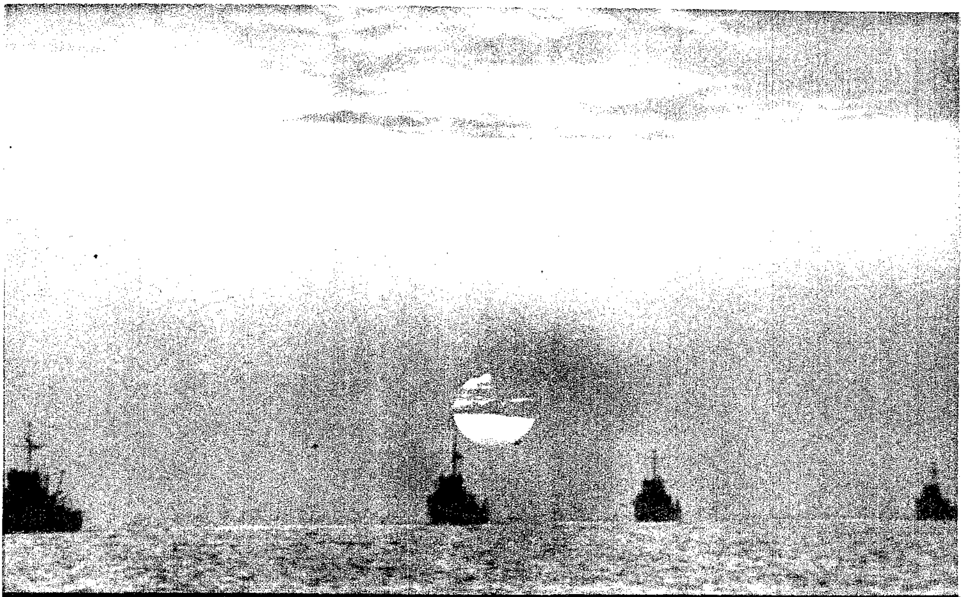
Picture Story

"PILOTS MAN YOUR PLANES"

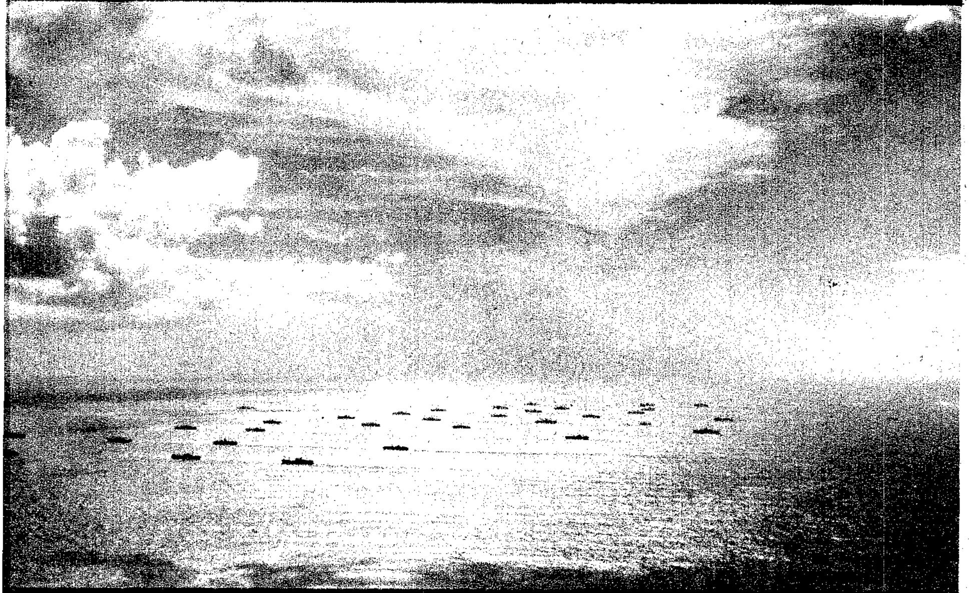
AN INTRODUCTION BY ARTEMUS L. GATES, ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE NAVY FOR AIR

A NEW QUEEN of the fleet—the aircraft carrier—has become the symbol of the combined sea and air power of the U. S. Navy. These ships have been joined with other surface units of the fleet to form the great task forces that have been sweeping the Pacific. Their air groups are throwing thousand-plane strikes at the very heart of Japan.

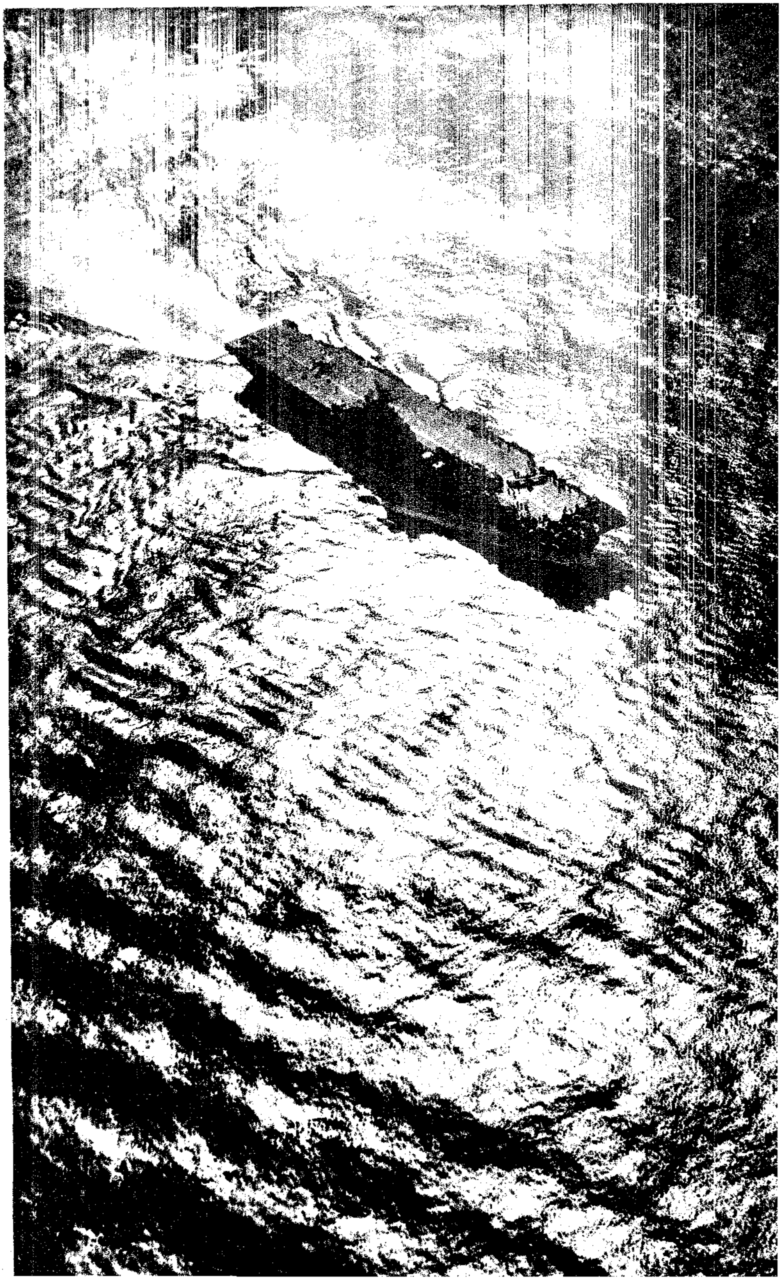
Carriers are of several types, designed for assault or escort. The scenes on these pages, selected by Coronet from the work of Navy and war correspondent photographers, give a composite picture of carrier life. They cannot give the whole story of relaxation and battle, the alternating calm and violence, but they do illuminate one significant point: the carrier is not only a great fighting ship but a very human one as well.

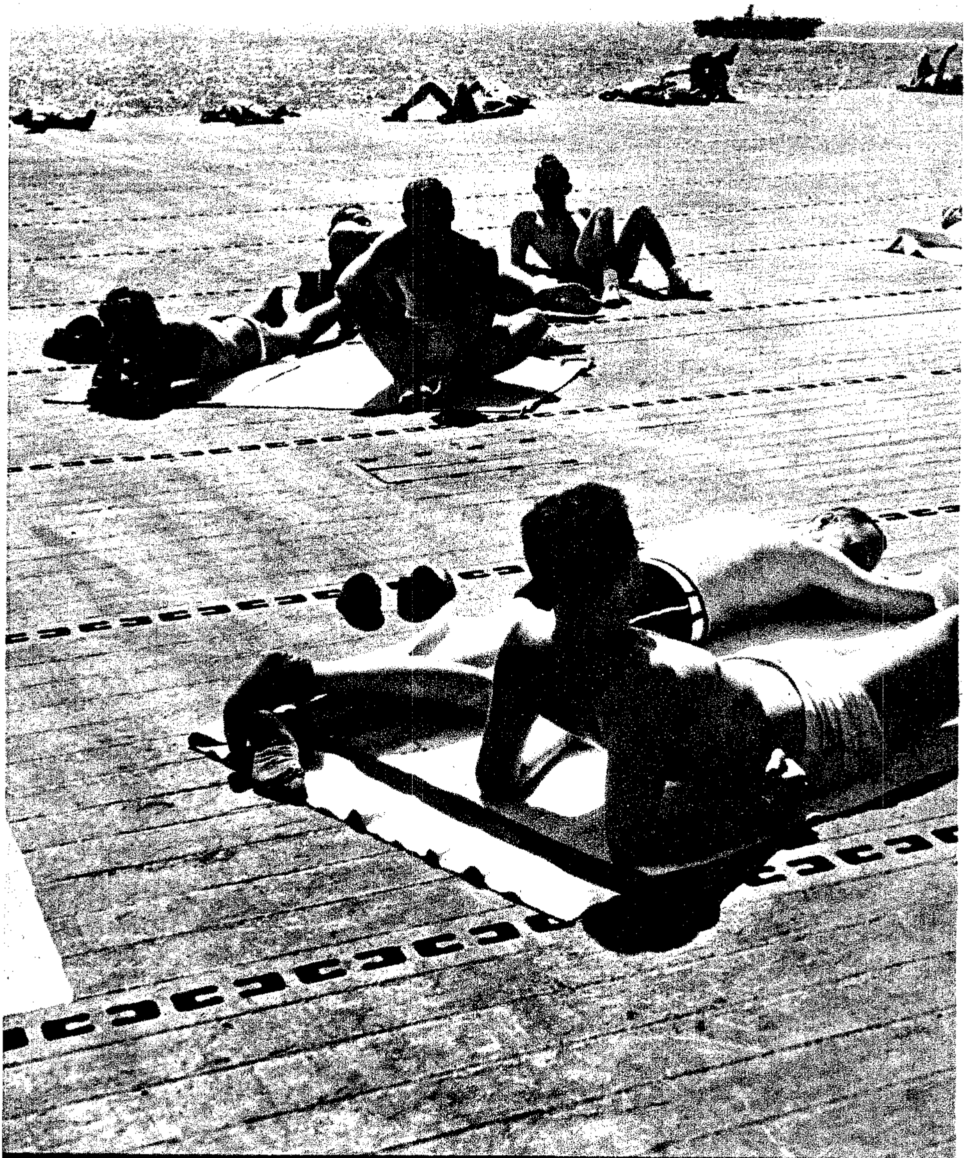


Pacific . . . that's a pretty good word for it on nights when there's a big friendly moon on the horizon with the friendly silhouettes of our escorts all around us.



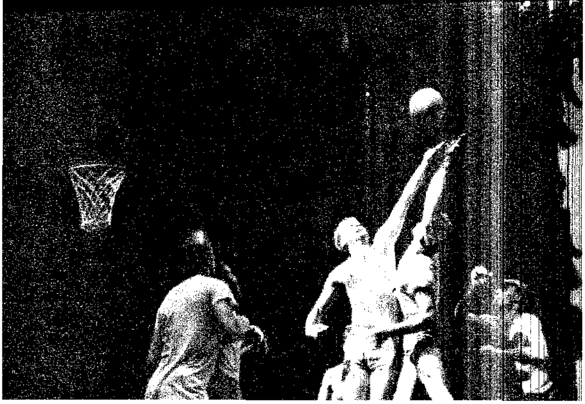
Someday, you think to yourself, you will come back to this spot with the right girl . . . and watch this same silvery sea the way it was meant to be watched.





The tension all of us feel as we go into action builds up slowly. At first we loafed and chatted about that last party on shore

And laughed at every bit of horseplay.



Our indoor athletes, meanwhile, fought it out in the wardrooms . . .

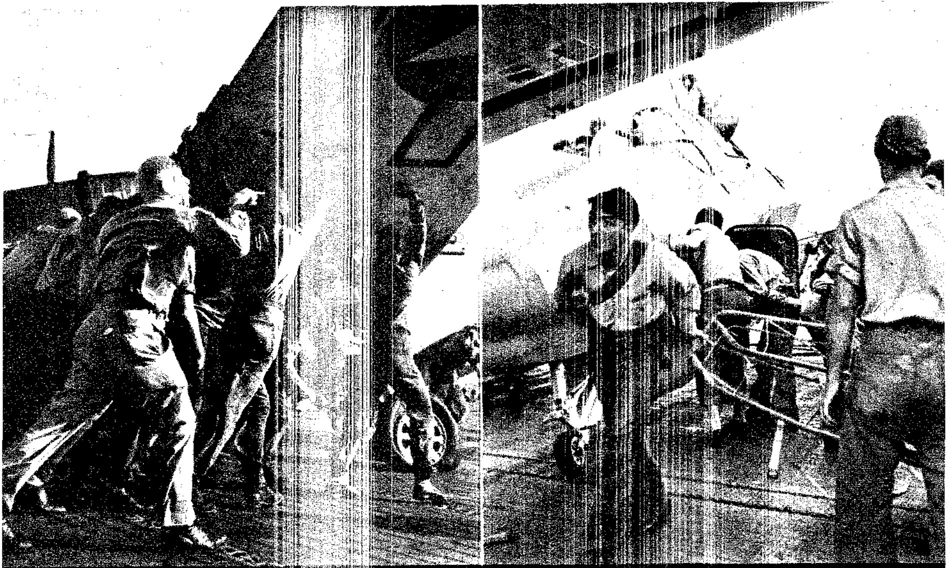
Or compared notes on [illegible]

And if you happen to get a look at the Admiral

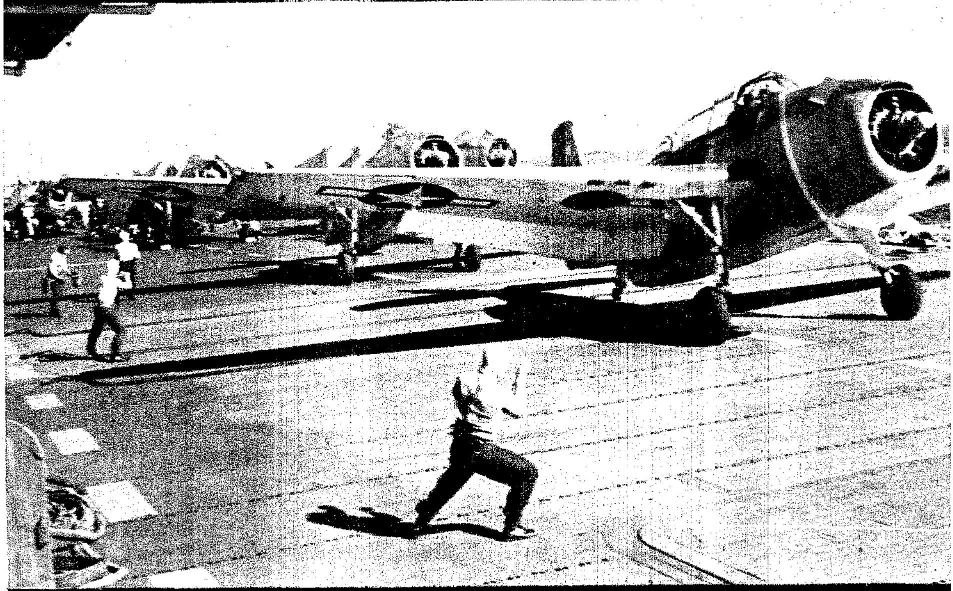
In the readyroom we learn our plans have had to be speeded up a bit.
They've spotted our carrier and now we can expect visitors.

Looking around at the faces of the men, you can write your own stories about what is going on in our minds. Sometimes a crowded room can seem awfully lonely.

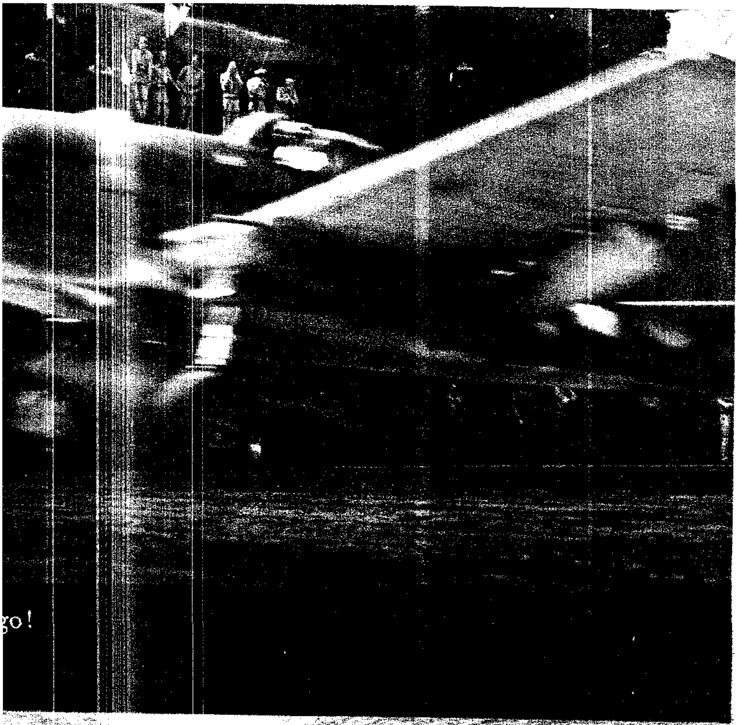
"Pilots Man Your Planes." That's the signal for the men to break up into two groups . . . the men who fly the ships off our carrier . . .



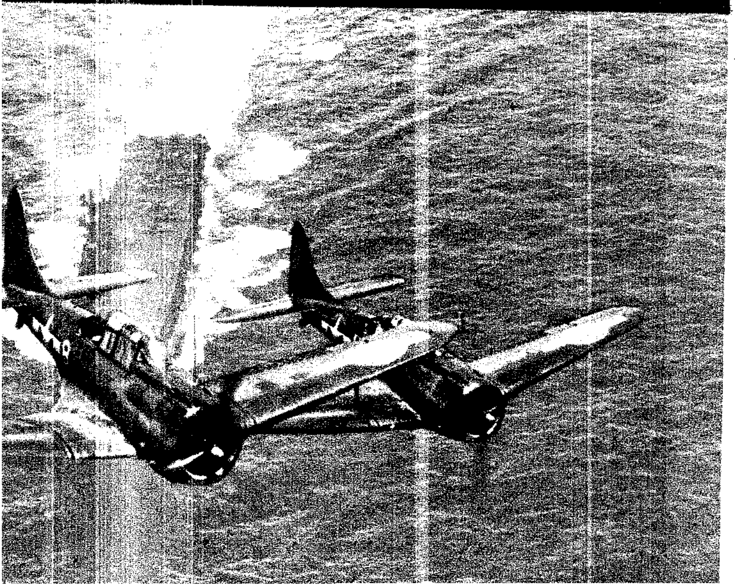
There are hundreds of little jobs to do . . . important jobs with no room for a slip-up . . . and every second counts now.

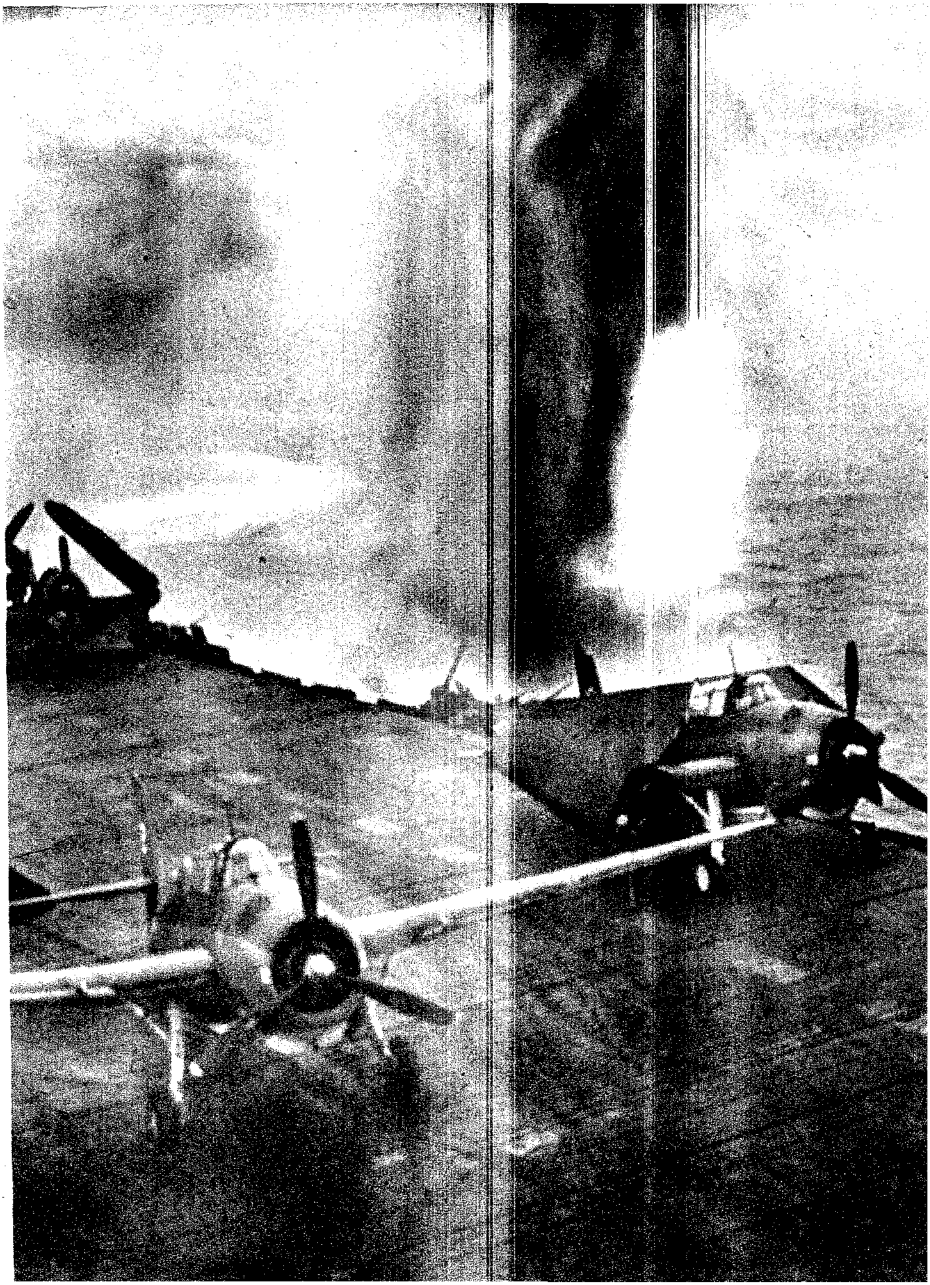


On deck . . . the ships creep up to the starting line . . . inch their way

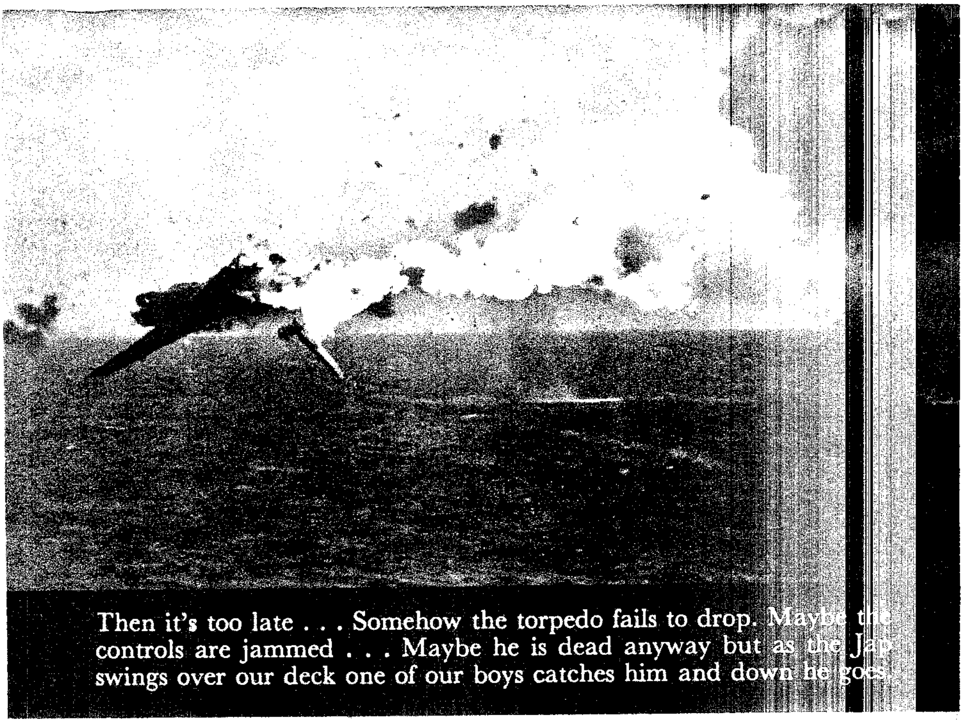


go!

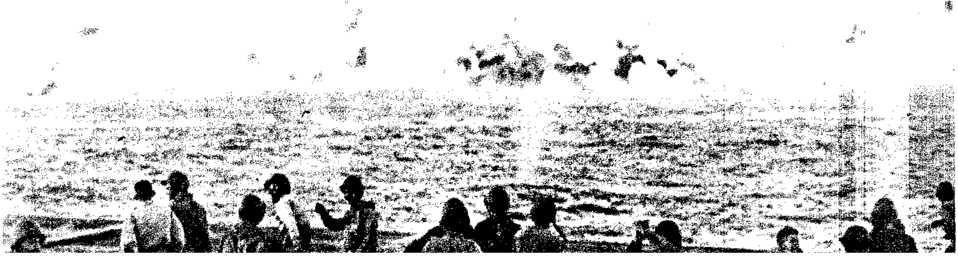


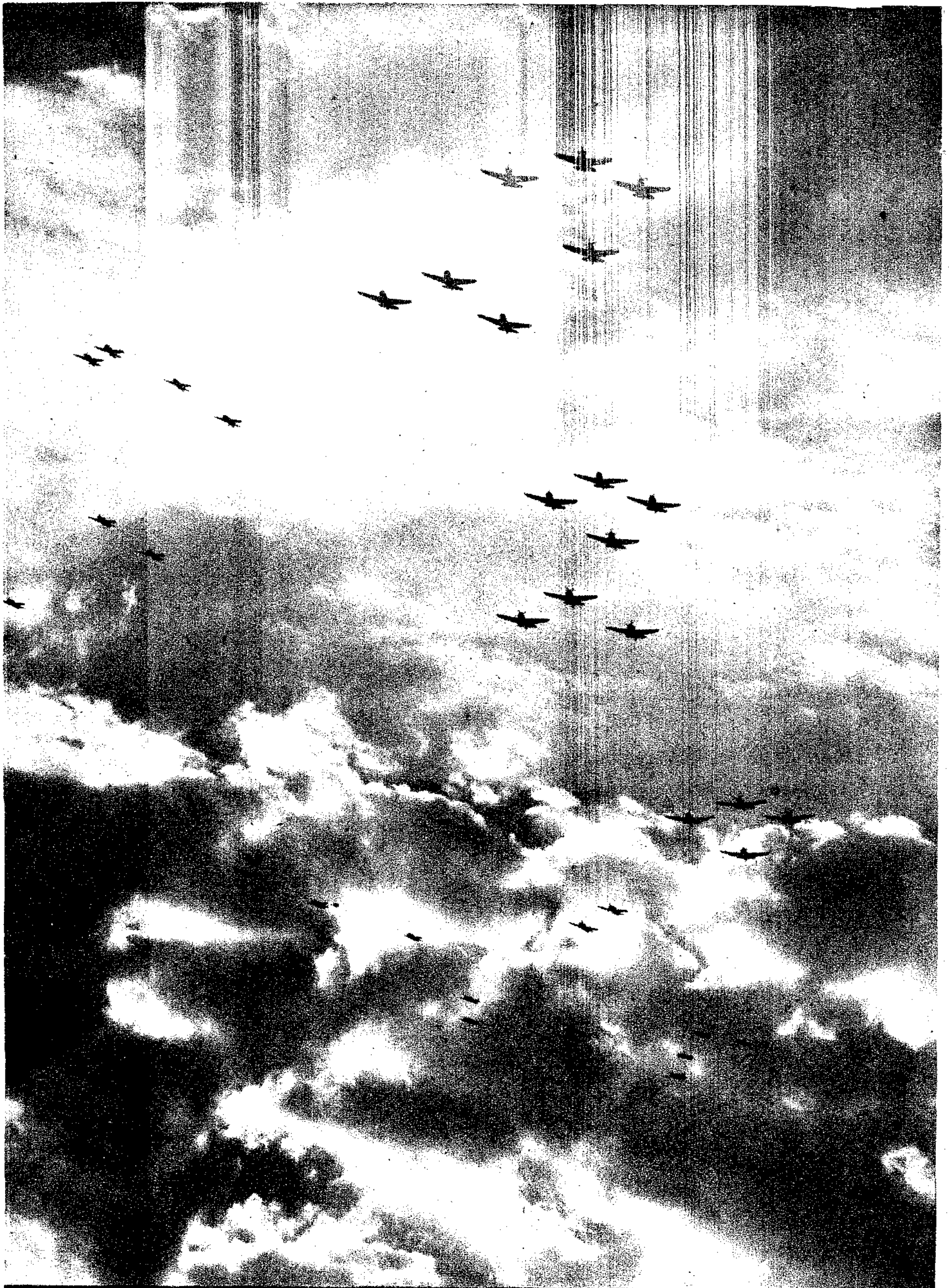


And here comes a Jap torpedo plane. Hot and lowdown . . . but our gunners have his range . . .

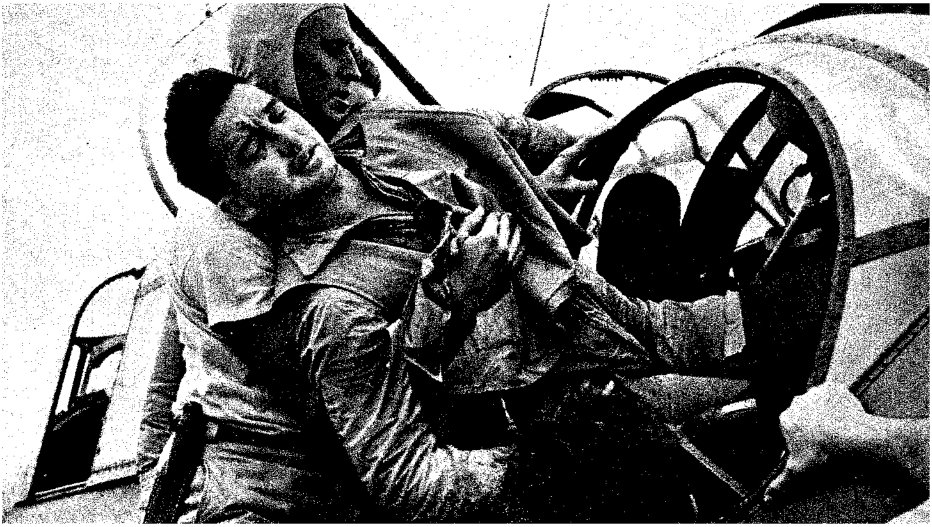


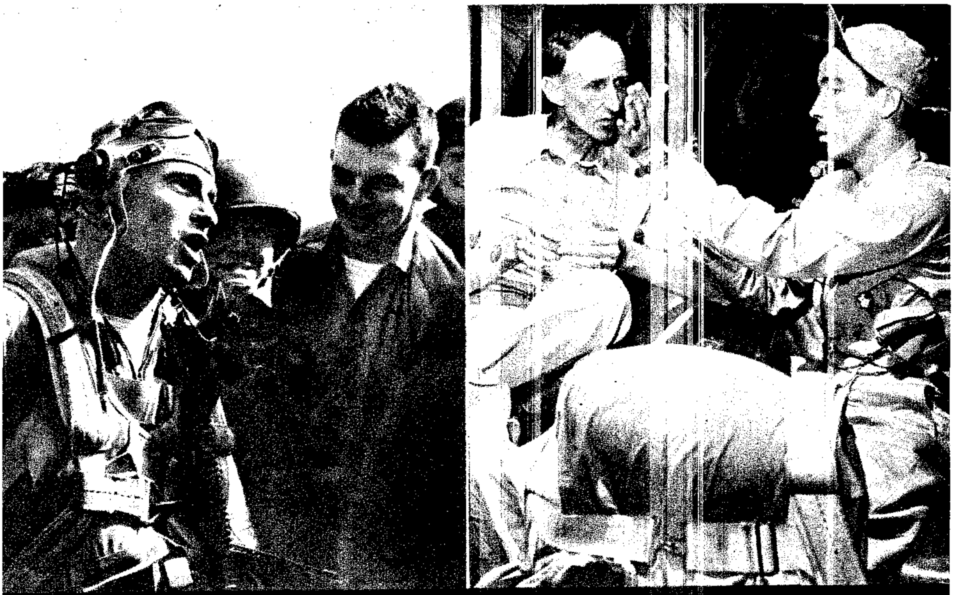
Then it's too late . . . Somehow the torpedo fails to drop. Maybe the controls are jammed . . . Maybe he is dead anyway but as the Jap swings over our deck one of our boys catches him and down he goes.



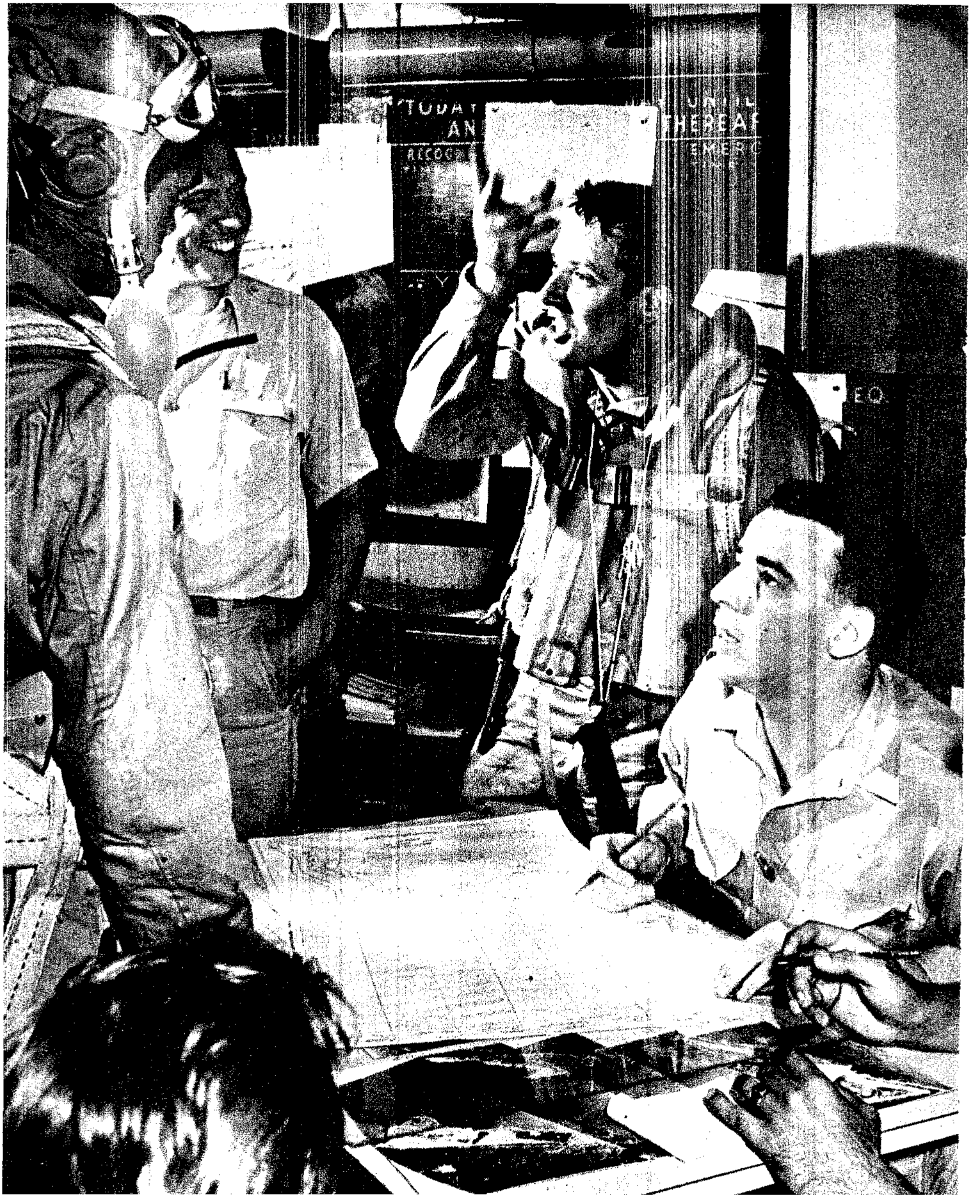


When the attack is over we mostly wait . . . sweating it out until the flyers return. That is, those who do return. When at last they come, it's a beautiful sight.





It's all over now but the shouting and the bragging and the razzing. Some of us fight the whole battle over again.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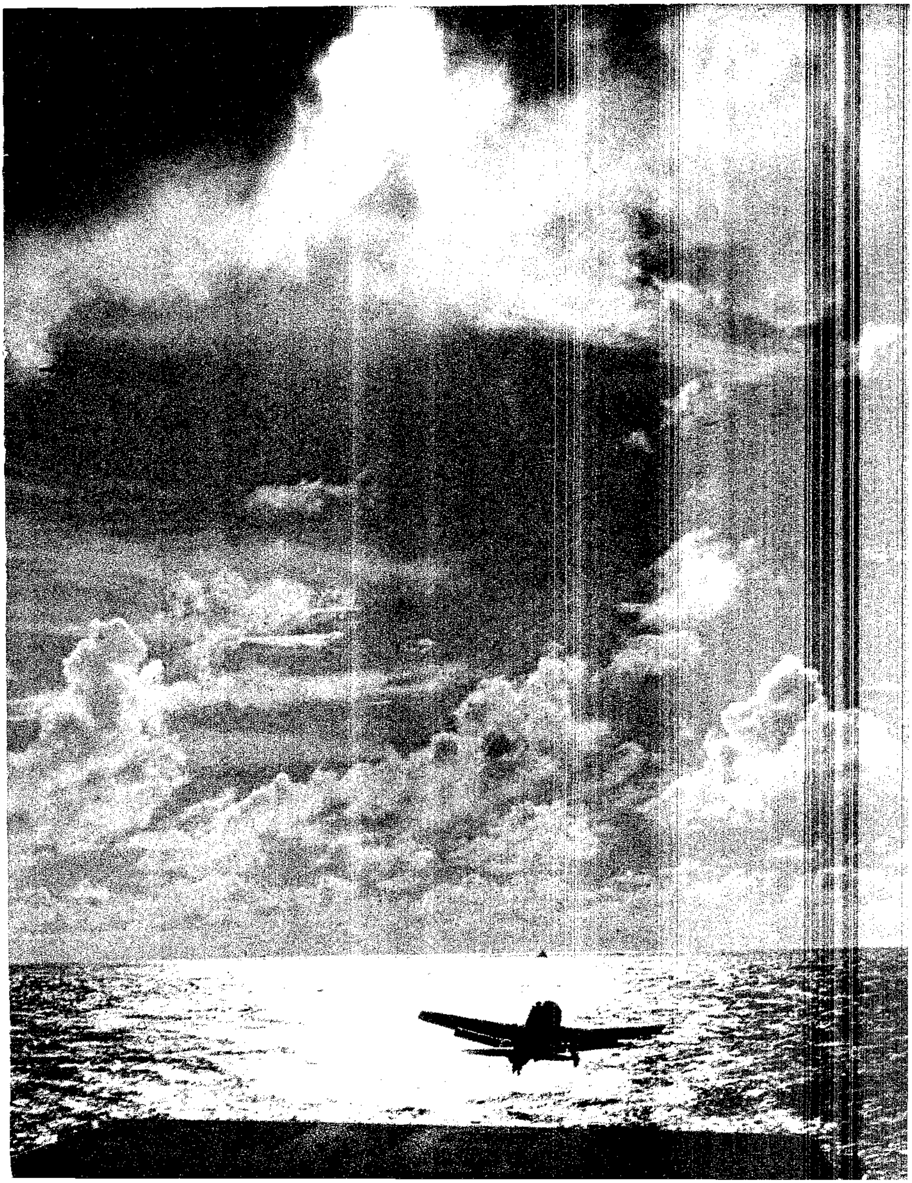


I'll Always Remember

Some poignant experience breaks the calm rhythm of every life. Such memorable incidents will be published from time to time in Coronet

by SEWALL CLARK

THE NIGHT was clear and fresh, and the stars hung thick over the mountains as my wife and I climbed into our car which we had left in the parking lot of a large drive-in restaurant on Highway 66 in Santa Anita, California.

A convertible coupe was parked facing us, bumper to bumper, and as we backed away I noticed it rolling forward as if to block our entry to the highway. I was about to cuss the driver for being a road hog, but my words turned to a gasp.

There was no driver!

The coupe rolled toward the highway, crowded with Saturday night traffic. Neither Sally nor I could speak. We just waited for that awful moment when the driverless car would be struck, first from one direction and then another, until the colliding of many cars would kill or injure many people. And we had started it rolling!

The first motorist evidently did not see the coupe until he had barely missed its front fenders; then he swerved wildly to one side.

In the second traffic lane, the coupe arrived in time to hit a safe interval between cars, but in the third it was saved from a crack-up by the alertness of a slow-driving motorist. The driver of a huge truck beyond him, however, had no choice but to step on the gas, hoping to veer away as best he could. He missed the runaway by too narrow a margin to see. But he missed!

Now safely across the highway, but still coasting, the coupe reached an upgrade, slowed a little, then crashed into a stout fence. As we drove across and parked alongside, we expected to see some damage, but there wasn't a scratch.

Sally was already thinking about the owner.

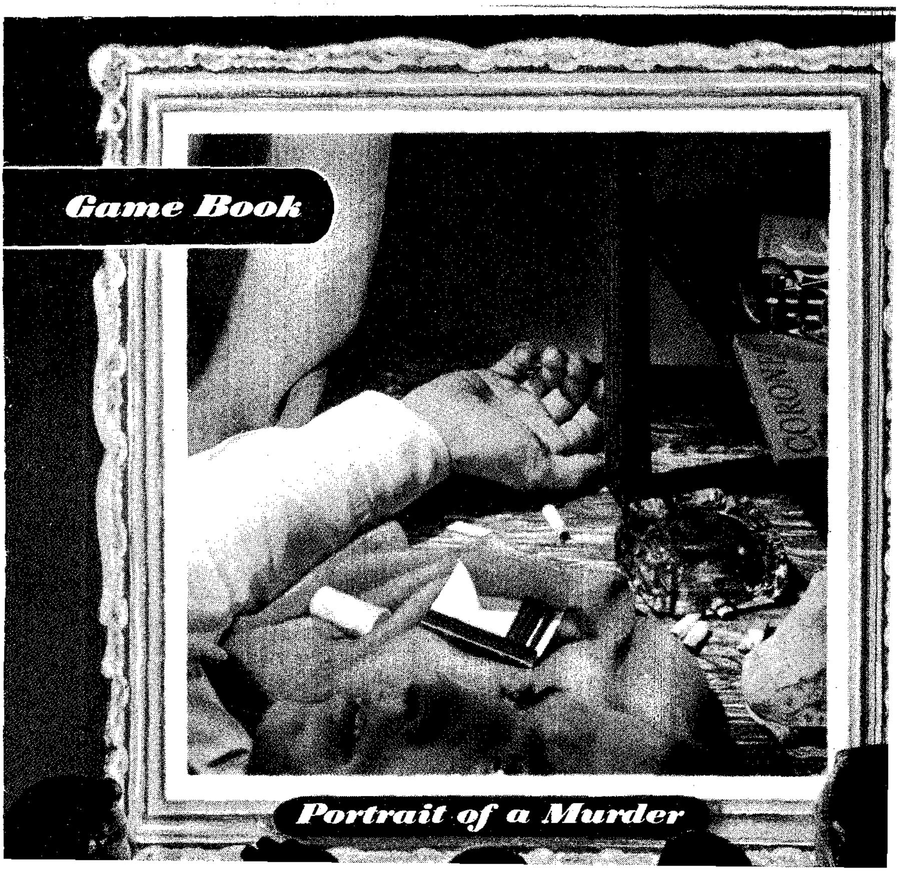
"We ought to leave word at the restaurant that his car is over here," she insisted.

"*Whose car?*" I asked.

At that she suggested I look for identification papers in the car, but it was locked and, as the dim-out was still in effect, it was too dark to see inside. Nevertheless, I drove back to the restaurant.

As we stopped in front of the drive-in, we noticed two young couples standing apart from the crowd. One of the men was pacing about obviously looking for something. One of the women, evidently his wife, was crying. Yes, they were the owners of the runaway.

We told them where their car was, and followed as they ran across the highway. I was on the verge of making a wisecrack about the careless way the car had been parked when the young woman who had been crying reached inside the coupe and lifted out a baby—unharmed. And sound asleep.



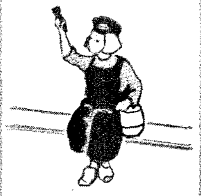
Game Book

Portrait of a Murder

Take the Trademark

Advertising slogans are a cinch for most of you, but how well do you know the trademarks? Here are some you see every day, presented exactly as they appear except for obliterated product names. If you get nine right you're doing fairly well. Between 10 and 13 is good and over 13 is very good. Answers are on page 83.

1.



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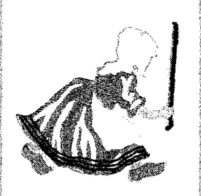

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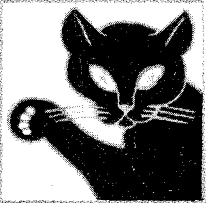

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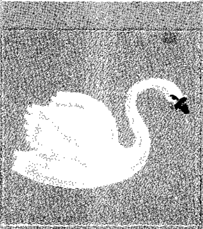

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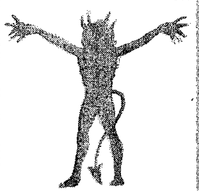

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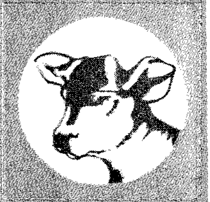

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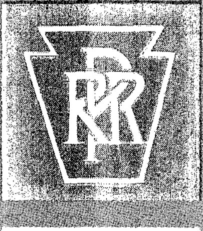

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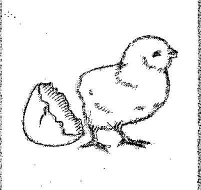

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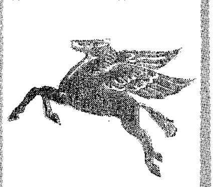

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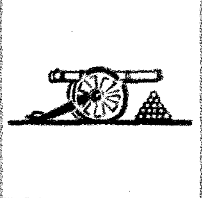

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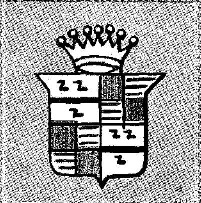

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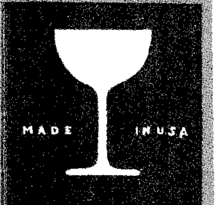

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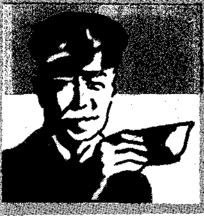

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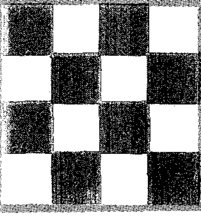

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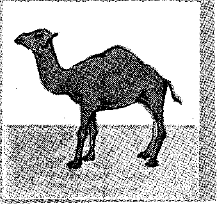
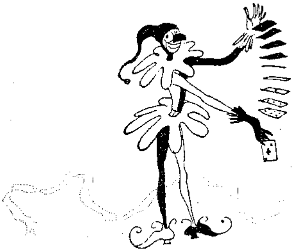


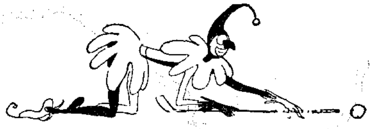


Jolly Jacks

Jack is a mischievous fellow, and if the universal adoption of his name means anything, we'd say he certainly gets around. Flowers, vegetables and even men have taken the name of Jack. This quiz will show you how many Jacks you know. The 30 items listed below are definitions of things bearing his name. For instance, if one of the items reads, "The personification of cold weather," the answer would be "Jack Frost." If you get less than 15 correct, you're a stranger to Jack; if between 15 and 20 correct, you're nodding acquaintances; if between 20 and 25, you're buddies; and if over 25, *you* must be Jack. See page 83 for the answers.

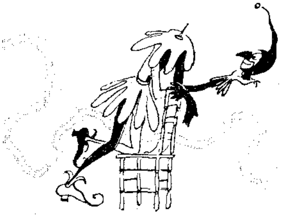
1. This guy can do a lot of things.
2. A frightening vegetable appearing each Hallowe'en.
3. Rock drill of hammer type.
4. Spring-flowering woodland herb, remindful of church.
5. Flesh-eating, dog-like animal.
6. You're pretty good if you can execute this fancy dive.
7. A large rodent you may have seen in your own back yard.
8. Slender tree found mainly in North America.
9. Game played with straws.
10. Nickname for a busybody.
11. Famous hero of children's literature associated with giants.
12. Sailor's nickname for a sailor.
13. Pool of money in poker game.
14. Gentleman in an English nursery rhyme who couldn't eat of a certain food.
15. Child's toy possessing an element of extreme surprise.
16. Man's name used to denote a very short space of time—"Before one can say . . . . . . "
17. Name given to a small rope.
18. Famous unknown person who murdered and mutilated a number of women in London.
19. The landsman's nickname for a sailor.
20. Two nursery rhyme characters who went to fetch some water.
21. A name sometimes given to apple brandy.
22. Nursery rhyme lad who pulled out a plum with his thumb.
23. Small leather-covered club which packs a wallop.
24. Name applied to a person of striking ability.
25. Specially shaped pieces of metal used with a rubber ball to play a children's game.
26. Another name for the morning griddlecake.
27. Handy device used in pulling off one's boots.
28. Name given to a short coat.
29. Monicker often given to a monkey or ape.
30. A very small crow-like bird.

Sportin' Round



Rally 'round, you sports fans. This quiz is about the guys and gals that made or still make sports history. We're asking you to tell us who they are. In most cases, their nicknames will tell you. In some instances you'll know them by something they said or did. See how many you can identify. A score of eight correct admits you to the sporting circle. Between eight and ten is good and over ten qualifies you as a Monday morning quarterback. You will find the correct answers to this quiz listed on page 83.

1. One of these baseball stars was not known as *Dizzy.*
   (a) Dean
   (b) Vance
   (c) Trout
2. The name they gave him was *The Georgia Peach.*
   (a) Bobby Jones
   (b) Tyrus Cobb
   (c) Young Stribling
3. This queen will be remembered as *Little Miss Poker Face.*
   (a) Helen Wills Moody
   (b) Babe Didrikson
   (c) Helen Jacobs
4. This champ knew renown as the *Manassa Mauler.*
   (a) Jess Willard
   (b) Jack Sharkey
   (c) Jack Dempsey
5. He was *Flat Foot Frankie*, but his runs gave a thrill.
   (a) Frank Frisch
   (b) Frank Sinkwich
   (c) Frank Thomas
6. He advised "Hit 'em where they ain't."
   (a) Babe Ruth
   (b) Willie Keeler
   (c) Pepper Martin
7. His *Grand Slam* took place but not at the bridge table.
   (a) Gene Sarazen
   (b) Jesse Owens
   (c) Bobby Jones
8. Once the *Boy Wizard* and still going strong.
   (a) Willie Hoppe
   (b) Robert Feller
   (c) Schoolboy Rowe
9. He went from Marine to Champ and back to sea.
   (a) Sailor Burke
   (b) Gene Tunney
   (c) Jack Dempsey
10. He was a *Giant Killer* with a southern accent.
    (a) Bryan Grant
    (b) Dixie Howell
    (c) Davie O'Brien
11. One of these brother acts featured three in the limelight.
    (a) DiMaggio
    (b) Dean
    (c) Waner
12. Sportswriters dubbed him the *Fordham Flash.*
    (a) Sid Luckman
    (b) Frank Frisch
    (c) Joe Gordon



Meet the Body

You very probably have never encountered a physical examination quite like this one. Try it out and see if you don't think it's fun. Each of the following items suggests a part or area of the body. Some of the items are colloquial expressions, but every one is in common use. Score two points for each you are able to answer correctly. Because many are quite easy, you will have to score 84 or better to be classed A1; 74 is fair, but below 68 is not too good. You will find the answers on page 83.

1. Memorize or learn by . . . .
2. You must . . . . the music
3. By word of . . . .
4. Take it on the . . . .
5. By the . . . . . . of your teeth
6. . . . . . . is thicker than water
7. . . . . . . through a crowd
8. Getting your . . . . . . into the problem
9. Your best . . . . . . forward
10. An itching . . . .
11. Lend me your . . . .
12. 'Twixt the cup and the . . . . .
13. Just follow your . . . . . .
14. The fatted . . . .
15. A . . . . of silver in ore
16. Give him a lift or give him a . . . . . .
17. Give your thoughts no . . . .
18. Tease or . . . . . . your friends
19. A rule of . . . .
20. . . . . . by jowl
21. In the . . . . . of luxury
22. That is the bottle . . . . . .
23. Eating . . . . . . beans
24. . . . . or lap of a journey
25. . . . . of a jellyfish
26. The teacher and the . . . . .
27. . . . . in the family closet
28. The way of all . . . . . .
29. Of all the . . . .
30. You should . . . . the mark
31. The . . . . . of the land
32. Out on a . . . .
33. . . . . . the lion in his den
34. . . . . . . down to work
35. To forewarn is to fore . . . . .
36. . . . . hooray
37. By the . . . . . of your chinny, chin, chin
38. . . . . . of the loaf of bread.
39. An . . . . . . of commerce
40. . . . . . . and crossbones
41. . . . . . . the favorite in a race
42. Listed in the . . . . at the end of the book
43. . . . . . high to a grasshopper
44. Angry or full of . . . .
45. Give the cold . . . .
46. New idea or latest . . . .
47. By the sweat of his . . . . .
48. Put it in your hope . . . . . .
49. Keystone of the . . . . . .
50. Hit the . . . . . on the head

Capital *Fun*

In Part I we took small words, their letters in proper sequence, out of larger ones, but we forgot to tell *where* they came out. Idea, of course, is to discover what the original word was. For example, if we told you that *sterapher* used to be a secretary, but we took out an egg drink, you'd soon guess that the original word was stenographer. In Part II we took girls' names out of ordinary words, but here we tell you the girls' names rather than what is left of the original word. For example, if we told you that Una was a girl who loved animal life, you'd soon guess that the original word was faUNA. You've done well if you get 16 right; fairly well if you get between 12 and 16 right. The answers are on the next page.

Part I

1. *bdash* used to be a lot of hooey, but we took out a shrub.
2. *ansis* used to be the direct opposite, but we took out a tenth for the church.
3. *ter* used to be a tutor, but we took out a pain.
4. *haue* used to be an oration, but we took out what a doorbell did.
5. *corresent* used to be a letter-writer, but we took out a very small lake.
6. *mrs* used to be good behavior, but we took out a famous English queen.
7. *misune* used to be adversity, but we took out a rampart.
8. *neolis* used to be a cemetery, but we took out a field of corn.
9. *negia* used to be a pain in the neck, but we took out a Russian mountain range.
10. *ocent* used to be the West, but we took out a Castilian hero.
11. *pereator* used to be a fellow who travels widely, but we took out a big smile.
12. *zoer* used to be an old Persian prophet, but we took out a rolled beef.

Part II

13. NORA is highly estimable.
14. AMY always comes to the top.
15. ANNE is a sardine factory.
16. ANITA is frightfully clean.
17. NAN is void of sense.
18. SALLY is known internationally
19. ROSE is a district attorney.
20. ADA's a corpse, sorry to say.
21. SUE likes fat.
22. INA plays a small accordion.
23. NELL tolls a bell.
24. RUTH is absolutely honest.
25. THEO is just an idea.
26. ALMA owns a coach dog.
27. ELLEN is a classical Greek.
28. KAY is like a Hungarian wine.
29. VERA is just an ordinary girl.
30. NORMA is a bit below par.

Answers

Portrait of a Murder

The murderer: Nora Noble. The four clues: the book of matches (as do most left-handed people, Nora tears matches from the left side), the lipstick-marked cigarette, the lipstick and the lace-edged handkerchief.

Take the Trademark

1. Dutch Boy Paints (*National Lead Co.*)
2. Old Dutch Cleanser (*Cudahy Packing Co.*)
3. Cat's Paw Heels (*Cat's Paw Rubber Co., Inc.*)
4. Swan Soap (*Lever Brothers Co.*)
5. Underwood Deviled Ham (*Wm. Underwood Co.*)
6. Knox Gelatine (*Knox Gelatine Co.*)
7. Pennsylvania Railroad
8. Bon Ami Soap (*Bon Ami Co.*)
9. Socony-Vacuum (*Socony-Vacuum Oil Co.*)
10. Cannon Towels (*Cannon Mills, Inc.*)
11. Cadillac Motor Car (*General Motors Corp.*)
12. Fostoria Glass (*Fostoria Glass Co.*)
13. Lipton Tea (*Thos. J. Lipton, Inc.*)
14. Ry-Krisp (*Ralston Purina Co.*)
15. Camel Cigarettes (*R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.*)

Jolly Jacks

1. Jack-of-all-trades
2. Jack-o'-lantern
3. Jackhammer
4. Jack-in-the-pulpit
5. Jackal
6. Jackknife
7. Jack rabbit
8. Jack pine
9. Jackstraws
10. Jack stickler
11. Jack the Giant Killer
12. Jack-tar
13. Jackpot
14. Jack Sprat
15. Jack-in-the-box
16. Jack Robinson
17. Jack line
18. Jack the Ripper
19. Jacky
20. Jack and Jill
21. Applejack
22. Jack Horner
23. Blackjack
24. Crackerjack
25. Jackstones
26. Flapjack
27. Bootjack
28. Jacket
29. Jackanapes
30. Jackdaw

Sportin' Round

1. b
2. b
3. a
4. c
5. b
6. b
7. c
8. a
9. b
10. a
11. a
12. b

Meet the Body

1. heart
2. face
3. mouth
4. chin
5. skin
6. blood
7. elbow
8. teeth
9. foot
10. palm
11. ears
12. lip
13. nose
14. calf
15. vein
16. hand
17. tongue
18. rib
19. thumb
20. cheek
21. lap
22. neck
23. kidney
24. leg
25. backbone
26. pupil
27. skeleton
28. flesh
29. nerve
30. toe
31. fat
32. limb
33. beard
34. knuckle
35. arm
36. hip
37. hair
38. heel
39. artery
40. skull
41. back
42. appendix
43. knee
44. spleen
45. shoulder
46. wrinkle
47. brow
48. chest
49. arch
50. nail

Capital Fun

1. bALDERdash
2. anTITHEsis
3. teACHEr
4. haRANGue
5. corresPONDent
6. mANNErs
7. misFORTune
8. neCROPolis
9. neURALgia
10. ocCIDent
11. pereGRINator
12. zoROASTer
13. hoNORAble
14. creAMY
15. cANNEry
16. sANITAry
17. iNANe.
18. univerSALLY
19. pROSEcutor
20. cADAver
21. SUEt
22. concertINA
23. kNELL
24. tRUTH
25. THEOry
26. dALMAtian
27. hELLENic
28. toKAY
29. aVERAge
30. subNORMAl

Deadly undulant fever is hard to cure. Avoid it by refusing all milk that hasn't been pasteurized

Raw Milk Can Kill You

by Lieut. Comdr. Harold J. Harris, USNR (MC)

Crossroads, U.S.A., is in one of those states in the Midwest area called the bread basket and milk bowl of America. Crossroads lies about twenty-five miles from the big city on a good paved highway so the farmers, merchants and teachers can come in Saturdays, shop, dine at the hotel, enjoy a movie and get home around eleven at night.

What happened to Crossroads might happen to your town—to your city—might happen almost anywhere in America.

There was nothing unusual at first about what happened to Crossroads. Dr. Anderson, the general practitioner, got a few calls. There was Mrs. Gahagen, whose daughter Frances had a fever and felt achy. He advised a little aspirin and rest in bed a couple of days. The next day Old Man Hartman, the village clerk, was sick. He died that evening with a high fever—his heart gave out. The same day Dr. Anderson had four other calls: Stilwell, a farmer; Jansen, another farmer whose wife and two kids were sick; Mrs. Henry, the banker's wife; and a clerk in the hardware store.

Dr. Anderson phoned young Jacobs, his only competitor. Yes, Jacobs had a half dozen feverish cases. It seemed like an epidemic.

"I don't like it a bit," Dr. Anderson said. "It looks to me as though we've got something on our hands."

Jacobs agreed. "This doesn't seem like any of the usual things."

In a few days the epidemic spread rapidly. Dr. Jacobs telephoned his colleague.

"I think I've got it," he said. "I believe we are up against brucellosis." That's the textbook term for it. You and I know it better as undulant fever.

It *was* an outbreak of undulant fever and it struck one out of every four persons in Crossroads. Despite the efforts of the two doctors and the state health department, one out of every four patients died—of a disease unknown to most of them.

The chances are you have heard only vaguely of undulant fever; probably you have never heard its proper medical designation of brucellosis. Yet it is a common disease in America.

What causes it? Just plain milk. Not pasteurized milk, but raw milk, good fresh "pure" country milk—warm, frothy, straight from the cow.

The disease spreads in other ways—persons who handle cows, pigs, goats and other animals may contract it. But milk is the worst hazard.

If you live in a city your milk is probably all right. In many, but not all, districts, even certified milk is being pasteurized. Mothers buy it for their babies at a higher price. What neither they nor dairymen who sell certified milk know is that even if their dairy herds have passed the usual tests for contagious abortion (as undulant fever of cattle is known) their milk may still transmit the disease germs.

Most of us have a notion that good fresh milk straight from the cow is better than pasteurized milk from the milkman's bottle. That was what the Crossroads folks thought. They got their milk at Thorkelsson's dairy. It was good "fresh" milk—no pasteurization to spoil the flavor—and the Thorkelsson boys delivered it still warm from the udder, every morning.

It wasn't the Thorkelssons' fault that they hadn't heard of undulant fever. But the state board of health men who came to Crossroads soon found the trouble. Out on the Thorkelsson farm—a fine, well-cared for place, they found a cow infected with the hog strain of undulant fever, one of the deadliest strains. They found several hogs with the same disease.

UNDULANT FEVER has been around a long time but we are only now beginning to get a line on how it is transmitted to human beings.

The disease is properly named for Sir David Bruce of the British Army Medical Corps who discovered the disease germ more than fifty years ago. The British had been interested in the ailment since the Crimean War when it popped up in Malta. So many British troops came home suffering from a debilitating fever of indefinite origin that the term, "Malta fever," was adopted. The disease was then general in the Mediterranean area and has since spread over the world.

The fact that its reputation was first made in the sub-tropics has probably influenced popular thinking about the disease. Only in recent years has it been proved that the disease is common in the United States. Many people still do not realize that you can have undulant "fever" without ever running a temperature or going near the Mediterranean.

In most American cities it would be hard to find unpasteurized milk. But how about summer resorts? What kind of milk do you drink in the country or at the roadside stand? Is it good "fresh" milk?

Nor is milk the only source of infection. About five years ago there was a curious incident in New York City.

A physician fell ill of brucellosis. His colleagues did what they could, but within a few days he died. Tests showed he had the rather rare variety of the disease transmitted by goats. This discovery puzzled the dying patient. He said he had never drunk any goat's milk nor come in contact with goats. One of his doctors proved to be an amateur Sherlock Holmes. Acting on a hunch, he inspected the doctor's kitchen. He checked the refrigerator's contents. Pasteurized milk. No goat's milk. Finally he spotted a freshly cut head of imported Italian cheese, which he took to the laboratory. This cheese was made from goat's milk; a culture showed it was dripping with germs of the goat brand of undulant fever.

Since that time steps have been taken to control this situation. New York State, for example, only late last year approved a statute that no cheese shall be sold unless it is made from pasteurized milk or unless it is ripened for a period sufficient to kill the fever bugs.

Of course, undulant fever is not the only killer lurking in "fresh" milk. There's also that assassin, typhoid fever. Ten years ago Montreal, a favorite American vacation spot, had an epidemic of 4,000 cases—400 persons died—all from a single Montreal dairy which sold raw milk.

There is no reason for American city dwellers to expose themselves. Most of the milk, butter, cheese and dairy products sold in cities is pasteurized, and the safest of foods.

The only effective way to fight the alarmingly common undulant fever is by pasteurization of milk and milk products. Nathan Straus, who coined the slogan "Raw Milk Can Kill," successfully waged a one-man battle for pasteurization in New York City. So far eighty-six cities, by popular demand, require milk pasteurization; it is not required in any state. In 182 other cities all dairies voluntarily pasteurize the milk; while in thirty seven cities all but "certified" milk is pasteurized by ordinance. So acute is the situation that the United States Public Health Service has asked dairies to sell pasteurized milk exclusively and to prepare such products as buttermilk, butter and ice cream exclusively from pasteurized milk. The Public Health Service has also asked health commissioners of all states to induce state legislation forbidding the selling of any cheese not prepared from pasteurized milk.

—The Editors

But Americans are restless. We go to the seashore, the lakes, the mountains. We eat at any old place—a quick hamburger and a glass of milk. If the milk is unpasteurized, we expose ourselves to the danger of illness.

One deadly feature of undulant fever is the way it deceives the doctor. It can lurk for years with no outward symptoms.

An estimate places the number of Americans infected with the disease at ten per cent of the population—although probably not more than one person in ten of these displays any symptoms. It is estimated that doctors do not recognize more than one case in ten.

Undulant fever is the great masquerader. There are few acute or chronic illnesses which it cannot imitate. There is the case of Robert Norwood, a New York contractor, a vigorous man in his early fifties. He had worked hard all his life, superintending many large construction projects in the United States, in Mexico and in South America.

Norwood told his doctor: "I start out in the morning feeling tired. I don't know what's the matter."

He added he'd had backaches, was lame in the joints, generally had no energy. Neither vitamins, exercise nor ultraviolet lamp treatments did any good.

The doctor found slight anemia and two abscessed teeth. He recommended iron, a diet rich in blood-building elements, a vacation in Florida, extraction of the teeth.

Norwood followed orders but came back from Florida feeling no better. A thorough re-examination revealed that he was suffering from undulant fever, probably acquired years before.

Take the young advertising executive who thought he had TB. He had a racking cough, lost weight and was extremely nervous. He had been working night and day and was thoroughly alarmed when he finally saw his doctor. He had a careful examination, X-rays, blood tests, etc. The X-rays were negative but the symptoms were so typical that he was sent to a TB sanatorium. Not until he had been there for weeks and gone through an exhaustive series of examinations was it found that he had undulant fever, not TB.

A young woman in Washington went to a psychiatrist, in acute mental distress. She was obviously suffering from an anxiety neurosis, nervous, depressed, losing weight. It took the doctor a year to find out that undulant fever caused the symptoms, rather than a psychosis.

Alice Evans, a scientific research worker who was largely responsible for nailing down the fact that contagious abortion in cows and similar hog and goat diseases were related and infectious, is a case in point.

For years physicians told her she was suffering from a neurosis. They gave her the blood agglutination test for undulant fever repeatedly. It was negative. Not until a pure culture of the disease was produced from her blood and a similar culture made from her gall bladder during an operation was it realized that she was suffering from the very ailment to which she was devoting her life in study.

THE DISEASE can take different forms. There was Maria, the New England farm wife, among the author's patients. Her husband had a herd of dairy cattle and the family drank the milk of the herd, unpasteurized. The neighbors said that Maria was "sickly" and it was true that she was chronically in poor health—not enough to take her to bed, but she barely managed to drag herself from one household chore to another. A culture was sent to the state laboratory; it showed the same germs had attacked Maria as had attacked her husband's dairy herd.

The important thing to remember about undulant fever is this: Avoid it!

It is an ailment difficult to diagnose. It can be spotted for certain only through complicated skin and blood tests.

Treatment is almost as difficult as diagnosis. Sometimes it responds to sulfonamides. Sometimes transfusion of immune blood or serum works wonders.

There is hope that some of the cousins of penicillin will be effective. Specific vaccines from the cow strain of the germs brings about recovery of about seventy-five per cent of patients. Artificial fever is valuable in some.

But often the treatment is long drawn out. One U.S. Senator who contracted the disease on a trip to Panama was under treatment for years before he got back anything like normal health.

The U. S. Army and Navy think of raw milk in terms not only of undulant fever but also of TB, scarlet fever, typhoid, strep throat, dysentery and a dozen other ailments. In war theatres abroad American servicemen—no matter how plentiful the supply—are not allowed to quaff "fresh" milk. Their chow lines and mess halls serve nothing but diluted powdered milk or condensed milk. In England during the past year a great debate has been raging: shall we pasteurize milk? Many Englishmen take the negative view, holding that the process is "unproved" and destroys the taste of milk.

But, to be on the safe side, beware of "fresh" milk—at home or abroad. It can turn out to be a poison cocktail—just as lethal as strychnine and ten times more inviting.

Pangs of Genius

THE VANITY OF COMPOSER Richard Wagner was a boon to his publishers. In his youth Wagner wrote a sonata which he later felt unworthy of his genius. He offered to buy all the unsold copies from his publishers. The next day he was startled to receive 1,000 copies, but felt it was worth the cost to bury the musical skeleton. From then on, whenever the publishers felt a monetary pinch they would print hundreds of copies and present them to the composer with a bill, saying they had just arrived from branch offices in distant cities. —JOSEF S. CHEVALIER

RALPH WALDO EMERSON, the New England poet and philosopher, always slept with a candle and writing material nearby so he could jot down any thought that came to him during the night. The matches he used were the old-fashioned card variety, attached to a wooden base and broken off one by one. One night he awakened with an especially brilliant inspiration. He seized the card, broke off a match and struck it sharply on the table. Nothing happened. He tried another. Still no flame. One by one he broke off each match until the entire card was used. Not one ignited. By that time he had forgotten his original idea.

The next morning Emerson was awakened by his wife's voice:

"Whatever could have happened to my best tortoise-shell comb?" she cried. "Last night I left it on the table at the head of the bed, and this morning all the teeth have been broken off!" —JAMES ALDREDGE

The FALLACY of Air Power

How the enemy and the Allies have learned a costly lesson about the vaunted omnipotence of planes

by Harrison Salisbury, *Foreign Editor, United Press*

It has taken more than five years of war to show what can and what cannot be done by air power.

I remember talking to an American air general and an English air marshal nearly two years ago about the Anglo-American program of the strategic bombing of Germany. They were, naturally, enthusiastic about their work. Give them the planes, they said, and the time and they would smash Germany to her knees. They were even a little fearful that a land invasion would be undertaken in the West before they had a chance to demonstrate that air power alone could be the decisive factor in modern war.

At the opposite pole of opinion stood the Russians who possessed not even a strategic bombing force. They scoffed at the Allied "air front" over Germany and called it a feeble substitute for a second land front. Air power, their experts insisted, could influence but never decide land fighting. But, after seeing our heavy strategic bombers in action on shuttle raids to the Ukraine, the Russians lost no time in asking whether we could give them some under Lend-Lease.

The truth, of course, lies somewhere between the extremes of the enthusiasts and the detractors.

One bleak day two winters ago grim-faced GI's crawled out of their icy foxholes and set up a whole series of signs and placards in the bomb craters of the Italian front. The front-line soldiers have a blunt and often acid sense of humor. One placard read: "Precision Bombing: Cassino Five Miles North." Another posted in a huge hole which had blossomed on the spot where a certain regimental GHQ had been located said: "Victory Through Air Power!"

These signs were erected the day after the famous "all out" bombing of Cassino—the event which some bombing enthusiasts hoped would clinch the argument of air power over land power. For weeks our infantry and artillery had been stalled in front of Cassino. Now the whole 15th Air Force was turned loose on the little mountain town. It rained down more high explosives than had ever been dropped before on a small target area.

But when our infantry moved up to the attack they discovered that while Cassino had vanished, its German defenders were very much alive. It was as though you had taken a shotgun to get rid of the fleas on your dog—the dog was dead but the fleas were doing business as usual. The bombardment had piled so much rubble on top of the German dugouts, shelters and pillboxes that they were twice as strong as before. Cassino, the town, was gone. Cassino, the fortress, was impregnable. And, as is almost inevitable when high-level bombers are used to support a ground operation, some bombs had gone astray, hitting our own lines as the soldiers' posters indicated.

The Germans learned the Cassino lesson the hard way, too. They learned it at Stalingrad. The Wehrmacht reached Stalingrad and the Volga in August, 1942. They called on the Luftwaffe to drive the Russians from the city. But the Red Army dug itself in and used the ruined buildings and the bomb craters as firing points and foxholes. Day and night Stukas and Heinkels pounded Stalingrad. They tore the city down, block by block and building by building, but the Russians crouched in their shelters and fought on. When winter closed down and immobilized the bulk of the Luftwaffe, the Red Army threw itself into a counter-offensive and started on the long, hard road to victory.

As a matter of fact the Germans enjoyed air superiority or air supremacy in every battle they fought on the Eastern front from June 22, 1941, to July, 1943, at Kursk-Orel. Yet they could not knock out the Red Army. The Russians showed time and again that well-trained troops, well-led and well-armed, cannot be routed by air power. Handicapped, yes; deprived of offensive power, frequently; panicked, never.

Neither the Germans nor the Russians employed strategic bombing to any extent on the Eastern front and, except for the Nazi blitz which started the war, air power played a secondary role on the decisive land front of the conflict.

I remember one occasion when I was up near the Russian front. Long columns of Nazi prisoners were being escorted back along the highway. An occasional Russian plane would skim over the horizon, flying, as is the Russian custom, very low. Both the German prisoners and the Red Army men would plod along with hardly a glance at the plane. Obviously, neither the German nor the Russian troops had been subjected to the kind of air attack common on the Western front—the kind that trains troops constantly to scan the sky, ready to dive for the nearest ditch at the sight or sound of an airplane.

The Germans themselves have given plenty of examples of how well an army can fight even though it is weak in the air. Rommel's famous retreat all the way across Africa and his stubborn stand in Tunisia were made in the face of huge Allied air superiority.

As late as December, 1944, Field Marshal von Rundstedt was able to furnish a neat lesson in the non-supremacy of air power. Attacking in weather which left air power helpless as a baby, he cracked our lines in the Ardennes and came within an ace of splitting our Army groups and destroying our whole strategic position.

True enough, when our air power got into the battle it made hash of many of Rundstedt's panzer columns, but the whole episode highlighted one of the major defects of air power—its dependence upon the weather.

Ships can fight at sea every day in the year. Men can fight on land, no matter what their hardships, in blinding blizzards and pouring rainstorms. Artillery can fire through darkness, fog and storm. But despite every electronic device thus far invented there are many times during the year when air power is chained to the ground or when, even though able to take the air, planes can achieve only limited results.

That, incidentally, is the reason why the Germans developed their V-weapons. Inaccurate and inefficient as these rockets and projectiles still are, they constitute a form of all-weather air power. The V-weapons, stripping aside all propaganda, are a kind of robot strategic air force.

The function of a strategic air force, after all, is to act as long-range artillery striking at targets far in the enemy rear which can't be reached by ordinary means. Obviously, the moment these robots acquire something like the accuracy and range of the strategic bomber they are bound to take over the task of attacking distant targets.

The best way to come to grips with the so-called supremacy of air power is to take a good look at the nature of war. Air power does not operate in a vacuum. War is fought on three planes, land, air and sea. Victory is the sum total of power in the three planes.

Look at the Eastern front again, where more war has been fought than on all the others put together. It started with war on two planes—land and air.

In both the Germans had the edge.

The British brought the third factor, sea, into play when they tried to use their sea power to send supplies to Russia. The Nazis neutralized this attempt for all practical purposes by use of both sea and air power—submarines and dive bombers from Norway—which sank most of the supplies the British tried to send. Not until we got into the war did sea power begin to influence the war in the East. Because we were strong enough at sea to ram through supplies to Russia in spite of the Nazi submarines, we were able to influence the land and air struggle in Russia. To a marked degree Russia's gradual evolution from inferiority to the Wehrmacht and the Luftwaffe can be credited to American sea power.

PROBABLY THE classic example of the non-supremacy of air power was the Battle of Britain.

The fact is that battle never should have been fought and would not have been fought in the air if Hitler had not been the victim of his own propaganda.

That propaganda was based squarely on the Douhet theory of the "supremacy of air power." Actually, it was probably as much a matter of necessity as anything else so far as the Nazis were concerned. You can build an air force much faster than you can an army or a navy. Germany under the Weimer Republic had been restricted to a token army and a token navy but she had been relatively free to develop in the air, possibly because the framers of the Versailles Treaty did not foresee how air power was going to develop.

Since he had an air force long before he had an effective army and navy, Hitler played this propaganda card to the hilt. Most of Europe literally believed the Nazi boasts that they could destroy London overnight with a thousand bombers. Nothing which occurred in the early phases of the war diminished the terror concept of air power. The Germans created Warsaw and Rotterdam as propaganda examples of what air power could do, and the world, appalled, hardly stopped to realize that these were not tests in the scientific sense of the word; that each time it was the Luftwaffe against nothing.

When, after Dunkirk, the British did not sue for peace, Hitler turned to his chosen instrument, air power, to turn the propaganda threat into reality. He launched his blitz.

From 5 p.m. September 7, 1940, until May 10, 1941, England, and London in particular, was subjected to the most concentrated aerial bombardment the world had ever seen. It destroyed some of the most ancient and beautiful buildings in the Western world. It killed about 50,000 people—more than one-half of one per cent of the population against which the attack was directed. It inspired England's people to heights of patriotism never equaled before—or since. Psychologically, it was Hitler's greatest mistake. Militarily its effects were only modest.

The blitz provided the first great laboratory experiment in the use of air power.

The first and most obvious lesson of the blitz was that it was necessary to employ air power on a much larger scale than had previously been planned if anything like decisive results were to be achieved.

This was the lesson taken to heart by Air Marshal Harris of the RAF and Generals Spaatz and Eaker when they sketched in the outline of our strategic bombardment of the Reich. The Germans had attacked England with forces of *medium* bombers numbering in the *hundreds*. We attacked Germany with *heavy* bombers numbering in the *thousands*. Where the Nazis had attacked only by day or night, we attacked day *and* night. Even so, the Anglo-American strategic bombing forces were constantly forced to revise upward their estimates both of the number of bombers and the length of time it would take to destroy Nazi industry.

IN THE Pacific as nowhere else has the interdependence of land, sea and air power been displayed. Pearl Harbor first showed how a combination of sea and air power (Japanese carriers) could be decisive against sea power alone. But because the Japs failed to include land forces in their plan they were unable to take advantage of their victory. It was a combination of land, sea and air power which gave the Japanese their victory in the Philippines. In Malaya, Singapore and the Dutch East Indies the story was the same. When we started to fight our way back up through the Southwest Pacific, we started out first by building up our Army and Navy to the point where they could push ahead despite Japanese air superiority. It was only later that our air forces were expanded to the point where they began to whittle down the Zeros.

The only place we depended to a major extent on air power was in Burma after the Japs cut the road to China and rolled up to the frontier of India. There we installed an air supply line that eventually carried double the tonnage to China which the Burma Road had supplied in its best days. But this was an act of necessity. No one would ever think of flying war materials to China over the Himalaya Mountains if any land route, no matter how tortuous, was available.

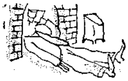
Air power has saved the day countless times. It provisioned the 101st Division at Bastogne. It supplied Merrill's Marauders in their push into Burma. It blasted a path for the break-through at St. Lô. It constantly handicapped the Nazi panzers by cutting down their supply of synthetic oil and rubber. It provided a canopy of safety over the Normandy invasion beaches. It saved the lives of countless soldiers and sailors by quick evacuation of the wounded. It carried the war—via the Superfortress—to Japan long before any other weapon could reach the Jap homeland.

Air power is indispensable. But it cannot operate alone. The Eighth Air Force could not have been established in England without sea power to move it there. Our air bases in South China had to be abandoned when the Chinese land forces no longer could protect them against Japanese ground troops. C-54's and C-46's flew the hump to China. But Liberty ships brought their cargoes to Calcutta.

The airplane has changed the complex of warfare, as it has changed almost every aspect of life. But war no more than life can be supported by air alone.

Weatherbeaten

A DISGRUNTLED CALIFORNIAN was heard to exclaim: "There's nothing wrong with California weather. You just have to pump it out of your basement now and then." —SGT. ED DOOLEY



THE ENGLISH CLIMATE was adequately described a hundred years ago. On a fine day, it is like looking up a chimney. Otherwise it is like looking down. —S. J. SABIN

FROM HOULTON, MAINE, which had the coldest summer in its history in 1943, comes the story of a newcomer to town who asked an inhabitant of a year or so what kind of summers Houlton had. "Derned if I know," gloomed the resident. "This year I was sick both days!" —PFC. WILLIAM G. SEARS

SPENDING A WEEK END in the country at the home of a friend, Richard Sheridan, the Irish dramatist, found himself besieged by a talkative old maid guest. About to take a morning stroll, he turned back to the house when she asked to accompany him. "The weather is really not suitable for walking," he explained.

Some time later he tried to sneak out alone, but she spotted him. "Ah, Mr. Sheridan," she cackled, "so the weather has cleared up at last!"

"Why—er—yes, Madam," he floundered. "Enough for one, perhaps, but hardly enough for two." —LOUIS HIRSCH

"Hurry, Hurry! Get your tickets here!"
That raucous shout of the circus barker
echoes through this story of a star performer

The Never Forgotten JUMBO

by RUSSELL L. CARPENTER AND SIGMUND SAMETH

WHEN THE Royal Zoological Society of London announced in February, 1882, its agreement to sell an elephant named Jumbo to a showman named Barnum the entire British nation seethed in protest. The austere London *Times* denounced the sale. Even the Prince of Wales took a hand in the controversy. Our ambassador to the Court of St. James remarked that the only burning question between the two nations was Jumbo.

The object of the squabble had been captured twenty years previously by a party of Arabs in Abyssinia, when Jumbo was only four feet high. During his years in England Jumbo grew until he became the largest zoo elephant in captivity. He was twelve feet high and fourteen feet long. His waistline was eighteen feet, and he tipped the scales at seven tons. Children loved him so much so that a promise of a trip to the zoo and a ride in the wicker basket on Jumbo's broad back was sufficient to insure their unlimited good behavior.

P. T. Barnum was a frequent London visitor and looked wistfully at the great beast. Knowing him to be a favorite of Queen Victoria and her grandchildren he entertained little hope that the zoo directors might part with their chief attraction. Nevertheless, in 1881 he sent an agent to inquire if there might be a price tag on Jumbo. When 10,000 dollars was promised, the directors of the Royal Zoological Society voted to accept the offer.

They were influenced largely, however, by the fact that for a few years past Jumbo, like most mature male elephants, had exhibited periodic fits of dangerous violence.

Mathew Scott, Jumbo's keeper, had been engaged to stay on, and Bill Newman, one of Barnum's animal men, had been sent to England to direct the elephant's removal from London. A massive oak crate on wheels was constructed and reinforced with three-quarter-inch straps of iron. On a Saturday in mid-February Jumbo was cajoled to a ramp leading into the cage in which he was to be hoisted aboard a steamship.

At this stage Jumbo himself took a hand. One look at the unfamiliar ramp was enough for him. He sat down and refused to move—and when seven tons of elephant sits, mere man can do little about it.

When Newman cabled Barnum this news, the great showman instructed him to let Jumbo take his time. The publicity was worth it.

As might be expected, legal action was brought in the Court of Chancery for an injunction to prevent the sale. Meanwhile, national indignation had boiled over in a wave of sentimentalism. On street placards and in stores appeared pictures of Jumbo. All sorts of merchandise—from fans to underwear—was named after Jumbo. London restaurant menus featured Jumbo specials. A leading magazine published a suggestion for a change in England's coat-of-arms, with an elephant substituting for the British lion and the motto revised to read: *Dieu et mon Jumbo.*

ALL THIS furor was not without compensation to the zoo, for the public stormed its gates at the rate of 4,000 daily to see Jumbo. Barnum was never completely reconciled to the fact that the Royal Zoological Gardens cleared between 75,000 and 100,000 dollars by showing *his* animal after he had paid for him. For when the action in court came up before Mr. Justice Chitty, he handed down his decision, after two days of hearings, that the sale was valid and the elephant was Mr. Barnum's rightful property.

Once more the lumbering crate on wheels was brought out and this time Jumbo allowed himself to be coaxed into the cage, where he was chained in place and the door bolted fast. Amid cheers of admirers Jumbo in his crate was finally hoisted aboard the *Assyrian Monarch*, displacing some eighty tons of freight and a hundred and thirty emigrants.

The farewell luncheon held on shipboard was a formal affair attended by distinguished guests. Toasts were drunk to His Majesty, to Jumbo, to Great Britain and to the United States.

The fifteen-day passage across the Atlantic was a rough one. Jumbo was seasick and trumpeted piteously, but on Sunday morning, April 9, 1882, the ship steamed into New York harbor. A throng was gathered at the docks to greet the huge pachyderm, which advance publicity described as the "most prodigious paragon of all the prodigies secured by P. T. Barnum."

Intended "for breeding purposes," Jumbo had entered the U.S. duty free. Nevertheless his cost to Barnum was in excess of 30,000 dollars. A reception was given for the press as soon as the steamship had docked.

"How high does he reach with his trunk?" Barnum asked Scott, the keeper. "It's forty-nine feet, isn't it?"

But Scotty was either too honest or too slow to take the hint.

"It's twenty-six feet, sir," he answered.

By late afternoon the crate had been swung to the pier where 1,200 bystanders fought for places at two long tow ropes. Then Jumbo made his triumphal way up Broadway to Madison Square Garden.

Here the doorway through which the cage was supposed to pass was found to be too small. The advisability of leading Jumbo out of his cage was debated. Barnum decided it would be safer to have workmen enlarge the doorway so that the cage could enter the next morning. So Jumbo spent his first night in America shivering in his crate on the street, covered with a tarpaulin.

Billed as "The Universal Synonym for All Stupendous Things" Jumbo attracted customers to the circus ticket window in droves. In six weeks he had swelled the treasury by 300,000 dollars.

His legend grew with the cooperation of Barnum's press agents. It was related how he had saved a little girl from the fangs of an enraged Bengal tiger; how he could move circus wagons mired hub-deep in mud.

But English children could not forget Jumbo. Entire mail sacks addressed to him were filled with parcels of buns and other goodies sent from across the ocean. Young visitors on this side brought oranges and peanuts which he consumed in enormous quantities. A specimen daily menu consisted of 200 pounds of hay, two bushels of oats, a barrel of potatoes, twelve loaves of bread, three quarts of onions, and a bucket of beer shared with his keeper.

FOR FOUR SEASONS Jumbo traveled the sawdust trail. Nine million persons in the United States and Canada viewed him. He was the greatest attraction of the circus, and many an oldster of today can recall the childhood thrill of a ride on his back.

But by 1885 the pace of circus life had begun to have its effect on Jumbo. Sleepless nights as the car bumped and swayed over uneven roadbeds and the insults to his digestive system arising from well-meaning generosity of his visitors were too much for him. In August, his keeper, Scotty, confided to a friend that Jumbo's days were numbered. It had been nearly a year since he had been able to lie down.

On September 15, the circus was showing at St. Thomas, Ontario. Jumbo and the dwarf elephant, Tom Thumb, had just finished their part of the evening performance and were being returned to their cars on a freight siding. A section of fence along the right of way had been removed and a gap had been left in a string of empty boxcars standing on one of the tracks so that the elephants could have access to the main track, along which ran a steep embankment. Railroad officials had given assurance that no train was due for an hour.

The two elephants shuffled across the tracks led by Scott. They had nearly reached Jumbo's car when the whistle of an approaching train blasted the night air.

"What track is that train on?" Scott called as he swung around to the flagman, whose job it was to stop any approaching train but who, fascinated by the elephants, had delayed to see them loaded into their cars.

"My God, it's on our track," the flagman cried and began running eastward in a vain effort to signal the engineer, as the white beam of the headlight swept into view around the curve and the train roared down the grade toward St. Thomas. The flagman frantically waved his lantern but the heavy train could not be stopped. It rolled on, brakes screeching.

Scotty, attempting to save his

charges, swung the giant elephant around. "Run, Jumbo!" he called.

Pursued by the locomotive, with sparks flying from its set brakes, Jumbo fled thirty yards down the track. His trunk was lifted high in the air and his shrill trumpeting held circus and railway workers rooted to the spot.

Little Tom Thumb, whose short legs left him out-distanced in the race, was struck first. He was hurled down the embankment. Jumbo remembered the opening in the line of cars but in the dark he had difficulty finding it alone. Crazed by fear he ran two car lengths beyond the gap before he stopped in confusion and turned about.

The locomotive struck him head-on. His skull was driven between a box-car and a flat-car and as the power of the onrushing locomotive threw him on his side, his neck snapped. The force of the collision was so great that the locomotive and two cars were derailed.

Jumbo's huge head, the stump of a tusk driven into his brain, lay blood-stained in the cinders. The great heart was stilled forever.

Yet even in death Jumbo went on with the show. A Rochester, N.Y., taxidermist mounted his huge form which toured with the circus for two more seasons. In 1889, the skeleton was presented to the American Museum of Natural History in New York and the mounted hide was placed in Barnum Museum at Tufts College in Medford, Mass., where it still serves as the official mascot of the school—the one and only Jumbo.

Minor Evolutions

Spuds—"Eat potatoes and die" was the warning issued by the S.P.U.D.—Society for the Prevention of Unwholesome Diet—formed by a group of Irishmen who thought the vegetable was poisonous. The organization combatted Sir Walter Raleigh's plan to grow Indian tubers in Ireland as an easily cultivated, nourishing crop for the frequently starving population. But the S.P.U.D.'s lost their battle, and Irish potatoes became a popular sustenance crop. When a mysterious blight killed the plants in 1847, famine and mass emigration to America followed. Thus, the great Irish emigration to the United States was started by American Indian potatoes, which ironically have since become known as spuds! —Isabel Wiley Grear

Turkey—Yes, our native American bird is dubbed after a foreign country—but it is all a mistake. Centuries ago a cargo of strange fowl arrived in Europe on a ship bound from Turkey. The birds were named for their supposed point of origin, although it was later discovered that they had originally been picked up in Africa. Turkey had been merely an en route stop. To add error upon error, early settlers in the New World decided the American fowl was the same they had known in their mother countries and so named it turkey. Actually the European variety was a guinea cock, not at all related to our Thanksgiving delicacy. —Norman Lewis

The Great Wall Street EXPLOSION

Passers-by noted the old horse-drawn wagon—yet none guessed its awful mission

by ARCHIE MCFEDRIES

THE HOUR OF NOON had just been tolled by the bells of New York City's Trinity Church on Thursday, September 16, 1920, when a weatherbeaten wagon standing in front of the United States Assay Office, on Wall Street, exploded with a roar heard for ten miles. In the next few minutes the neighborhood was obscured by thick smoke. When the pall lifted, there were twenty-nine dead and more than 100 critically injured—four fatally.

Not a window for blocks around remained unbroken. Façades of buildings were scarred, as if from bomb fragments. The only object in range of the explosion which escaped unscathed was the statue of George Washington, on the steps of the Sub-Treasury.

While infantry troops with fixed bayonets rushed in to guard the Assay Office, repository of 900,000,000 dollars in gold bullion, and the Sub-Treasury, in the fear that the explosion might be a prelude to robbery, more than 100 detectives moved methodically through the area. Dwight W. Morrow, a Morgan partner, told the sleuths that he had noticed a decrepit delivery wagon, drawn by a sagging bay horse, standing in front of the Assay Office shortly before noon.

Any doubt that the explosion had been incendiary was dispelled when detectives noticed some of the dead had been struck by forcefully propelled pieces of junk metal. Such junk must have come from an infernal device in the wagon.

Hoping to find a clue to the origin of the contrivance, the police department ordered the street-cleaning department to deliver all debris found within several blocks of the Assay Office. The magnitude of the task was typified by the fact that a piece of sash weight—obviously from the lethal contraption—was found atop the forty-story Equitable Building.

The wagon in which the explosion originated had been blown to bits, but fragments of it were found more than a block away. The carcass of the horse was virtually intact, and an autopsy disclosed it had recently eaten a large quantity of fresh grass. Apparently it had been stabled outside the city, where there were pastures.

The animal's front shoes were old and well worn, and blacksmiths believed they had been made in non-union shops. The hind shoes, however, were new, and bore the trademark of the National Horseshoers Association.

By nightfall detectives had begun a canvass of blacksmith shops throughout New York City and neighboring areas, including northern New Jersey, in a search for the man who had shod the horse hitched to the death wagon. A blacksmith, they knew, often imparts to his work distinctive characteristics which he can later recognize.

Mayor John F. Hylan, popularly known as Red Mike, appealed to all citizens for any information that could be of value in running down the perpetrators of the crime.

The mayor's appeal brought forth a pedestrian who had been walking west on Wall Street, toward Broad, at about seven minutes before noon. He had drawn abreast of the wagon just as it had come to a stop. The driver—a small, dark man of uncertain age—had alighted and, before hurrying away, had said to the pedestrian, "You better get out of here *quick!*" The man had thought little about the warning until he heard the terrific detonation.

The informant was taken to a motion picture projection room to view Pathé News scenes of the blast vicinity which were made just after the explosion. They clearly showed the faces of hundreds of the morbidly curious. The police theorized that the driver of the wagon might have returned to the scene of his crime.

As the driver wasn't in evidence, the police did the next best thing: they had an artist draw a picture of the man, based on the pedestrian's description. Thousands of facsimiles were sent to police departments all over the nation.

Some ten tons of debris, taken to police headquarters, were painstakingly examined. Among the clues worth following were pieces of tin smelling of gasoline. The American Can Company sent experts to examine the tin who concluded that, among other explosives in the wagon, there had been two five-gallon cans of gasoline. A further analysis of the tin fragments established the fact that the cans had been made by the Atlas Can Company of Brooklyn—but that concern had made so many five-gallon containers that tracing them was impossible.

The clue of the horse's hind shoes led to a blacksmith shop operated by two Italians on Elizabeth Street in Manhattan's lower East Side. The smithies identified the shoes as those they had put on a bay mare the day before the explosion. The horse had been drawing a one-ton, single-top delivery wagon which answered the description of the vehicle Dwight Morrow and others had seen standing in front of the Assay Office. The blacksmiths promptly identified the artist's drawing on the police flier as that of the man who had the horse shod. Unfortunately they had no idea who he was.

As time wore on, the wagon itself was reconstructed from fragments of its wheels, tailboard, framework and metal parts. The condition of the parts indicated that the vehicle had been at least 15 years old, which made tracing its ownership a remote possibility. But there was a clue in the reconstructed wagon. The width between its wheels was four inches greater than the width between trolley tracks in New York City. Since most wagons in Manhattan were built so that their wheels could utilize the trolley tracks, it seemed the vehicle had probably been used outside the city. This corroborated the clue of the fresh grass in the horse's stomach.

The harness of the horse was eventually traced to its manufacture in Kingston, New York, over a decade previously. Time was again operating against the manhunters.

Government investigators had now entered the case. Detectives of the New York police department investigated settlements as far distant as the Pennsylvania anthracite fields, particularly localities where sash weights of the type that had been part of the infernal machine were used in homes.

J. P. Morgan, who had been in Scotland the day Wall Street ran red with death, couldn't shake off the feeling that the plot had been directed against him, so he put private detectives on the case. The plain-clothes sleuths produced a tip that sent them scurrying to Poland on the trail of a man who had left New York for Warsaw just after the explosion. When found, the man had an airtight alibi.

Another lead was the small knob of a safe, which had been part of the infernal device and had struck a street cleaner a block away from the Assay Office. Safe manufacturers were circularized and the knob was identified as the product of a company in Cincinnati.

Sales records disclosed that a safe of the same serial number as that shown on the knob had been sold years previously to the United States Army. Army records showed the safe had been sent to a barracks at Jeffersonville, Indiana. An officer who had been attached to the Jeffersonville barracks at the time the safe was sent there was now living in Omaha, Nebraska. This officer recalled that the safe had been transferred from Jeffersonville to New Orleans.

From New Orleans the trail led to War Department archives in Washington, D. C., and disclosed that the safe had gone to France with an AEF company in the first World War. The sleuth traced the company through the war and back to its point of disembarkation in Hoboken, New Jersey. There the adventurous record of the safe came to an end.

For years after the crime, suspects were picked up regularly, then exonerated. Detectives followed leads to the ends of the earth. Today, almost a quarter of a century later, New York City's biggest murder mystery remains unsolved.

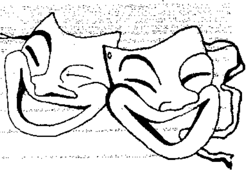
Boon Companions

Henry Clay once found himself in financial straits and applied to the bank for a loan of $250 on his personal note. The bank, however, told him that it required someone as a voucher. Clay went to his good friend Daniel Webster and asked if he would do him the favor. "With pleasure," said Webster. "But I need some money myself just now. Why not make your note for $500? That way we can help each other."

And they did!

—Louis Hirsch

Grin and Share It



Laughter's the test of a funny story. These twice-told favorites prove again that "the good die young" was never said of a joke

Edited by Irving Hoffman

At the Officer's Club in London, some time before the war, the members were bidding farewell to a man who was leaving for India.

"It gets very hot in India at times," suggested one officer. "Aren't you afraid the climate might disagree with your wife?"

The man looked at him reproachfully. "It wouldn't dare."

—Albert Glick

The class had just been told about the amazing speed at which light travels. "Just think of light coming to us from the sun at the rate of all those thousands of miles a second!" exclaimed the teacher. "Isn't that wonderful?"

"Not so very," said one pupil. "It goes downhill all the way!"

—Maurice Bergman

The little boy riding on the bus had been sniffling loudly for several blocks. After a number of disapproving glances, the middle-aged woman sitting next to him remarked: "Little boy, do you have a handkerchief?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the child innocently, "but I never lend it to strangers."

—Wanda Shaw

Even their degrees from a school of finance could not help the two young businessmen save their little establishment, and at last they were forced into bankruptcy. An old Scotchman took over the store, and in six months he was doing a booming business. Puzzled at his enormous success, the young men decided to find out where they had failed. They stopped by the store one day and asked the old man his secret.

"I haven't had much schooling," explained the Scot, "so my system is really very simple. I buy an article for one dollar and sell it for two dollars. I'm satisfied with one per cent."

—Bettie Conley

The receptionist entered her employer's private office.

"Mr. Simpkins," she said, "there's a man here asking for a job. He says he used to make his living by sticking his right arm into a lion's mouth."

"Interesting. What's his name?"

"Lefty." —Philip C. Beaton

Rushing into an eating emporium the customer swung himself onto a stool and faced the counter man.

"Boy, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse!" he exclaimed.

"Well," replied the waiter, "you couldn't have come to a better place!"

—Randolph MacFarlan

When four-year-old Johnny, who was being brought up according to the books, announced that he didn't like home any more, his mother said he could pack up and leave. He gathered a few things together and went out of the house.

Half an hour later a neighbor noticed him walking up and down the street carrying his little suitcase, and asked, "Where are you going, Johnny?"

"I'm running away from home," he replied gravely.

"Well, you're never going to get

anywhere just walking up and down the sidewalk."

"Yes," Johnny said, "but I'm not allowed to cross the streets."

—EDWARD H. GOLDMAN

THREE PROFESSORS were sitting in a railway station waiting for a train. They became so deeply engrossed in conversation that they failed to notice when the train arrived. In fact, they didn't see it until it was pulling out. Then all three sprinted for the train.

Two of them caught it. The third was standing dejectedly on the platform when a waggish bystander remarked, "Why look so sad? Two out of three made it. That's a pretty good average."

"Yes, I know," sighed the professor, "but those two came down to see me off."

—MARK PAYNE

A YOUNG Brooklyn soldier was on maneuvers in Oregon. Having a few minutes to himself after evening chow, he strolled out into the woods. He returned with a handful of rattlesnake rattles.

"Where in the world did you get them?" gasped his alarmed companions.

The lad from Brooklyn beamed broadly. "Off'n a woim."

—ANNE FIELD

AN OFFICER in the South Pacific, who has been overseas fourteen months, received a letter from his wife recently telling about a prayer their little four-year-old daughter made:

"Dear Lord," the child began, "please send me a little baby brother, so we will have something to surprise Daddy with when he gets home."

—TOM E. MINGS

IT SEEMS that a girl and a boy were madly in love. So great was their love, in fact, that when fate separated them and sent the boy to a distant city, he telegraphed messages of his devotion and affection each morning. Every day for three years, the same Western Union messenger boy knocked on the girl's door bearing the messages of undying love.

At the end of three years they were married—the girl and the Western Union boy.

—MAXWELL DROKE

DISCOURSING ON the history of the universe, the lecturer told his audience that the world would probably end in seven billion years.

"How long did you say?" came a terrified voice from the rear.

"Seven billion years," the lecturer repeated firmly.

"Thank heavens!" said the voice, "I thought for a moment you had said seven *million*."

—BENNETT CERF

LITTLE DAVID came running to his father with a shout of triumph. "Look, Daddy, I pulled this cornstalk up all by myself."

His father patted him on the back and said, "What a strong boy you are!"

"Sure," responded the little fellow, "—and the whole world had hold of the other end!"

—NORMAN KRASNA

"PRIVATE," ordered the officer, "you are to patrol this bridge which I believe is mined, and let me know when it blows up."

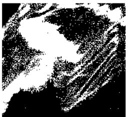
"Yes, sir," said the private. "But how shall I let you know?"

"Here is a whistle," the officer explained. "Blow it for a signal."

"Yes, sir," was the reply. "But when shall I blow it—going up or coming down?"

—RAYMOND SCHUESSLER

Have you heard a clever story lately? Why not pass it on? Coronet cordially invites readers to contribute their favorite anecdotes to be used in Grin and Share It, or in the filler department. Payment of ten dollars will be made for each one accepted. Address: Grin and Share It, Coronet Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Although they cannot be returned, contributions will be carefully considered. In case of duplicates, it will be the usual case of the early bird



Birds

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Blue Jay

Don't Fence Them In

TYPICAL, I THINK, of the species of human being known as "bird-lover" is a lady I know who bought a special kind of patented feeding tray, which she had nailed just outside the window of her suburban home. Every time I met her that first summer she would regale me for hours with detailed accounts of the different kinds of birds she had lured to her tray: robins, blue jays, chickadees, cardinals, titmice, even a pair of orioles; and of how wonderful it was to be able to sit in an easy chair right in your own living room and watch these dear little feathered creatures.

That winter she told me gleefully that many migratory birds had decided to forego the South and spend the winter with her; there were still two robins, a cardinal and a titmouse coming to her tray. Then we had a week of sub-zero temperatures, with a blizzard thrown in, and when I saw her again I asked how her birds were faring.

"Oh," she said, "I don't really know, I haven't been able to feed them for a week. You see the window is frozen shut."

I sometimes wonder what happened to the birds who were foolish enough to put their trust in that "bird-lover."

Yellow-Billed Cuckoo

Keep Them Flying

ARE THERE any two events so inflexible as the two editorials about birds which appear in many newspapers every year? The first, in March, on the first robin, is always treated lightly, even facetiously, in the editorials. "Yesterday we heard the clear, bell-like notes of that eagerly awaited omen, that harbinger of spring, the first robin. How thrilled we were at the sight of this lovely little songster who had traveled thousands of miles just to come here and notify us it is time to discard our red flannels."

The September editorial, on the other hand, strikes a note of nostalgia, as though the writer longed to wing his way with the birds to warm southern lands.

The writer of "nature" editorials on our paper was a tall, thin, kindly old man. He had the most interesting calendar pad I have ever seen, for on it was written in red ink every important nature event of the year. On September 10 he had written "Migratory birds pass through city," to remind him to write an editorial on the subject, and on March 8, "First robin." But I don't think he ever saw the first robin himself, and I doubt whether he would recognize its song if he heard it.

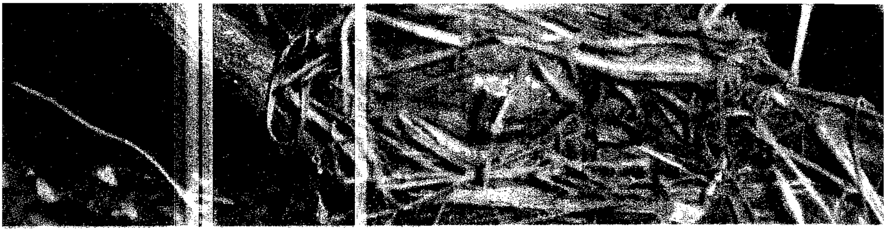
Rose-Breasted Grosbeak

Let Them Feather Their Own Nests

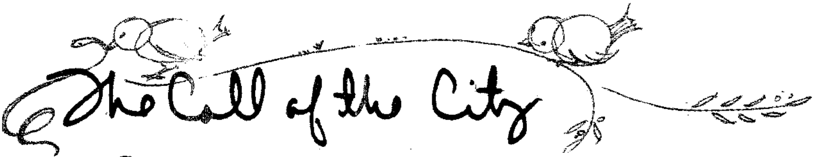
When I was a boy we had some neighbors who were "bird-lovers," an old German couple, childless, who lavished all the affection they should have given to children or a dog or cat on the birds that came to their back yard. They fed them, gave them water to drink and to bathe in, and built little wooden houses for them. This old couple even put out bits of string and pieces of woolen material for the birds to line their nests with.

One spring, just for the fun of it, I suppose, these "bird-lovers" put out an assortment of gaily colored ribbons. At first none of the birds would touch them, but finally a pair of foolish robins who had a nest in a tree in the old couple's yard wove the ribbons in among the mud and twigs of their nest. How proudly the old couple would point out their handiwork to visitors!

But that nest, which should have been concealed in the foliage, was a glaring landmark for all the cats in the neighborhood. The three young robins in the nest never had a chance, and one morning a crow tore the nest to pieces trying to get the ribbons out. The old couple shook their heads sadly, and talked of the cruelty and ruthlessness of nature.



Wood Thrush



The Call of the City

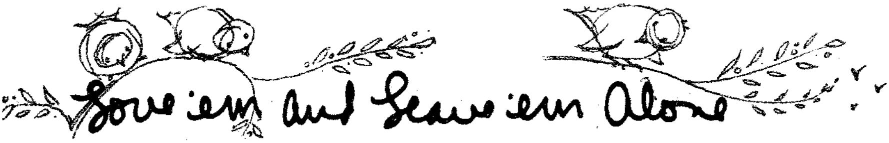
I ONCE KNEW a man, an old Norwegian sailor named Axel, who was a natural "bird-man." Just as some people have a way with plants, so Axel had a way with birds. They would follow him about, light on his shoulders and his head, and pick crumbs from between his lips. Not semi-domesticated birds like pigeons and sparrows, but species that were ordinarily shy and wild: thrushes, tanagers, goldfinches, chickadees and towhees.

Axel was watchman on a strip of land beside a river in a great city, and he planted trees and bushes and shrubs for the birds to build their nests in, and saw that they had food and water at all times. Birds that had never been seen in the city before came to that little strip of land beside the river to build their nests and raise their young, and commune with Axel.

One summer Axel lost his job, and the municipal government ordered the strip of land burned over so it could be made into a docking place for tugboats. What happened to all the nests filled with young birds, and to the parent birds who had put so much faith in their "bird-man"?

I wonder if that taught them a lesson.

Male Cardinal



Love 'em and Leave 'em Alone

So my advice to those who love birds is, to paraphrase an old poem, love 'em and leave 'em alone. Don't feed them, don't help them build their nests, don't bring them to your home when they are hurt. Just leave them alone. If you really love them you will get more pleasure and enjoyment watching them in their natural habitat, doing their normal tasks, than you could possibly get from interfering in their lives. And the birds will be better off for it.

Take a pair of field glasses some day, any time of the day, summer or winter, and go out to the woods near your home. If you live in the city just go to an empty lot that has a few trees and bushes growing in it. Sit on the ground where you have a good view of the surrounding area, and remain quietly for ten minutes. Then look around, with the field glasses and without them.

Maybe you won't see much, just a couple of sparrows; maybe you'll see dozens of different kinds of birds. But you'll be seeing them as they are, and as they want to be, and you'll be delighted at the natural charm of bird life.

That is, provided you're not one of those meddlesome people who insist on running the lives of those they love.

The measure of a man is what it takes to upset him

Worries That Have No Tomorrow

by CHANNING POLLOCK

ONE OF THE most delightful women I know has always lived luxuriously. Just before Christmas, she came to dine with us in a state of great perturbation. "I've lost the central pearl from my necklace," she said. "The string broke last night at the opera, and though I had everyone searching and offered a considerable reward, the jewel hasn't been found."

"Isn't your necklace insured?" I asked.

"Of course, but those pearls were matched, and I'm afraid we can never get an exact duplicate."

That morning, the Nazis had pushed a wedge twenty miles into our lines on the Western front. Millions of men were engaged in a death struggle in cold and rain and mud. Fifty vital problems faced us at home. I'd just finished reading of the 100 Neediest Cases in the New York *Times* — and here was an intelligent woman upset because a new pearl might not be the weight and color of the old one.

Any good radical could mount a soapbox with this story—but that would only be *his* pearl. The fact that a few people are rich, and many poor, seems to me no more important than my friend's bauble, since an equal division of all the money in the world wouldn't help anybody very much. The truth is that everyone of us has his or her equivalent of that gewgaw; that, at some time, every one of us allows himself or herself to be terribly upset by what amounts to the crack of a toy pistol amid the screaming of shells and the booming of cannon in this battle called life.

At another dinner, years ago, I sat beside Harriet Quimby, one of the first women fliers, when a waiter spilled soup over her dress. It was a new and beautiful dress, and Miss Quimby could not be comforted. The next day her plane crashed, and she was buried in the mud of Boston Harbor. After all, what did a trivial incident at a dinner party matter? What price a dress? What price anything material in an existence as short and crowded as ours?

Too often we allow ourselves to suffer without real cause. This doesn't mean that we can ignore pain and the loss of loved ones. But most of us experience only a half dozen of these greater misfortunes, and can learn to face them with fortitude. It doesn't mean that our hunger is more bearable because other people are hungrier. It does mean that happiness requires a sense of proportion and perspective, and that we magnify our own troubles and minimize those about us chiefly because of a lack of imagination. We are less harrowed by reading of the slaughter abroad than by *seeing* one child struck by an automobile.

When I was a youth, I fretted about so many things that, chancing upon an old bag of marbles, I decided to drop one of them into a vase to tally every disturbance. At the end of a year, the vase was full—and I couldn't recall the occasion for dropping a single marble.

On our honeymoon, my wife and I quarreled in Belgium, and agreed that separation was the only way out. That was nearly forty years ago. We are still gratefully together, and neither of us has ever been able to remember the reason for that idiotic dispute. Some day every marriage must end in separation, and the petty bickerings that mar the time left to us are usually much ado about nothing.

Growing older, I observe that the measure of men, and *their* importance, is what it takes to distract them. Little people, like little rivers, follow the line of least resistance. Bigger people and rivers sweep away ordinary barriers. If my charming friend had been occupied with more vital matters, she could have had no interest in matched pearls.

I have known minor writers to make an issue of the size of type in which their names were printed, but I never found that it gravely concerned a great author. How many of your acquaintances have made themselves miserable because of a fancied slight or an insignificant failure, or the lack of a new dress or motor car? Small failures are engulfed in great effort, and men busy with large affairs have scant time for impedimenta.

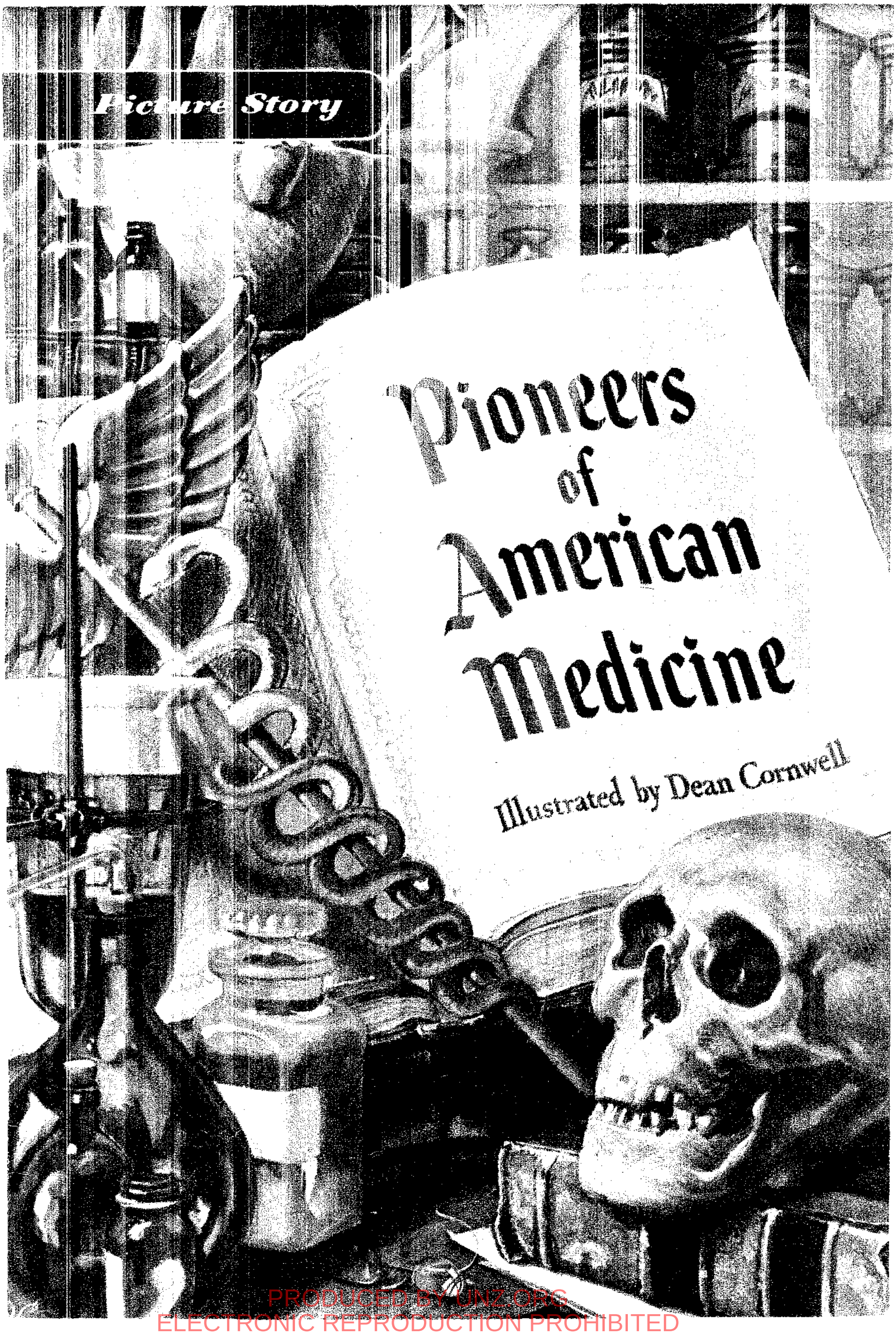
Why should we complicate ourselves with that overwhelming majority of fears and regrets and griefs and resentments that are without a morrow or a memory? I used to remain awake all night to read what was written of my new book or play, and to suffer if the comment were unfavorable. Now I do the best I know how, launch the result, and fall into untroubled slumber.

I've learned to agree with my wise grandmother who once said, "If you can change what you dislike, why worry about it, and if you can't, what's the sense of worrying?"

American Digger

IT WAS TWO O'CLOCK on a black, stormy night at an Army camp in Michigan. A private approached the hard-boiled sergeant on guard at the main gate and asked to borrow a shovel. Assuming that a car had bogged down in the mud, the sergeant handed over a shovel from the gate shack, and the private disappeared down the road. Fifteen minutes later he was back, this time inside the fence. Muttering his thanks, he returned the shovel and slowly swaggered toward the barracks.

Since all passes expired at midnight, the stunned sergeant realized that the soldier had merely walked down the fence and dug himself in. But he didn't have the heart to call the wily private back. —RUSSELL L. FAIST



Picture Story

Pioneers of American Medicine

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

THOUGH EVERY schoolboy knows the names of those great European medical pioneers: Pasteur, Lister and Jenner, how many school children—or adults either for that matter—know the names of William Beaumont, of Ephraim McDowell, and of William Procter, Jr.?

Yet historians rank these men—all of them Americans—equally high in the development of medicine as a science and an art.

Feeling that American physicians and scientists should be better known to their fellow countrymen, Wyeth Incorporated—the great Philadelphia ethical drug house operating in the pharmaceutical, biological and nutritional fields—in 1939 conceived the plan of commissioning an outstanding American illustrator to do a series of original canvases.

The theme was to be "Pioneers of American Medicine," and the artist commissioned to execute the project was Dean Cornwell, N.A., outstanding American illustrator and muralist.

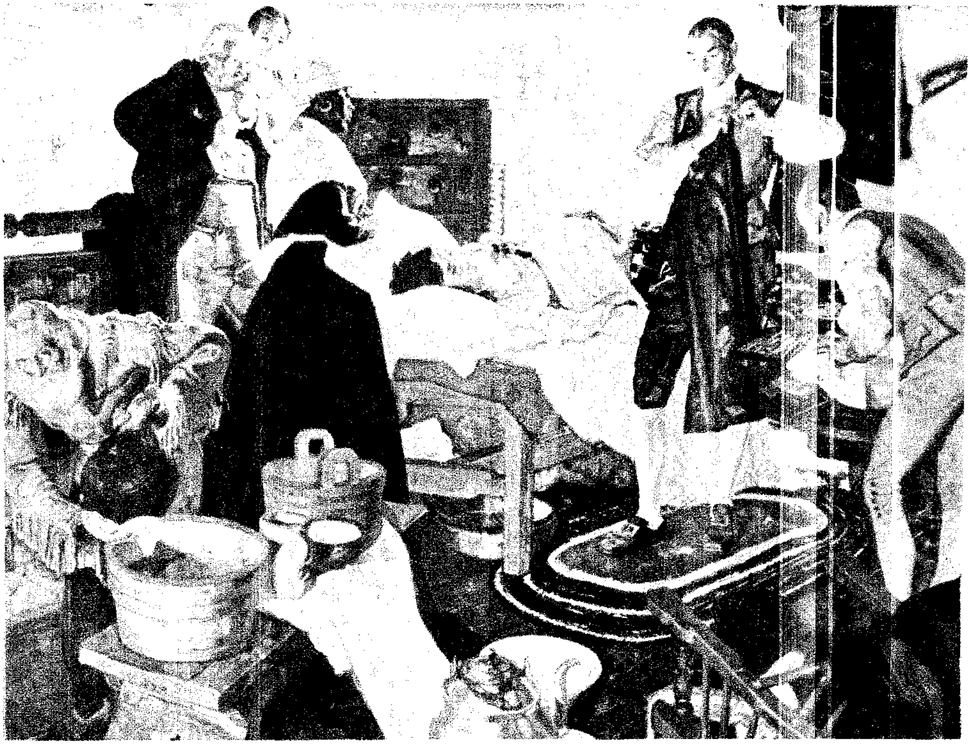
Dean Cornwell was a particularly happy choice, for he himself has been something of a pioneer. Born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1892, he has tried a little of everything from trumpet playing to ice cream manufacturing. He has been a newspaper artist, an illustrator and a mural painter. In the latter capacity he executed a mural for the Los Angeles Library, said to be the largest mural by any single artist since Michelangelo decorated the Sistine Chapel.

It was planned from the start that the paintings of pioneers of American medicine would be completed at the rate of just one per year—a fact made necessary to insure the painstaking attention to detail and to history required by this series.

For example, in painting "Conquerors of Yellow Fever," Cornwell not only spent long hours reading all available records of the experiment, official and unofficial, but made a trip to Cuba to visit the scene of the experiment. He conferred with all the men who participated in the conquest, as well as with relatives of other participants. Governmental and other records were studied and old Army equipment was purchased to insure accuracy in the representation of the uniforms. Even such details as the size of whitewashed stones which then lined the walks of the hospital grounds were checked and rechecked by the artist before the canvas was begun.

The results, as seen on page 117, speak for themselves.

It is to be hoped that the series "Pioneers of American Medicine," the first five canvases of which are reproduced here, by special permission of Wyeth Incorporated, will contribute in small measure at least to clearer recognition of the achievements of our American medical heroes.



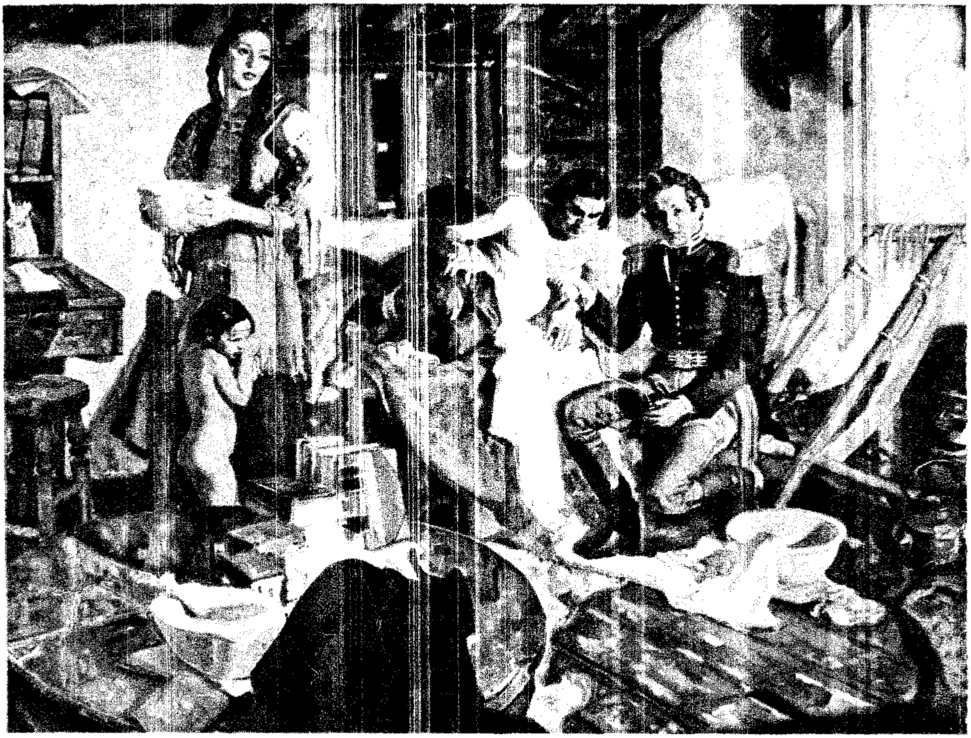
The Dawn of Abdominal Surgery

It was December 13, 1809. At the Thomas Crawford home in Greensburg, Kentucky, the approach of Christmas was minus its usual gaiety; Thomas' wife faced a "life or death" decision. Jane Todd Crawford, whose condition two physicians had diagnosed as pregnancy, had just learned she was suffering from a huge ovarian tumor, requiring immediate surgery.

Dr. Ephraim McDowell had ridden sixty miles from Danville to diagnose this case. Such an operation had never been successfully performed and McDowell made no promises. He returned home, leaving Jane and her husband to decide whether she would brave that sixty-mile journey on horseback to Danville, where the doctor was prepared to operate.

Several days later Jane Todd Crawford greeted him at his door. The operation took 25 minutes. Thus, without anesthesia, or any aseptic technique, was performed the first successful ovariotomy.

Today Kentucky celebrates December 13 as Jane Todd Crawford Day—recognizing that her courage, combined with Dr. Ephraim McDowell's daring, blazed the way to the development of abdominal surgery, opening a new era in medicine.

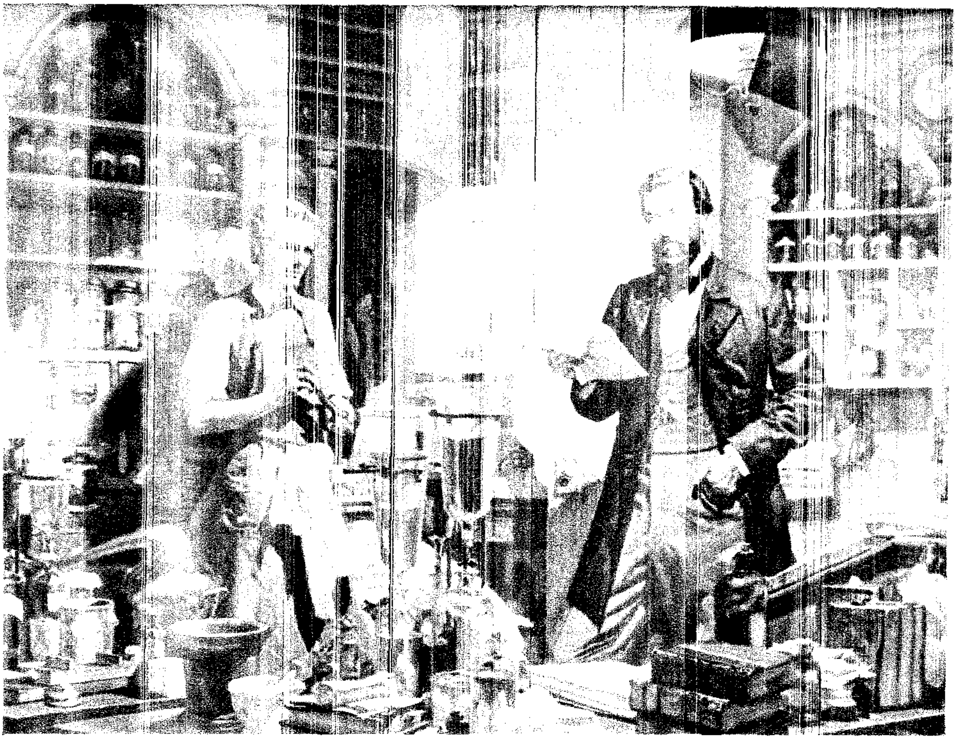


Beaumont and St. Martin

In 1822, Mackinac Island at the head of Lake Michigan was a popular frontier post. On June 6th of that year, the usual gaiety was rudely interrupted by a sudden accidental shot, and Alexis St. Martin, nineteen-year-old French-Canadian, slumped to the ground.

The shot had blown away part of the boy's side, leaving the stomach exposed; and to Dr. William Beaumont, called in to attend the youth, the wound appeared fatal. Although it was not possible to close the wound, Beaumont stitched the edges of the stomach to the skin and to his surprise the boy lived.

St. Martin soon became known as "the man with a lid on his stomach," and Beaumont recognized a golden opportunity. Over a period of years, Beaumont studied the movements of St. Martin's stomach during digestion, the secretion of the gastric juices, and the effects of hunger, anger and other emotions on digestion. This research was not without setbacks. The boy would disappear for days, sometimes months; but Beaumont persisted and in 1833 was able to publish his observations. His book was so thorough and complete that little has been added on the subject to this day.



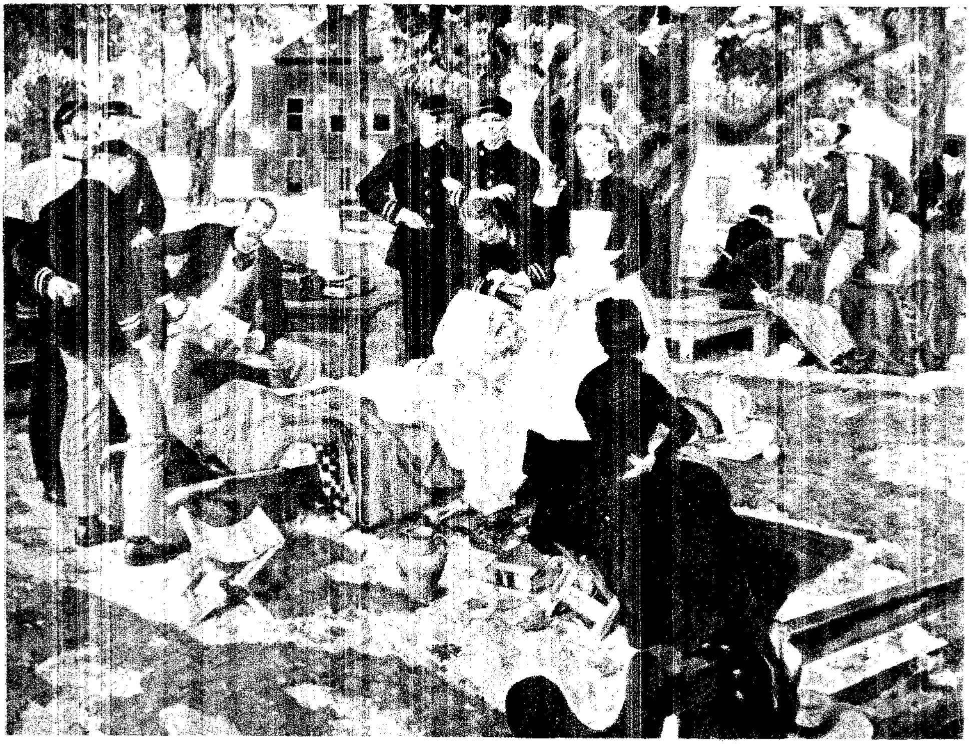
The Father of American Pharmacy

ALTHOUGH his favorite "laboratory" was only the rear of his humble Philadelphia drugstore, the influence of William Procter, Jr., has spread across the world.

The young Quaker who became a pharmacist's apprentice in 1831, at the age of fourteen, is one of the great "pioneers of American medicine." Writer and scientist, he contributed more than 500 technical articles to the advancement of pharmacy. As a teacher at the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy he inspired his students with the dignity and scope of pharmacy as a profession; and as founder of the American Pharmaceutical Association he first established the high standards of personal integrity and scientific accuracy on which the world depends today.

Incidentally, it might be mentioned that over 100 years ago, Procter manufactured what we now know as "dry ice"—a valuable refrigerant.

Dean Cornwell reproduces Procter's laboratory with painstaking and accurate detail. The artist shows Procter reading to his apprentice the details of one of the many experiments that justly earned him the designation "the father of American pharmacy."



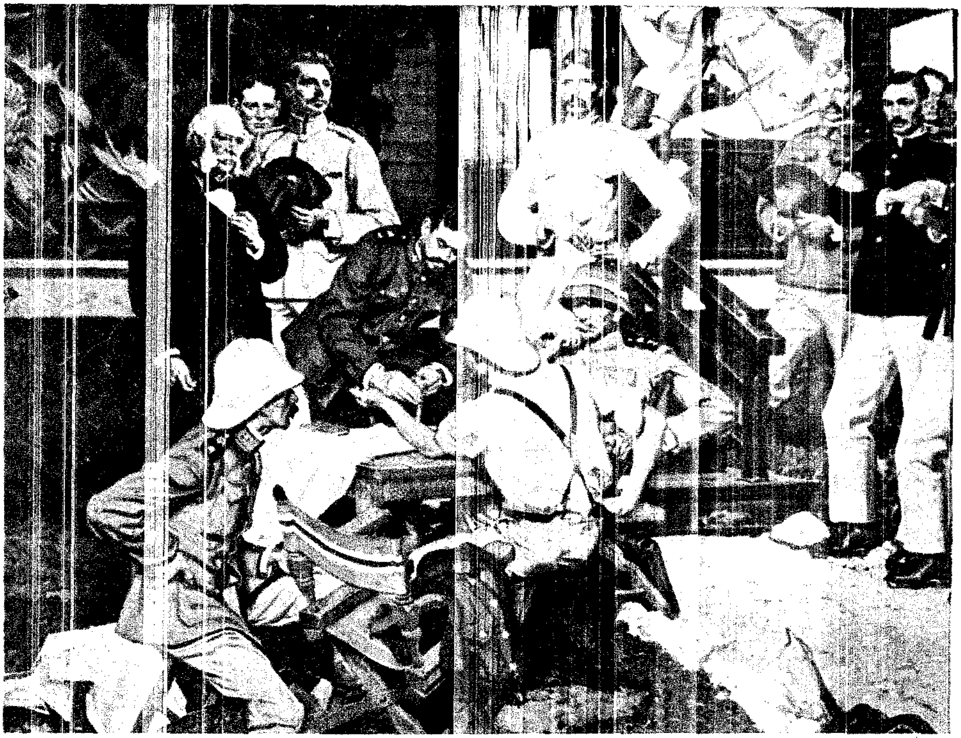
Osler at Old Blockley

In 1884, when Sir William Osler, Canadian physician, began his work at Philadelphia General Hospital (Old Blockley), medicine was still something to be learned from books and lectures. Students and their teachers were seldom seen within the wards and among the patients.

Dr. Osler lost no time in revising the courses to include bedside study. Though students did not at once take kindly to this radical departure, Osler's informal manner and easy wit soon won them over.

In the painting above, Osler is shown with a group of students on the lawn of "Old Blockley." In the background is the old Post House, where Osler performed autopsies. A magnetic clinical teacher, Osler found his post-mortems attended by more students and interns than the small building could accommodate, and it became necessary to cut a hole through the ceiling, over the post-mortem table, so that more students could watch Osler work and hear his decisions.

Aptly named "the father of modern medical teaching," Dr. Osler later helped to establish Johns Hopkins University Medical School. He ended his career as Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford University in England.



Conquerors of Yellow Fever

That yellow fever was carried by the lowly mosquito, had been maintained for nineteen years by an elderly Havana physician. Nobody believed him. But in June, 1900, Major Walter Reed, of the U. S. Army, decided to test Dr. Carlos Finlay's "mosquito" theory.

The call went out for volunteers who would allow themselves to be bitten by a few tiny mosquitoes. Two hundred dollars was offered—but the offer was never taken up. Instead, twenty-one volunteers offered their services without pay. This group included Dr. Reed's entire staff.

The rest is history. Some of the men spent sweltering nights in a cabin that reeked with the soiled bedding and clothing of yellow fever victims; others allowed infected mosquitoes to feast on them. After eight months of work, it was proved that yellow fever was indeed a mosquito-borne epidemic and the conquest of yellow fever began.

In the painting the artist, with justifiable license has brought together on one canvas a group of men whose combined efforts brought victory in this long-waged war. To the left is the white-haired Dr. Carlos Finlay, and standing in the center, Major Walter Reed.

The Gift of Hippocrates

MEDICINE AS WE know it today—the same medicine practiced and advanced by the "pioneers" described in the preceding pages—can trace its roots back roughly 2,400 years.

The time would be about 400 years before Christ was born; the scene, ancient Greece under the great Pericles; and the man who is most truly the "Father of Medicine" was Hippocrates, a Greek physician who was born on the little island of Cos and who lived from about 460 B.C. until about 360 B.C.

It was Hippocrates who first insisted that sickness was not a form of punishment dealt to men by their angry gods, but rather one of man's own problems, to be faced and solved by man himself. And thus, for the first time, medicine and religion were separated.

It was the same Hippocrates, too, who first distinguished between diseases.

Previously it had always been assumed that all diseases were pretty much one and the same. But Hippocrates noted, for instance, that the thin, pale, hollow-cheeked man with the racking cough was not in danger of immediate death—and might even recover if he were removed from the city to the dry, sunny hills. Or, by contrast, he found that the hot, restless, flushed patient, who complained of pain in the chest and who became delirious, was in much more immediate danger. Within a few days, Hippocrates learned, such a patient might either die or be well on the way to recovery.

And all of this was 2,400 years ago.

The center of the Greek medical world in Hippocrates' time was the great temple of Aesculapius, where students of the day learned from the masters.

There, at the conclusion of their work and before going out into the world to practice, each student took an oath which Hippocrates had given to the school. It was an oath designed to set forth the duties and obligations of all physicians—and like so much of Hippocrates' work, it too has lived for 2,400 years.

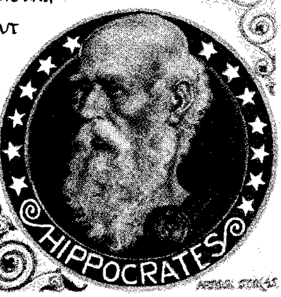
For today, the high code of ethics set down in the Hippocratic Oath is about as applicable as it was 400 years before Christ.

On the opposite page it has been specially illustrated by the famous modern artist, Arthur Szyk, and the calligrapher, Raymond Da Boll. As you read it through, remember that all the men included in this portfolio, as well as the many others who might have been included in this group of our medical benefactors, have lived and practiced according to its high standards.

HIPPOCRATIC OATH

I SWEAR by Apollo the physician, & Æsculapius, & Hygiea, & Panacea, & all the gods & goddesses, that, according to my ability & judgement, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation—to reckon him who taught me this art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, & relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, & to teach them this art, if they shall wish to learn it, without fee or stipulation, & that by precept, lecture & every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, & to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability & judgement, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to anyone if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. with purity & holiness I will pass my life and practice my art. I will not cut persons labouring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not in connection with it I see & hear in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life & the practice of the art, respected by all men, in all times! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!

THE GOOD SAMARITAN



COLONEL EVANS FORDYCE CARLSON, U.S.M.C.

Carlson

Colonel of "Gung Ho"

by Agnes Smedley, *Author of Battle Hymn of China*

The war was still young when Colonel Evans F. Carlson became a legend with American troops in the South Pacific. After his battalion, which called itself by the Chinese name of *Gung Ho* (Work Together), had been behind the Japanese lines on Guadalcanal for five weeks, fighting and living off the country, the men emerged from the jungle single file, a long line of ragged, emaciated skeletons—Carlson without an ounce of fat on his haggard body. They walked lightly and easily—and they were singing. A Marine sentry stared and exclaimed in an awed voice: "My God! It's Carlson's Raiders!"

The battalion had lost eighteen men but had dispatched an estimated 480 to 800 Japanese. They had fought exclusively by guerrilla warfare. More significant was the battalion's lack of a single mental casualty, at a time when our South Pacific hospitals were filled with mental crack-ups because men did not know why they were called upon to endure indescribable suffering and perhaps die in a war caused by God knows what.

Carlson's greatest service then—as now—is that he gave his Raiders a cause. It consisted of political education, a technique he had learned, as he had learned guerrilla tactics, from the Chinese 8th Route Army. He introduced into his battalion joint officer-and-men forums to discuss the causes of the war and the goals for which we should fight.

He took all his men into his confidence and was accessible to them at all times. His Raiders published a newspaper, composed songs and developed voluntary discipline so that they worked as a unit. They learned the ideology and methods of Fascism—Japanese, German, Italian, or in whatever garb it might be masked. Carlson taught them what the Japanese had done to the Chinese people, and what they would do to us if victorious.

Only one of his Raiders objected to these public discussions.

"I came out here to fight the Japs, not to talk," he said.

"We all came out here to fight the Japs, but we'll be better fighters if we know what we're fighting for," Carlson answered, soft-voiced.

Carlson is one of those dangerous men of lean and hungry look. He's a throwback from our own distant revolutionary past—a mixture of Tom Paine, John Brown—with a touch of Lincoln. But all of him is New England—craggy and grim in appearance, yet kindly and philosophical.

Carlson knows all the conflicting elements within the ranks of the Allied nations, but his faith in democratic principles remains untarnished.

The right bath can be more stimulating than drugs, more soothing than sedatives. It can help you to reduce or gain lost weight

The Medicine of BATHING

by JULIET BRIDGMAN

BATHING IS generally regarded as a necessary and pleasant process to make us more attractive to look at and more wholesome to live with. But few of us stop to consider that the *kind* of bath we take may well have a radical effect upon our health.

A bath can be instrumental in curing many different ailments, and, conversely, it can be injurious to the point of shortening our life span.

From the chill, soothing compress for headaches to the hydrogymnastics of the paralysis patient, water has found its usefulness in medicine. And, indeed, doctors point out that hydrotherapy is one of the most ancient medical treatments.

A bath can do very many things, medically. It can be more stimulating than drugs and more soothing than sedatives. It can help reduce you or help you gain weight. It can influence your blood pressure and your metabolism as strongly as any treatment known to medicine.

But a bath can be a dangerous, harmful thing too, as witness the typical case of a man who, because of severe pains in his leg, assumed that he was afflicted with sciatica. Following a neighbor's advice, he treated it at home with hot baths. This would have been fine had he really had sciatica or any other muscular ailment. As it turned out, however, he wound up in a hospital—for the cause of his pain was a blood vessel disturbance which he had aggravated to the extreme with his hot baths.

As another example, consider the case of a woman who had been convinced that a piping hot bath at bedtime was a sure cure for insomnia. It took a doctor's diagnosis to show her that this bathing habit was the cause of her sleepless nights—for the simple reason that a hot bath is as stimulating as an icy plunge, and a great deal more enervating.

Most of the dangers of bathing, say doctors, lie in too long exposure to extremes of temperature. Yet many people believe that a bath won't do them any good unless they simmer in scalding hot water or suffer martyrdom in an icy shower. The all-time record offender is that combination of extreme heat and cold, in which the bather parboils himself for half an hour and tops it off with a cold shower. The shock to the system caused by this process is almost unbelievable and, needless to say, only the young and the rugged can take it without some injury to their health. And for good reason:

During a hot bath, a general stimulation occurs first, very much like that of a cold water dip.

Breathing is shallow, the blood vessels contract, the internal temperature of the body goes down. After a very few minutes, however, there is a strong reaction with opposite effects. The heart action rises as high as four times above normal, and the blood vessels near the skin surface dilate, causing excessive perspiration.

It is a mistaken idea that the "pores open." According to specialists in the field, it is the dilation of the blood vessels and not a change in the pores that promotes perspiration in hot baths.

Presently the muscles relax and the breathing becomes more normal, although the oxygen intake is still very low. The heart has to pump twice as fast to fill the dilated blood vessels.

If the bath is as hot as 106 degrees, and if it is prolonged, the temperature of the bather begins to rise, and in forty-five minutes may go as high as 103 to 105 degrees. When the internal temperature of the bather goes above 102 degrees, a danger line is reached in respect to the heart. For this reason one can readily understand the violent reaction of a physician upon learning that a patient, suffering from a heart condition, has been taking extremely hot baths alone in his own bathroom.

The bather who treats himself to a cold shower after his hot bath lets himself in for double trouble. Now suddenly, the blood vessels contract again, the pulse rate goes up, the oxygen intake is doubled and the heart works overtime to counteract the shock. Small wonder that toward the middle of the afternoon the bather begins to feel dead tired, nervous and thoroughly debilitated.

It would be a hopeless task to attempt any simple, clear-cut definition of what may constitute a "healthful bath." What may be healthful for one person may be injurious to another. The reaction to a bath depends on the age, general constitution and physical condition of the bather. Also, the desired effect expected from a bath must be considered.

The physical effects of a bath are divided into two stages: *action* (the effects which occur immediately upon stepping into the bath) and *reaction* (the reversed processes which occur a few minutes later and which involve the duration of the bath.)

The secret of hydrotherapy lies in the synchronization of the bath temperature and duration to produce the desired after-effects. And the misapplication of this principle, it might be added, accounts for the fact that the press almost daily reports the collapse or death of someone in the bathtub.

To get our terminology straightened out, here are the degrees at which hydrotherapists clarify baths: Cold (less than 65 degrees Fahrenheit); Cool (70 to 85 F.); Neutral (85 to 95 F.); Warm (95 to 102 F.); Hot (over 104 F.).

WHAT, THEN, are some of the virtues of hot and warm baths, as used extensively in hydrotherapy? For one thing, heat relaxes the muscles and temporarily softens them. If a sore muscle, brought on by overexercise or sprain, is massaged gently during a hot bath, there is no doubt that it brings relief. However, a hot bath should not exceed twenty minutes, and after it the

Practical Rules for Bathing

1. Cleansing baths should not exceed five to ten minutes.
2. Use a bath brush. It tones up the skin and aids circulation.
3. Dry yourself vigorously and thoroughly.
4. Don't rely on old-fashioned "elbow" methods for determining temperature. Get a thermometer.
5. Don't handle electrical appliances in the bathroom. It's dangerous when your hands are wet.
6. Never leave a child alone in the bath.
7. Don't lock the bathroom door unless absolutely necessary. Innumerable accidents have led to tragedy because they occurred behind locked doors.
8. After meals, allow at least one hour before bathing.

bather should wrap up warmly and lie down for an hour or more.

Hot baths are also used in the treatment of arthritis, neuritis, gout and bronchitis, as well as in cases of abdominal colic and muscular spasms, but this kind of treatment should *not* be attempted for home use unless prescribed by a physician.

Many toxins can be eliminated from the system through the slow hot bath. Doctors contend that as much as two quarts of perspiration (which equals four pounds) may be lost in a single bath of 104 or 105 degrees, of approximately thirty minutes. But although a hot bath will reduce you temporarily, it is a mistake to regard this as an effective way of losing weight. Within a few hours, doctors say, the system has regained the loss. And, if a quantity of fluid is taken after the bath, the system may absorb even more than was originally there.

A prolonged warm bath is one of the most effective sedatives known to medicine. In many instances where morphine and other quieting drugs have been useless in treating mental patients and cases of nervous hysteria, doctors have found warm baths to be successful. The patient is sometimes kept in the warm water for as long as forty-eight hours, and many cases are recorded of psychopaths in fits of uncontrolled hysteria who have been completely calmed and relaxed after only a few hours of this simple warm water treatment.

As a home cure for insomnia and nervous tension, a warm bath of about a half hour duration can be as effective a remedy as it is in medical practice. For best results the temperature should be as close as possible to normal body temperature, or slightly over 98 degrees. (This will feel much warmer than it sounds, inasmuch as the skin temperature of a healthy person is only 93 degrees.)

Drinking small quantities of cold water during a warm bath increases the action of the kidneys and bladder anywhere from fifty to a hundred per cent, and this natural stimulation of the eliminative organs is considered very healthful—certainly much more so than any artificial stimulus could be.

Brine baths, in which five or ten pounds of rock salt or plain table salt are dissolved into a tub of warm water, are considered by doctors to be excellent in the treatment of such ailments as sciatica, gout and muscular pains. The salt stimulates the functional capacity of the skin and thus increases the natural benefits of the warm bath. But don't leave the brine solution in the tub long and rinse the tub thoroughly after your bath, for the salts have a corroding effect on both metal and porcelain. In hospitals where the brine treatment is used, special teakwood tubs are provided for the purpose.

Saline or brine baths may have an irritating effect if you happen to have a very delicate skin or if you are suffering from any kind of rash. In any event, it's best to consult a physician before attempting home cures along these lines.

Cornstarch baths are used extensively in treating skin diseases. In cases of itching or irritated skin a simple warm bath in which a solution of five pounds of cornstarch is mixed with the bath water, is most soothing. The bath should last about twenty minutes, at a temperature of 98 to 100 degrees.

In some instances a cold bath is to be preferred to a hot one. For instance, a cold bath has a much more reducing effect in the long run. In its attempt to offset the cold shock, the system expends an enormous amount of heat and energy which "burns up" the fatty tissues. So, if you are prepared to suffer to lose weight, a cold bath (under 65 degrees) may do the trick. But again doctors warn against overdoing, and in any case you should consult your physician before trying it; a cold bath should not exceed three to four minutes at the most. A few minutes' vigorous exercise afterward, even if it consists only of a few knee bends and some energetic drying with a coarse towel, are recommended.

Doctors also point out that constipation may be aggravated by cold baths. This is because cold always has a tendency to constrict, and the intestines may be affected in that way. To offset this, doctors advise drinking a small quantity of warm beverage before taking a cold dip.

How much weight may be lost in this way is of course an entirely individual question, depending on how quick a person's reaction to cold water may be and how well he can withstand the stimulus to his appetite. In some cases, three cold baths per week have, on the average, reduced the bather approximately a half pound weekly.

In regard to cold baths, there is one more warning that doctors stress: if you are one of those persons who shudder at a cold dip, don't force yourself to take one. Whether this dread is temporary or chronic, it is always well-founded. It is a defense mechanism instilled in man to act as a warning signal. Therefore, if on occasion you find yourself shuddering at the thought of a cold dip, by all means follows your instincts. Underweight, constitutionally run-down or elderly people should abstain from any kind of cold bath.

On the question of how often one should bathe, hydrotherapists say not more than once a day—in moderate temperature, and preferably in the morning. During the summer months, especially in hot and sooty cities, it may be necessary to bathe more often. In this case, showers are advised, because they don't have as strong an effect on the organic processes of the body as tub baths.

All soaps have a tendency to dissolve the natural oils in the skin, otherwise they wouldn't make you clean. This has a drying effect, and therefore the more frequently you bathe the less soap you should use.

After a warm bath it is always good to follow it with a rinse in cool (not cold) water, especially if you are going out into a cold temperature. If for some individual reason this is not advisable, the same results can be obtained by an alcohol, witch hazel or cologne rubdown, after you have cooled down to normal from the first rub and all signs of perspiration have ceased. After that you can safely go out into any kind of weather.

There is a widespread theory that baths may be responsible for catching cold. According to medical science, this is not true. The chief reason why people catch cold after taking a bath is that they don't dry themselves properly. It takes at least five minutes of vigorous rubbing to get thoroughly dry, but few people allow themselves more than one minute, and they almost invariably go out with damp hair at the napes of their necks. One doctor says that the back of the neck is a modern counterpart of Achilles' heel as far as catching cold is concerned, because it is the one place where people never seem to dry themselves after a bath.

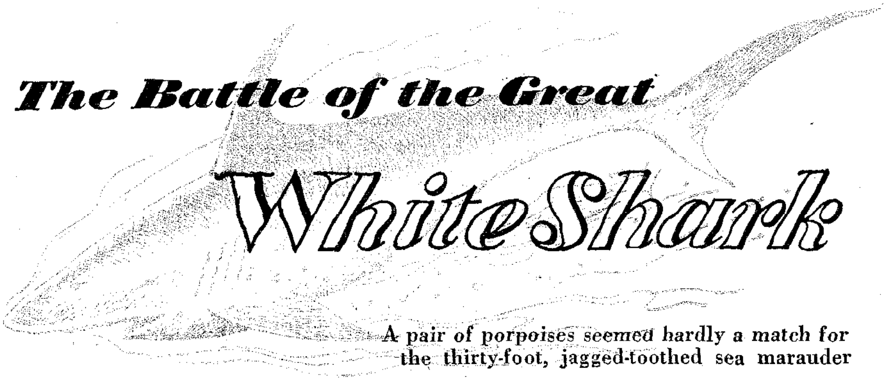
Home knowledge of hydrotherapy is being stressed more and more by the medical profession in the rehabilitation of the war injured. One leading New York hydrotherapy specialist emphasizes this significant aspect. As he points out, "Sooner or later the rehabilitated individual returns home, and most homes have a small hydrotherapy department—the bathroom with its tub and shower. Here hydrotherapeutic technique is used at its worst. If persisted in, a weakened nervous and circulatory system may suffer definite harm.

"It is therefore necessary to educate the patient and the public how to use the applications of water correctly. When this is done, trips to the clinic will be cut down and unnecessary expenses avoided."

Restrained Enthusiasm

BLUSHING PRETTILY the young woman handed the telegraph clerk a message to a soldier containing only the one word "Yes." "You can send ten words for the same price," suggested the clerk.

"I know," she replied, "but don't you think I'd look too eager if I said 'Yes' ten times?"
—*Bomb Bay Messenger*



The Battle of the Great White Shark

A pair of porpoises seemed hardly a match for the thirty-foot, jagged-toothed sea marauder

by S. Robert Russell

Forty miles off shore, in the Gulf of Mexico, our commercial fishing boat, *Celsa*, wallowed soddenly, her dirty canvas hanging limp in the dead calm, her ancient Diesel dead. The four-man crew labored over the stubborn engine and cursed their luck. I could offer only half-hearted sympathy, for as a paying passenger making the trip to study marine life, I felt sure this interlude in calm waters would prove exciting. From my vantage point on top of the cabin, I surveyed the sea.

The blazing August sun made the water transparent for one hundred feet straight down before it fogged into smoky translucence.

Deep down in the haze I spotted a cigar-shaped shadow. It was so small it hardly caught my eye. But as it rose toward the surface a terrifying change took place. That which had seemed only inches long grew to feet, then yards and finally, when the sail-like dorsal broke water, it had become a blood-chilling monster as long as our boat, a full thirty feet from snout to wide-forked tail. It was the great white shark, Carcharodon carcharias.

Grey-white, horrible, he was a direct descendant of gigantic ancestors. Deadly, broad, serrated daggers gleamed ivory-white in the sardonic-grinning, half-opened mouth, as symmetrical as the teeth on a cross-cut saw. Along one side an even row of small round scars, like healed machine gun bullet wounds, gave testimony that a giant sawfish had once driven home a telling blow.

He circled the boat. Down on the deck the men jumped up with a yell when the high, pointed fin passed by, cruising around us.

For a time he swam aimlessly, then, swerving, he streaked toward a large patch of seaweed.

Lying half-awash, comfortably bedded atop the seaweed, was one of nature's weirdest freaks, Mola mola, the oceanic sunfish.

She looked, from small, pouting mouth to high dorsal, much like any full-bodied fish. But from the dorsal where her body should have tapered off into a tail was—nothing. She was almost exactly half a fish, a tailless head and body, something nature had absentmindedly left incomplete. She was small, as such freaks go, measuring only three feet up and down.

Carcharodon skirted the seaweed, scented the thing sheltered on it, reversed in a whirlpool of foam and struck.

In an instant the seaweed patch erupted into a boiling, foaming maelstrom. Brown clumps flew spinning into the air. Carcharodon's terrifying jaws opened and clamped shut, lightning fast. His battery of jagged-edged knives sheared into Mola mola's leathery skin and locked. Another great swirl and Mola mola disappeared as completely as though she had never existed.

Carcharodon plowed out of the seaweed. Streamers trailed from tight clenched jaws, beardlike.

IT WAS SOON after that the engine gave its first thump. As the explosions shattered the quiet and vibrated through the depths the towering dorsal fin sank slowly beneath the surface.

Our cargo was beginning to smell. There was no use taking it in. For a time I helped the fishermen shovel the fish overboard. The exhaust skipped, quit, started and skipped and the *Celsa* crept toward harbor as I searched the water for another glimpse of the tremendous white shark.

He did not surface again nor could I locate him below us but I visualized him matching our poor speed effortlessly, slashing and gorging on our catch with ravenous gluttony.

Unloading tons of big fish by hand is slow work. The engine constantly balked and stopped. As a result it was late afternoon when the last fish was jettisoned and the Galveston north jetty lay close in, dead ahead. There the engine died finally. The captain sent a man forward to throw the kedge over. We then could signal for a tow in.

I mounted to the deckhouse roof, convinced that the huge shark had followed our trail of fish, and wishing to have a last glimpse of his spine-chilling bulk.

Inshore on the flats lay an old wreck. To seaward of it a school of porpoises surfaced, blew and fed around a slow moving shrimp trawler. Not far from us a mother porpoise and her pup swam close together.

It was feeding time for the pup. He nudged and butted his mother insistently. Finally yielding she stopped, rolled over slightly until her starboard flipper came out of water.

Female porpoises have two exposed teats which they extrude, pump full of milk from an internal reservoir and discharge into the offspring's mouth. I watched, delighted at the luck my trip had brought, for few men have seen a porpoise pup being nursed.

Then, a commotion twenty yards away attracted my attention. A bull porpoise surfaced noisily with a large flounder held loosely between his jaws. Throwing back his head quickly he sent the fish spinning into the air. He retrieved it almost as it struck the water and repeated the performance again and again. Finally abandoning the shredded fish, he dived and almost instantly zoomed into the air in the series of spectacular leaps that is the main act in a male porpoise's courtship.

Suddenly a tremendous, shadowy form materialized in the depths nearby. It was the great white shark. Possibly the abandoned flounder had settled close enough to be detected by his marvelously acute combination senses of taste and smell.

In any event he swam directly toward the mother porpoise and her nursing pup. He seemed in no hurry and completely unaware of their presence.

But the porpoise, her every nerve alert while nursing, sensed his approach. She whirled, panic-stricken, to an even keel. As she did, her flipper smacked the pup smartly across the head. Frightened, bewildered by the undeserved chastisement, he darted away from her protecting side—straight toward the shark!

Carcharodon saw the tiny porpoise, swerved and surged ahead to meet it. Death was quick and merciful for the little pup.

The frantic mother, tearing after him, twisted and dived instinctively. That lightning reflex saved her. Her conical teeth were grinders, useless to tear and slash, quite incapable of ripping through the shark's tough, denticle-armored hide. But nature had given her another weapon. The aeons since her forebears had first left land for a marine existence had fused her neck vertebrae into almost solid bone. Her hog-like snout made a perfect battering ram.

She smashed into the shark with the force of three-hundred pounds moving at almost forty miles an hour. His great bulk quivered under the impact. He whirled, jaws clashing. She twisted away from his boiling rush with far superior speed and agility.

As she dodged, the bull porpoise charged to her aid. Nearly twice the weight and infinitely more powerful than the female, he blasted into the shark well aft, almost at the anal fins. The smash was so terrific that the huge tail was lifted a full yard out of the water.

Then the mother drove in again from the opposite side. She hit the shark above center, slid up the smooth side, shot ten feet into the air and struck the water on her back. For a split second she floundered, confused. In that brief interval the shark spun, jaws snapping. Knife-edged teeth slashed multiple grooves along her side and chopped the end of her port side flipper.

Around them the water boiled and swirled. Foam spread in a widening circle. Mud from the bottom, only fifteen feet below, slowly changed the clear water to a dirty yellow.

A half mile north the other porpoises had abandoned their feeding and were playing, blowing and diving around the shrimp boat. Abruptly, as if in response to an inaudible signal, they surfaced and

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S. Robert Russell has acquired his remarkable lore of deep sea fish through first-hand observation. He writes about porpoises, sharks and swordfish as if they were people, contributing his dramatic articles to popular magazines and conducting a fishing column for several newspapers in Texas. A designer of reels and tackles, he does a lot of fishing on his own. His most harrowing experience, to date, was trying to capture a giant ray with a rod and reel. The ray towed Russell's canoe for twenty miles into the open Pacific before it broke the line and made its escape.

charged in echelon, straight for the boiling, foam-flecked whirlpool.

So great was the urge for speed that they swam almost on the surface, submerging only slightly in long undulating dives. Two flashed cleanly into the air in shallow, speed-accelerating leaps.

Out-weighed and out-weaponed, the female porpoise and her new-found champion fought on desperately. The tide of battle was slowly turning against them. Six inches had been sheered from the great bull's starboard tail-fluke and a row of jagged furrows, from dorsal fin aft, ran red.

He charged in fury, struck high, ricocheted in turn from the plunging, rounded back and burst into the air in a long shallow flight. His landing split the surface fifty feet distant. The shark plunged toward the weakening female.

He might have caught her but before the chase had run twenty yards, the charging school of porpoises struck with the impact of galloping Cossacks. The sound of sodden, smashing blows was like a boxer's dripping gloves smacking against flesh but amplified to thousands of pounds.

For ten explosive, water-churning minutes the porpoises tore in, struck and retreated like a pack of dogs holding a bear at bay. Like a bear the shark would make short slashing stands; then, as his adversaries drew back, attempt to run for safety. And each time the school, circling to seaward, drove him toward the beach.

A blindly charging young bull failed to elude the champing jaws. That was the beginning of the end. As the shark slowed to crush his victim the mother porpoise charged for the monster's most vulnerable spot—his gill slits. She was squarely on target.

At forty miles an hour her hard snout drove through the leather-tough protecting strips on his starboard side as though they were paper. Her head bored in eyes-deep. Her powerful jaws clamped. Thrashing free she brought with her a whole mouthful of crimson gill-tissue, as all important to the shark as lungs to a man.

Blood pumping from the gaping opening dyed the water.

As if on signal the entire school concentrated its attack on both gills. One tough snout after another drove in, lightning fast. Teeth clamped, ripped and withdrew. Within a minute the port gill was also gushing red.

There was a cataclysmic upheaval. Chunks of mud slung spinning into the air. Silt-yellowed water darkened to reddish brown. A ghastly, sneering head climbed straight out of the water until the huge flippers came into view. It hung there for three long seconds, ruptured gills spouting redly. Frightful jaws gaped wide, then crashed shut with the report of two planks being slapped together. A convulsive shudder shook the crumpling hulk. It toppled backward, quivering weakly, and settled toward the bottom.

One by one the porpoises withdrew, all but the still raging female and the big bull. Time after time she surfaced, then dived, and by the water's turmoil I could visualize her slamming into the flaccid bulk on the bottom. The male, as if in patient understanding, made no effort to dissuade her but circled slowly as if waiting until her fury was spent.

Finally she turned from her vengeance and swam to him. For a long minute they lay quietly. Then swimming side by side they followed the others.

The sun had set, and the quiet bay was purple with the reflection of fading twilight, when a power boat whose skipper had caught our signals finally towed us into port.

"Didja get a good catch?" he asked the member of our crew who tossed him the tow rope. Our man replied in disgust that the trip had been a complete bust. I had the sense to keep quiet, realizing my commercial-minded boat-mates could hardly share my joy in the most rewarding day I had ever spent on the Gulf.

Freak Squeaks

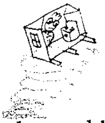
IT STARTED away up in a Chicago office building where Joe Arcano took his morning exercise by swinging himself back and forth from a door frame. While he was blithely developing his muscles, his generous-sized brogans suddenly whipped off his feet and flew through the window, thudding in a shower of broken glass on the street below where a Miss Eleanor Harris was walking along.

She promptly fainted.

"Woman's been killed!" howled a passer-by. "Hit by a man who jumped out a window!" Up roared a police car accompanied by an ambulance for the unconscious Miss Harris. But where was the body of the suicide? While the crowd wondered, the athletic Mr. Arcano sauntered up and demanded his shoes.

AS PROOF that man should never have monkeyed around with the horseless carriage, there's the saga of the Midwestern couple whose car crashed into a guard fence. The collision sheared off two fence posts and drove a twelve-foot fence rail through the radiator and instrument board. As the rail passed between the two passengers, it snagged the lady's clothing, stripped it from her and neatly tucked it away in the trunk compartment behind.

BOWLING ALONG a highway in Ballyclare, Ireland, two men got the shock of their lives when their car soared into the air like a bird. Leaning out the windows they discovered that the cable from a fugitive barrage balloon had wrapped itself around the car and was rapidly hoisting it heavenwards. They jumped out only a moment before the car landed in a tree top.

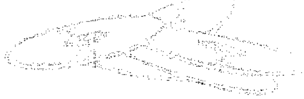


DOWN IN the cyclone belt, where odd mishaps blow in a mile a minute, an Oklahoma cyclone whipped up one day while Mrs. W. H. Ryder was washing dishes. "Let it come," she said belligerently to her sister. "I hope it blows the kitchen away so we won't have to wash dishes!" Obligingly the cyclone whisked away the kitchen with Mrs. Ryder and the unwashed dishes in it. The strange journey ended with Mrs. Ryder perfectly intact, and her wish fulfilled.

—GRACE POSTON

Talking books have packed a full measure of joy for many who walk in darkness

Miracle Discs for the Blind



by Fraser Bond

THE POSTMAN rang the bell. This time he did not have to ring twice. The door opened and into a pair of outstretched arms he placed a stout black carton which bore in white paint the legend:

U. S. MAIL
FREE
SOUND REPRODUCTION
RECORDS FOR THE BLIND

FRAGILE
PROPERTY OF
U. S. GOVERNMENT
(THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS)

The carton contained the latest Talking Book recorded on phonographic discs. The outstretched arms belonged to any one of the thousands of blind men and women who daily welcome Uncle Sam's emissary bringing them reading matter in sound from the nearest public library that operates a Talking Book department.

This year the Talking Book celebrates its eleventh birthday. In that short span it has earned the title of "The greatest boon which science has brought to blind people in this generation." The Talking Book story really begins on that evening in 1877 when Thomas A. Edison performed his initial experiment in recorded sound. Into the primitive cone of his first phonograph he recited the nursery jingle about Mary and her little lamb. He watched the needle scrawl its pattern on a wax cylinder; then, with his contrivance adjusted, heard the wavering, squeaking record of Mary's adventures.

Edison realized what his invention would one day mean to the blind and wrote an article about it in the *North American Review*. But that day was a long way off. Probably most people mistakenly thought that all blind people read Braille or other systems of embossed type with their fingers.

Actually, it takes a blind man to understand what other blind men need. Louis Braille was blind when, in 1826, he invented the system of raised dots which opened books to the sightless. Like Braille, the man behind the Talking Book is also blind. He is Dr. Robert B. Irwin, executive director of the American Foundation for the Blind in New York City. Dr. Irwin knew that for many, blindness comes late in life when they find it difficult to learn finger reading. He knew, too, that many industrial and traffic accidents damage hands as well as eyes. The research workers of the American Foundation for the Blind bore out these facts. They found that less than twenty per cent of approximately 200,000 blind men and women in the United States could read with their fingers. Dr. Irwin then resolved that these thousands should get books, in the one medium that would reach all of them—sound.

The doctor lost no time in interesting people who could help. A philanthropic New Yorker gave generous assistance. The Carnegie Corporation placed a grant at his disposal. Dr. Irwin engaged sound engineers for research and experimentation to find the best type of record for the books in sound. They found it in a long-playing disc, so thin that twenty can travel in a single carton; so durable that if a blind man knocks one off a table, it will not break. They devised, too, an electric reading machine, resembling a portable phonograph, which a blind person can operate by touch alone. The Talking Book was born.

AT FIRST THE Foundation and its friends bore the entire cost of recording and circulating the Talking Books and of manufacturing the reading machine to play them. In 1931, Congress had passed an act authorizing an appropriation of 100,000 dollars annually to the Library of Congress for books for the adult blind, these books in Braille and other embossed types to be deposited in libraries serving large sections of the country—sections which often include several states. After the successful development of the Talking Book, Congress increased the appropriation to include this new medium. Today this annual appropriation reaches 500,000 dollars, 400,000 of which is allotted to the publication of Talking Books and the upkeep of reading machines. The other 100,000 dollars goes for books in raised characters. As soon as the American Foundation for the Blind records them at its sound studios in New York City, the Library of Congress places them in twenty-seven regional libraries which operate departments for the blind, and the records travel to and from library and reader postage free.

During the eleven years of its existence the Talking Book has grown up. Its development showed that a book written in sound can do much more for its readers than one merely published in inkprint. It can, for instance, introduce the author's own voice; it can enliven its chapters with incidental music and sound effects; it can bring plays fresh from Broadway, acted with complete casts of prominent players; it can even sing. Each fresh book, when it arrives, brings with it fresh excitement and surprises.

Trained readers from the stage and from radio do most of the recording. The Foundation picks them for both the pleasing qualities of their voices and their ability to maintain the required reading pace. Each side of each record runs for fifteen minutes, and to read clearly, fluently and swiftly for fifteen minutes without a cough or a fumble takes practice. However, the Talking Book studios frequently invite such famous authors as Thomas Mann, Somerset Maugham, Archibald MacLeish and Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt to initiate the sound recordings of their own books. For the most part, these writers read the first side of the first record and after that the book is continued by a regular reader.

This author participation has proved popular with blind listeners. They feel they get from hearing the author's voice an inkling of his personality. They note the emphasis he puts on certain words and phrases. The late Alexander Woollcott, a staunch friend of blind people, was particularly successful in getting the personal note into his records, for he conveyed the impression that he was reading directly to the individual listening.

The introduction of music in the Talking Book came early in its career. One of the Foundation's first recordings was Charles Dickens' *A Christmas Carol*. It began with the strains of the traditional carol, *God Rest Ye Merry, Gentlemen.* Music is used, too, in biographies of noted musicians. Here the sightless reader has a distinct advantage. In an inkprint *Life of Mozart*, for instance, the musical illustrations are set down merely as printed scores and notations. In the Talking Book version, the piano or orchestra gives them their full beauty as illustrations in sound. A striking use of music by these Talking Book discs to enhance the emotional effect comes in the recording of the Vachel Lindsay poem *General Booth Enters Heaven* where a Salvation Army Headquarters band uses all its eloquence to point both the meaning and the rhythm of the poet's lines.

When it comes to hearing plays acted by Broadway casts, Talking Book readers again have the edge on their sighted neighbors. In the hinterland where troupers no longer troupe, the theatre comes to the sightless through the mail. Their favorite armchairs become seats on the aisle as they listen to such hits as *Our Town* and *The Barretts of Wimpole Street.* The players they hear are such top-notchers as Eva Le Gallienne, Mady Christians, Whitford Kane and Brenda Forbes.

Talking Books of plays include incidental music and sound effects and lack only the costumes and the scenery. Even this lack is compensated for by short spoken interludes which set the stage architecturally, give materials of construction, and dress the players in terms of fabric, quality and period. These interludes also indicate actions to which the spoken lines give no clue, but which the listener must know about in order to follow the plot.

PERHAPS THE most unusual Talking Books yet recorded are the volumes which tell about the nation's wild song birds and which, in addition, let these songsters chirp and warble for themselves in order that blind people can come to recognize each bird by its song. Here the American Foundation for the Blind had the cooperation of the ornithological department of Cornell University. Equipped with sound truck and cargo of recording equipment, the Cornell professors tracked the birds from Florida to the Rocky Mountains and focused their parabolic microphones on the songsters with a gunsight. In some

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Fraser Bond, who teaches journalism at New York University, writes from the heart about the Talking Book, for his own eyesight was blacked out for several years by cataract. His hunger for books was poorly satisfied by students who read aloud; the quicker their intelligence, the worse they garbled the words. Young actors "at liberty" did a better job; and the Talking Book was best of all. Since regaining his sight, Fraser Bond is like a man reborn: the colors and patterns in commonplace things which few people but artists often notice afford him fresh and eternal pleasure.

cases, they set up small microphones near the actual nests and a cable carried the birds' songs to the recording sound truck hundreds of yards away.

The average Talking Book runs to some fifteen to eighteen double-sided discs and each side of each twelve-inch record plays for fifteen or sixteen minutes. This means that the average book's reading time is approximately nine hours. The longest Talking Book yet recorded, Tolstoi's *War and Peace*, runs to 119 double-sided records. For this one, the Talking Book reader has to count on a 59½ hour week to finish it. Another talking tome is Margaret Mitchell's *Gone With the Wind*, which takes eighty records.

When the postman arrived with the first Talking Book carton eleven years ago, blind readers had the choice of enjoying either Shakespeare's *As You Like It* or *The Gospel According to St. Mark.* Today they can select their reading matter from a thousand different titles, and the American Foundation for the Blind and the American Printing House for the Blind increase that number by well over 100 new ones each year. Blind people can ask their library to send them a Talking Book 'Western,' a mystery thriller, or, if they wish, a scholarly treatise on astronomy. But whatever title they select, the happiest miracle of these discs for the blind still lies in the fact that the Talking Book service which lightens their darkness comes to them free.

Keep Your Sunny Side Up

You know at least one pleasant person. His face and manner are easy to remember.

Whenever you meet him, no matter how disagreeable the circumstances, he's always smiling, always ready with a cheerful greeting.

Sometimes you've tried to catch him off guard, wearing a sour expression revealing that he, too, is weak and mean like other men. But even in a crisis he has not changed—and of one thing you're sure: you know a really pleasant person.

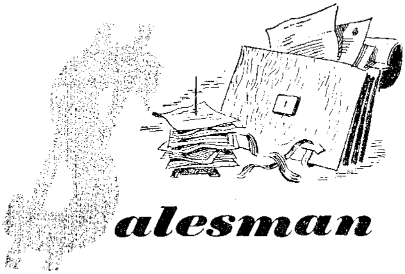
Such a man is one of society's greatest assets. His daily life makes those remote ideals—neighborliness, friendship, service and tolerance—a visible reality. And it's all in his tone, his smile, his never-changing pleasantness. You use this person when you yourself need cheering. You appreciate the warmth of his company and the fact that no matter when you approach him, you'll be sure of his instant friendliness.

You know at least one pleasant person. Are *you* a pleasant person, too? Do you have mean streaks which make everyone around you angry and bitter? Are you pleasant merely on occasion, or do you sincerely try to be pleasant all the time?

The next time you feel irritable and ready to "take it out" on everyone you meet, remember your pleasant friend, the man whose good nature never lets anyone down. Hold his image in your mind. Reconstruct his smile, his gracious manner, in a mental photograph, and it will be hard to remain cross with such a pleasant memory shining in your face. —James T. Mangan

These aptitude tests eliminate trial and error by finding the right man for the job

How to Rate a Salesman



by Caroline Bird Menuez

Do you object when a person steps in front of you in a line of people? If so, you're very likely an aggressive person. This quality is an asset in some jobs, a handicap in others.

Does it make you uncomfortable to be "different" or unconventional? If it does, you may not be very adaptable to new situations. A company would be making a mistake to transfer you from a quiet suburban territory to a tenement district in New York City.

As he answered questions like these, stockroom clerk Anderson squirmed in his chair in the personnel office of the Glowfoam Soap Company and wondered whether the boss had lost his mind. But when the analysts were through tabulating and cross-checking, they knew more about Anderson's job possibilities than if they had known Anderson all their lives. Soon after, the district manager called Anderson in and asked him how he would like to be a salesman.

"I've never sold so much as a thimble in my life!" he gasped, "and furthermore, I don't think I could."

"We *know* you can," the boss replied.

And the boss was right. A year later, Anderson collected a bonus check equal to his entire year's salary in the stockroom as the company's reward for his share in promoting a new toothpaste.

The man who spotted Anderson's sales ability had never laid eyes on him before. In fact, he hadn't moved from his desk in the New York office of the Klein Institute. By simply comparing Anderson's test results with those of successful Glowfoam salesmen, Jack Klein could predict within a twenty per cent margin of error that Anderson would be a success at selling.

Experienced sales managers consider themselves lucky if they garner one good salesman for every three they hire by personal interview. They know that it costs 4,000 dollars in salary, drawing account and training to give a 3,000-dollar a year man a fair trial. That's why Babcock and Wilson, Bauer and Black, the Carstairs division of Calvert Distillers, Hercules Powder, Johnson and Johnson, and McKesson and Robbins—among other firms—have found it cheaper to take the Klein Institute's recommendations on applicants than the hunches of their own executives. In planning post-war business, many of these big concerns are now combing their offices and factories for hidden sales talent already on the payroll. Salvaging a man like Anderson kills two birds with one stone. It builds employe morale, and produces a salesman who already knows his company.

The tests are scientific measures of such personality traits and aptitudes as mental ability, social intelligence, sense of humor, neurotic tendencies, objectivity, dominance, self confidence, and sales sense. Some of the questions are obvious, such as "Do you usually let yourself go when angry?" If you do, your self control may be low.

The important thing is not so much the question and what it means, but the proportion of successful salesmen who have answered it, and its associated questions, in a certain way. If ninety five salesmen out of a hundred like to pursue bandits in a sheriff's posse, then a "yes" to that question will count heavily in the intricate scoring system. The psychologists may have other theories as to why a good salesman should want to pursue bandits, but it's the cold figures that count.

The tests are full of pitfalls for those who think they can beat the game. Take the item of honesty, for instance. Exhaustive research on cheating has revealed that if the stakes are high enough and the chance of discovery small, practically everyone will cheat. It is easy, therefore, to see the significance of such questions as "Did you ever take anything, even a pin or a button, that belonged to someone else?" If you answer "no," it's a safe bet you're lying.

Most of the questions are simple yes and no affairs, but at one point the candidate is invited to write down his three principal wishes in life—and then as many more as he can think of in three minutes. A general and undefined longing for health, wealth and happiness betokens a lack of imagination fatal to some types of selling. The girl who put down an assured income for life, a den for her husband, and new bedspreads came out with flying colors. Her wishes were specific, intelligent, and directed to those around her.

JACK KLEIN didn't invent any of the tests he uses. Klein's contribution lay in interpreting the test scores in terms of selling ability.

Small, swart, and intense, Jack Klein is a combination of Dale Carnegie and the Fuller brush man. Here are some things he has found:

The salesman who can "sell anything" just doesn't exist. The good seller doesn't have to be a good mixer, although in some lines where business is done at the country club it's a help.

Except for a small class of sales engineers, the good seller doesn't have to be particularly bright. For door to door selling, an above average intelligence is a liability.

The good seller can't be a neurotic. Neurotics have been successful at practically everything else, but they can't stand up under the turndowns and defeats of a salesman's life. Later results turned up one possible exception: men who sell medical supplies to doctors and hospitals. Neurotics seem to have a morbid interest in doctors and sickness.

Klein finds six qualities make a good salesman: trainability and adaptability; ability to keep going in the face of defeat; dominance, sales sense, social intelligence, and emotional stability.

Of course you don't possess all of

these qualities, and if you did, it would be hard to know what to do with you. What Klein is looking for is the pattern of your peaks and hollows.

Today the Klein Institute's files in the Graybar Building in New York City bulge with data establishing the personality patterns for hundreds of selling jobs. For instance, Klein knows that heavy industry salesmen are more sensitive, more introverted, and more analytical than men selling checkwriting and office machinery. Although they rate higher on mental ability and accuracy, they have less self-confidence and less interest in selling itself. Significantly, both show the same interest in people and experience the same degree of success in dealing with them.

Paradoxically, Klein's hardest job is selling his services. "Tests may be all right in school," skeptical executives say, "but we know men."

"Of course you do," Klein will agree smoothly. "But why not give the tests a try? Let me give them to a group of your own employes—men whose jobs and habits you know from experience. Choose them from the factory, the office, the sales force. Throw in the president and the night watchman. I don't want to talk with them or even know their names or jobs. Just give me the age, sex, height, weight and the completed test with an identifying code number. I'll give you the kind of analysis for each one that I'd make if the testee were an applicant for a job in your organization."

Executives who scoff remain to tie up Klein with a contract. Not only does he regularly turn out an eighty to ninety per cent accurate score on placing men in the company, but he has been able to distinguish between men who sell medical supplies to hospitals and those who sell them to doctors.

When Klein recommends a candidate, he also advises his employer-client on how to handle him should he become an employe. A has no sense of humor. Correction should be delivered in dead earnest, without kidding or innuendo. B is imaginative, intelligent, and socially well adjusted, but he needs encouragement, and should be told things like: "We've never been able to sell X company before you tackled them."

"She's all right," Klein once told an employer about a candidate he had tested. "But she's a hardboiled person, and you've got too many of them on the payroll already. Some day they'll start getting hardboiled with each other and you'll be in trouble." Warnings like these are taken seriously by Klein clients—however far-fetched they may sound—because behind them is a long history of test records on employe teams.

Although Klein's biggest jobs have been in sales aptitude testing, he's proudest of the job he did for an Ohio factory making gun mounts for the Navy. It was back in the dark days of early war production, and rejections of material had been so high in some departments that the assembly line had been stalled for weeks. Some of the gun mounts had cracked up in the field. Morale was low. There was a rumor that the FBI was investigating.

When it occurred to the management that they might have a human problem—not a mechanical one—on their hands, someone suggested the Klein Institute. As open contract consultant, Klein's first move was to call off production for a few hours and give every man in the factory the tests—a procedure the men approved. When the tests were scored, an amazing fact was discovered. The welding team with the highest mechanical skill had the lowest output, and its foreman scored high on neurotic tendencies.

Foreman Jacobs, revealed by the tests as sadistic, dominant and resentful, was put to work on a one-man welding machine. When engineers praised the production jump of his old team, they learned from the men that Jacobs had been "taking it out" on them—and on the work. Thereafter the gun mounts were delivered on time and in good condition.

Klein had scored again.

Matters of Principle

I WAS SITTING in a Wisconsin railroad station one day when I noticed a ragged little boy about ten years old with the dirtiest hands I've ever seen. He came striding into the station and walked straight to a pay telephone booth. A second later he popped out and went to another. I asked him what he was doing.

"Got a route," he grinned. "There's lotsa nickels left in the phones, and I've made fifteen cents so far today. Found a quarter yesterday."

I fished into my pocket and flipped him a quarter. He snatched it out of the air, then gravely handed it back to me. "Thanks, but I earn my money." —ROD VAN EVERY

RECENTLY I HIRED a carpenter to make a new set of drawers for the old desk in my study. "Nothing fancy," I instructed him. "If they fit and don't fall apart, that's good enough."

A few days later I stopped at his workshop to see how he was progressing. He had finished two of the drawers, both precise and beautiful specimens of skilled workmanship, and was working on the back panel of a third. Watching him, one would have thought that his life depended on the perfection of that part alone. "Why take so much trouble with something that won't be seen?" I asked. "Who'll ever know the difference?"

He straightened in surprise. "Why, I will." —PAUL CHURCHER

SHORTLY AFTER the inauguration, I was talking with a taxi driver who chanced to mention that he and four members of his family had voted for Roosevelt.

"That's good news," I said. "I am a Democrat myself."

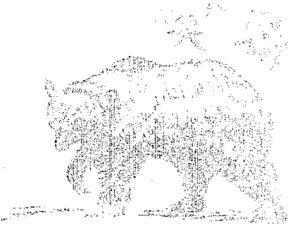
"But," protested the cabby, "we're not Democrats."

I asked what had influenced his vote, if not party allegiance.

"Well," he answered slowly, "I think a man ought to do the right thing once in a while—even if it goes against his principles."

—THEODORE F. GREEN in *Quote*

Hunted creatures of the forest protect their lives not only by instinct but also by planned, rational thought



Can Animals Outwit Men?

by Jim Kjelgaard

When people talk of wild creatures, no term is applied more freely than "instinct." Nearly every action of a wild animal is attributed to a natural, unreasoning prompting. Actually their behavior often springs from well-considered, even brilliant reason.

One cold November day, just after five inches of snow had fallen, I found in a beech woods the track of a very large bear. The track quartered up a mountain and into a bunch of little hemlocks where the bear had rested.

I found his bed; he had bitten off some hemlock boughs and arranged them on the snow. The boughs were sticky with blood, and the snow was stained with it. Evidently he had been wounded by a hunter and had started to bleed as soon as he lay down. Then hearing me coming, he had gone out the other side of the hemlocks.

I continued to follow his trail. The bear ran about a thousand feet, climbed upon a snow-covered log, then—discovering he was still pursued—ran on. A half mile from the log he slowed to a walk, and after about forty feet the trail ended. At my feet were fresh tracks; beyond them, unmarked snow. Bears do not just fly away, but it took me twenty minutes to discover what this one had done. About sixty feet back from where the trail ended, and ten feet to the side was a laurel thicket. That bear had gone to the end of his trail, walked backwards, stepping exactly in his own paw prints, and jumped into the laurel! In a vain attempt to catch up with him, I found he had executed the same trick six times. And only by careful search could I discover the point where he had back-tracked and leaped into a thicket or behind a tree where his trail could not be easily seen.

That bear, because of his wound, did not want to run. And he had thought out an almost perfect way to throw me off his track.

Other hunted beasts have been equally keen. In many ways wolverines are the most devilishly clever of all animals. They ransack cabins and rip open caches. There is one recorded case of wolverines attacking a trapper by coming down the chimney of the cabin where he lay ill. A wolverine will follow a trap-line, visiting every trap, ripping to pieces any fur animals caught in them, springing traps that hold nothing, and generally making himself so destructive that often the trapper must either kill the wolverine or stop trapping. It was such a beast that got on the line of a trapper in Canada's Athabaska country.

This trapper had a huge, savage

but hunt-wise dog. Probably the dog that can kill a full-grown wolverine has yet to be born. But this dog was wise enough to hold at bay any enemy with which he could not cope. Master and dog went out on the line together. They found a fresh trail of the wolverine, and the dog dashed away on it. Later he was heard barking; he had cornered his quarry. There was silence—the wolverine was running away—then more barking and more silence. Finally the dog's agonized shrieks cut the air. The trapper, hurrying along the trail, read the following story in the snow.

The first time the dog overtook his quarry at the base of a stunted bush, the wolverine turned to fight. Too smart to close with him, the dog feinted and parried to hold the wolverine. The wolverine turned and ran, with the dog in hot pursuit, and was brought up a second time beside a big rock. The story was repeated there. But the third time the wolverine made his stand just beyond two fox traps, and when the dog lunged, he planted one front foot neatly in each trap. The wolverine was in the process of tearing the dog to pieces when the trapper arrived. That wolverine understood traps. He knew where the sets were, and he knew that one method of killing the annoying dog was by luring him into a trap.

The ability to reason is not confined to free wild things. One summer morning we captured a little raccoon, and because raccoons make interesting pets, we bore him home. The frightened animal did not bite or scratch, but hid its face on my brother's shoulder. A dog collar was put about his neck, and he was chained to a kennel in the lee of a big boulder. The raccoon promptly scooted to the farthest corner of the kennel.

After a while he came out, retreated around the edge of the boulder, and sat studying the situation. Gravely he scraped a little ditch, buried the chain, then tried to run away. But the chain came up, stopped him with a jerk against the edge of the boulder. Patiently the raccoon tried the same tactics again. He crouched beside that boulder all day, burying his chain, trying to run away. At twilight he retreated within the kennel.

A half hour later we went out to feed him, but only the broken end of the chain remained. Scraped against the rock all day, a link had finally worn in two.

Of course it is absurd to suppose that a raccoon is intelligent enough deliberately to wear a chain in two. The remarkable aspect of this affair is that the chain must have broken (and the raccoon knew it) before nightfall. But he realized we could capture him again if we saw him run. He waited until safe night had closed about him before making good his escape.

Once while gathering wild blackberries I saw a young bear cub come out of a thicket to look up

To Our Subscribers
Due to the strain imposed on mailing and transportation facilities these days, it is possible that you may not receive your magazine on the exact day it is due. If this is the case, please be patient as we are doing all we can to deliver each issue to you on time . . .and hope you'll pardon an occasional delay.

wistfully at the blackberries on a tall bush. He reared, grasped the bush with his two forepaws, bent it down, and reached eagerly for the berries. But when he let it go, the bush sprang up and the berries eluded his reach. The cub tried again, with the same result. He sat down beside the bush while he studied the berries. Again he futilely bent the bush. Finally, disgusted, the cub gnawed through the base of the bush, and when it toppled to the ground ate as many berries as he wished.

Certainly that was a clear case of reasoning, and not an isolated one. There is a picket fence around my yard and the other night while moonlight sprayed the snow, I watched a rabbit running desperately toward my yard with a springer spaniel on his heels. Scarcely a jump ahead of his pursuer, the rabbit flashed through the pickets in my gate—and sat calmly while the dog raged about looking for a way to get in.

In their own ways, wild animals do think things out and act accordingly. And, as anyone who has studied them will agree, wild things can conceive and execute a plan of action while a human being is still trying to decide what he's going to do. Wild things have to think fast.

Their lives depend on it.

Fact Parade

Little is wasted in the modern war plant. Even the energy generated by aircraft engines under test is utilized to operate vital machinery, turning out parts for more aircraft engines and other military equipment. Buick and Ford plants get as much as half their power from engines being tested.

Mint oil is so valuable that it is sometimes stored in banks. Difficult to raise, the mint plant brings a high price as a flavoring for candy, chewing gum, and similar present-day delicacies. Further processed, mint oil becomes menthol, even more expensive, and highly important to medicine and cigarette manufacturers.

Sherwin Cody, the English expert, asserts that the average American fills one half of all his conversation and letters with just 69 words and their repetitions. He also claims that there are fewer than a dozen basic rules of punctuation, and that about 25 typical errors in grammar constitute 90 per cent of all the ordinary blunders in English. —Simpson M. Ritter

Elephants confined in zoos must have their feet trimmed several times a year because their soles thicken and crack, picking up foreign substances. A set of dice, the bowl of an iron teaspoon, the handle of a pen knife and an iron nail, were all removed from the soles of an elephant in Central Park.

Scales used in making electric lamps are so delicate that they can weigh a person's signature. "George Washington" written in pencil weighs .00089 grams. —Ella Fields Schwerdt

Tales from Another Day

From the forgotten annals of the past come these tales which defy explanation

by Isabel Manning Hewson

If the chateau of Montargis, just south of Paris, survived the German occupation, there remains in one of its great fireplaces the bas relief of a dog fighting a man. The strange event it commemorates happened back in the 15th century.

Aubry de Montdidier and his dog Soucime were inseparable. One day de Montdidier failed to return from a hunting trip. Two days later the dog, lame and bleeding, appeared at the home of his master's closest friend, Paul Broussard, and led him to the Forest of Bondi. There the body of the murdered de Montdidier was found.

Certain that the dog would recognize his master's assailant, Broussard took him home with him and purposefully set to entertaining the dead man's old acquaintances. On the night that Chevalier Macaire arrived, the dog bared his fangs and leaped forward. Broussard knew this was the man.

As Broussard hoped, word of his suspicions and the dog's singular hatred for the chevalier reached King Charles VIII, who ordered a duel between the dog and the man to settle the case.

Protesting but powerless, Macaire was handed a heavy cudgel and led to a roped-off space in the courtyard where Soucime, bristling and snarling, awaited him. Craftily the dog crouched and swerved, avoiding the murderous blows. When the chevalier, weary from futile lunging, stopped for breath, the dog closed in and leaped for his throat.

As Macaire went down he screamed in horror, "Pull him off! *Mon dieu*, pull him off! I confess, I killed Aubry."

When the French general, Charles Pichegru, led a successful break-through into Holland during the campaign of 1794, few people knew that the battle hinged on the activities of a spider. But in the old, forgotten records is this strange account.

It was late autumn, and a simple French soldier named Dis Jonval sat idly in a jail in Holland, a war prisoner. To pass the time away, he began to watch a busy little spider which had chosen to spin its web on his window pane. When the days turned colder and a freeze was about to come, the spider would disappear, but warm weather always brought it back again. Gradually the prisoner realized that by keeping an eye on the spider's comings and goings, he, Dis Jonval, could forecast the weather.

The spider had been gone almost four days when the jailer, a big, friendly fellow, whispered news that General Pichegru's army had crossed into Holland, but that soon it would be stopped for the dikes had been cut and the lowlands flooded.

"Wait," hissed Dis Jonval excitedly, remembering the spider, "you have said you wanted to leave Holland and live in France. I can fix it if you will deliver a message to the general."

Suspicious at first, the jailer finally agreed to go.

Dis Jonval waited anxiously, wondering whether Pichegru would heed his message and wait for the freeze. Fearfully he hoped that the spider would not come back.

Four days later the jailer returned. "It's over," he announced triumphantly. "Pichegru got through on the ice. Your message and the spider were right."

THEIR REAL NAMES lie buried in official records, but the Grahams and the sword which so strangely affected their lives are still remembered in England.

It was a balmy night in August, 1901, that Anne Burton, an attractive English girl, suddenly awoke. Moonlight streaming through the window fell upon a handsome man dressed in a cavalry officer's uniform and carrying a sword.

"Don't be afraid, Anne," he said. "I've just come to ask you to wait for me. Please don't marry anyone else, for one day I'll return."

Surprised but unafraid, Anne gave her promise.

The next morning it all seemed a dream—until she found his sword. As if in a trance she wrapped a scarf protectingly around it and slipped it in a dresser drawer.

During the years which followed, Anne wondered constantly about the vision. Now a beautiful young woman, she was surrounded by suitors, but remembering the sword, she refused to consider any of them seriously.

Then came the night of a long-awaited ball. Soon after Anne arrived, an old friend approached and presented his companion—Major Henry Graham of the Indian Cavalry.

Their instant mutual attraction, intensified by a feeling that they had met before, was the beginning of a whirlwind romance. The next few weeks Anne and the major were seen everywhere together, and their sudden marriage was no surprise.

Shortly before sailing for India, the young couple returned to Anne's home to supervise the packing of her personal belongings. Coming across the sword, Anne slowly pulled off the wrapping and turned to her husband.

His eyes fell on the weapon and widened in amazement.

"My sword! Anne, how did you get my sword?" he exclaimed.

The young wife poured out the story of her vision. As she talked an odd look crept over the major's face. "That night I was staying with the Rajah of Bikaner, where I met the most extraordinary fakir. He said he'd take me to England—right into a home."

"And the sword?" asked Anne.

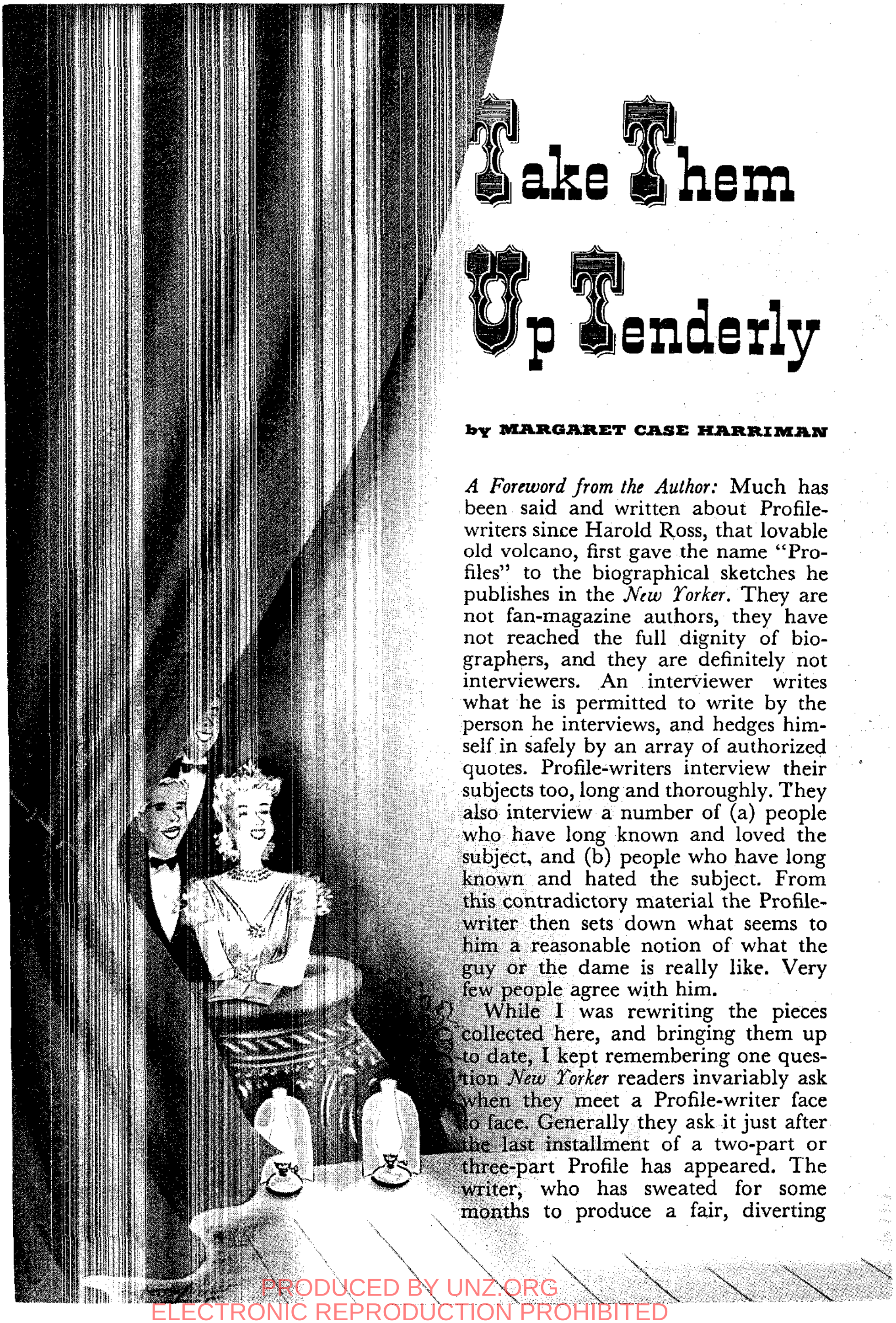
"The sword," repeated Major Graham. "I have not seen my sword from the night I met the fakir—until today!"

Bookette

Take Them Up Tenderly

by MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

A photographer's proof and a Harriman profile have one thing in common. They aren't retouched to flatter the subject. In this collection fifteen prominent personalities of the theatrical orbit were exposed to the author's discerning pen. From it Coronet has excerpted these portraits of three ladies



Take Them Up Tenderly

by MARGARET CASE HARRIMAN

A Foreword from the Author: Much has been said and written about Profile-writers since Harold Ross, that lovable old volcano, first gave the name "Profiles" to the biographical sketches he publishes in the *New Yorker*. They are not fan-magazine authors, they have not reached the full dignity of biographers, and they are definitely not interviewers. An interviewer writes what he is permitted to write by the person he interviews, and hedges himself in safely by an array of authorized quotes. Profile-writers interview their subjects too, long and thoroughly. They also interview a number of (a) people who have long known and loved the subject, and (b) people who have long known and hated the subject. From this contradictory material the Profile-writer then sets down what seems to him a reasonable notion of what the guy or the dame is really like. Very few people agree with him.

While I was rewriting the pieces collected here, and bringing them up to date, I kept remembering one question *New Yorker* readers invariably ask when they meet a Profile-writer face to face. Generally they ask it just after the last installment of a two-part or three-part Profile has appeared. The writer, who has sweated for some months to produce a fair, diverting and accurate picture of, let's say, Helen Hayes, meets up with a reader who has just finished reading the final installment of Miss Hayes' Profile.

"Tell me," this reader inquires earnestly, "what is she *really* like?"

This book is an attempt to give a straight question the straight answer it deserves:

Lillian Hellman

A GOOD WAY to annoy Lillian Hellman, if you happen to be someone who wants to annoy Lillian Hellman, is to call her a woman playwright. This simple descriptive term, applied to Miss Hellman, author of *The Children's Hour*, *The Little Foxes*, *Watch on the Rhine*, and *The Searching Wind*, sends her into a strange rage, often interesting because, although it may be accompanied by a stamping of the feet, it is not without a cool, unanswerable logic.

Being called a woman playwright bores and exasperates her for the same reason, she explains, that a man who writes plays would be bored and exasperated by being continually called a man playwright. Her admirers argue that few people could tell, anyway, whether her plays are written by a man or a woman, since they all are distinguished by the kind of intellectual indignation that must be sexless. This is honest tribute, but Miss Hellman has suffered from such praise. People who meet her for the first time are apt to come away murmuring in astonishment, "She's sort of cute, isn't she?" and interviewers who find her in a hostess gown write dazed pieces about her feminine draperies and fail to disclose much else about her.

There has been one notable exception among the interviewers. After Miss Hellman's first success, *The Children's Hour*, in 1934, a feature writer for a New York paper called on her and apparently surprised her in a tailored suit and a crisp mood. "She's the kind of girl who can take the tops off bottles with her teeth!" this analyst wrote enthusiastically afterward.

Actually, Lillian Hellman is neither cute nor tough. For a woman with militant undercurrents, her surface behavior is more often mild than not, and she is genuinely feminine to a degree that borders engagingly on the wacky. Although her writing is sure and pointed, she has no geographical sense of direction whatever, and last summer, after she had got lost twice in one week on the 130-acre farm in Pleasantville, New York, where she has lived for the past six years, Dashiell Hammett, an old and solicitous friend, undertook to teach her how to take her bearing.

"Look," he said, pointing, "that's north. When you face north"—he grasped her by the shoulders and pointed her north—"east is on your right hand, west on your left, and south behind you." He then drew a little map indicating that the house was east of the chicken farm, west of the woods, and so on. Next day, Miss Hellman got lost for three hours. "You told me," she said accusingly to Hammett when he found her in the woods, "that north was in front of me, so naturally I followed my left hand from where I was facing."

Her approach to scientific phenomena is equally baffled and baf-

Excerpted from the book, Take Them Up Tenderly, published at $2.75 by Alfred A. Knopf, New York; copyright, 1944, by Margaret Case Harriman.
(From a collection which first appeared in The New Yorker.)

fling. One evening, Herman Shumlin, who has produced all of Miss Hellman's plays, happened to remark that heat rises. Miss Hellman thought that over, and suddenly glowed with the light of reasonable argument. "If that's true," she said, "why doesn't your hand get burned worse if you hold it a foot above a radiator than it does if you put it right on top?" There is nothing coy about Miss Hellman's helplessness in the face of geography and physics. Defeated by them, she dismisses them with a word.

Lillian Hellman's face and appearance are not well known to the public in spite of her three hit plays. She is five feet three inches tall, and slim, with reddish hair, a fine, aquiline nose and a level, humorous mouth. When she is in repose or talking business, her nose and mouth give her a fleeting and curious resemblance to the familiar Gilbert Stuart portrait of George Washington.

Lillian Hellman, at thirty-nine, is the youngest successful woman playwright, or woman successfully writing plays, in the United States, and therefore probably in the world. She was born in New Orleans and was cared for as a child by a Negro mammy—two facts that have embarrassed certain playgoers and critics, who denounced her Negro characters in *The Little Foxes* as being artificial and overdrawn. Her father, Max Hellman, was a prosperous shoe merchant with a store on Canal Street in New Orleans; her mother had been Julia Newhouse of Alabama. When Lillian was five, a partner of her father's absconded with the company's funds, and Max Hellman came to New York with his wife and only child to start over again as a traveling salesman for a clothing firm.

When Lillian entered Wadleigh High School in 1922, her dramatic instinct easily surpassed that of the dramatic coach, who carelessly gave her the role of the villainess in a school play, *Mrs. Gorringe's Necklace*. This character actually had few lines to speak, but at Lillian's final exit the night of the play the door stuck and she couldn't get off the stage. Pleased by the happy circumstance, she returned calmly to the panic-stricken members of the cast, who were grouped about a drawing-room set and, arranging herself on a sofa, proceeded to invent a dazzling scene, which fattened up her own part by a number of showy remarks and lasted a good five minutes after the stricken coach had got the door unstuck and started to wave wildly at her from the wings. Lillian appeared in no more plays.

Miss Hellman has been called a Communist almost as often as she has been called a woman playwright, and her political viewpoint is about the only thing toward which she has a regrettable tendency to be coy. Pinned down to a statement of her allegiances, she says vaguely that she would like to be a liberal if she could tell, these days, exactly what a liberal is.

People who know Lillian Hellman well say that what some theorists consider her Communist tendency is actually more a violent anti-Fascism and an equally strong instinct to fight for the little people who can't fight for themselves. The easy riches of the 1920's, of which she had no share, may partly explain her curiously split social attitude, which combines a sensible fondness for money with a violent dislike for people who wallow in it. Graduating from Wadleigh High, she entered N.Y.U., where her reaction to culture seems to have been entirely normal.

Graduated from N.Y.U., she took a course in journalism at Columbia, as an indirect result of which she was engaged to write several one- and two-column book reviews for the Sunday *Tribune*, at about $4.70 a column.

In the middle twenties, still living with her family, she worked at a series of jobs—as a reader for Horace Liveright, the publisher, as a play-reader for Anne Nichols, who was then trying to find a worthy successor to *Abie's Irish Rose*, and as a press agent for something called *The Bunk of 1926*. Through her theatrical contacts she came to know Herman Shumlin and Arthur Kober, who shared an office in the Selwyn Theatre Building and worked, as general manager and press agent respectively, for Jed Harris, the most fabulous producer of that period. In 1925, Miss Hellman married Kober. Kober later became a successful Hollywood writer and author of the play *Having Wonderful Time*.

Divorce ended the marriage in 1932, but it did not affect Kober's attachment to Miss Hellman. Whenever he returned to New York from Hollywood and began looking at furnished apartments to sublease, he would say to the occupant, "May I bring my friend to see it?" The householder, expecting another man, would naturally consent, and soon Kober would reappear with his ex-wife, whom he nervously introduced as "my friend." Miss Hellman would then inspect closets, stove, plumbing, and other important details, and finally state her opinion to the startled tenant. "It stinks," she would say agreeably more often than not.

When Kober eventually decided to remarry, four years ago, he brought his fiancée for Lillian to see, in the most natural way in the world, and Miss Hellman was so pleased with the prospective Mrs. Kober that she stood up with the bride and groom at the wedding as matron of honor.

By 1933, Herman Shumlin had become a successful producer with *Grand Hotel* and *The Last Mile*, and Miss Hellman went to work for him as a reader. She had written one play, *Dear Queen*, in collaboration with Louis Kronenberger, now dramatic critic of *PM*, but it was never produced. When Miss Hellman submitted her manuscript of *The Children's Hour* to Shumlin, she sat down in the corner of the office and appeared to read a magazine while he read the play. He made three comments: "Swell!" at the end of the first act, "I hope it keeps up" at the end of the second, and "I'll produce it" when he had finished the third.

Miss Hellman looked at him in astonishment. "You really mean that?" she demanded.

This has been her invariable remark each time Shumlin has eagerly agreed to produce a play of hers, and it is often followed by the dour prophecy, "Well, this is *one* play you'll lose your shirt on." Her confidence in her own work is unaffectedly shaky, in strange contrast to her almost reckless poise in private life.

Miss Hellman had fifty dollars in the bank the day Shumlin first read *The Children's Hour*, and made about 125,000 dollars out of the play, which ran twenty-one months in New York, another year on the road, and was produced in London and in Paris.

These days Miss Hellman often comes into town, rents an apartment on a quiet street, and writes there, doing her own housework and cooking.

She is a fine, resourceful cook, specializing in crab gumbo and other New Orleans dishes, and skillful at turning even a domestic annoyance into a *plat de résistance.* Last summer the lake on her Pleasantville place was invaded by snapping turtles, and Miss Hellman, burned up because this threatened to spoil her swimming, sharply ordered her farmer to set traps and deliver all the turtles he caught to the kitchen door. Then she made a superior soup out of them.

She has a gourmet's interest in food and will bedevil any hostess who serves her a new and succulent dish until she has got the recipe for it. The food in her own house is beautifully cooked and served, under her fairly gloating direction, by Irene and Felix. Irene is a woman of such exceptional tact that it is a source of wonder to her employer.

Not long ago she asked Miss Hellman, politely and rather deviously, to tell Felix to wash the living-room windows for the party. "What party?" inquired Miss Hellman, who had not planned any. No special party, Irene said, going on to explain that Felix was simply the type of man who works better with a definite object in view.

Miss Hellman especially admires Irene's way with people because she knows that her own tactfulness is often less than consummate. In 1940, for example, she went to Philadelphia to cover the Republican Presidential Convention for *PM*.

In a hotel lobby one day she ran into Thomas E. Dewey, an acquaintance of hers. "Hello!" she said to him cordially. "You going to be here all week?" After Dewey had wanly passed on, a friend who was with Miss Hellman gazed at her and said, "Look, dear. The poor guy just hopes to get nominated. Remember?"

Like most independent women, Lillian Hellman has more men friends than girl friends. A few of these men, with Miss Hellman, form a solid, affectionate group whose friendship for one another is never disturbed by the fact that most of the men have, at some time, been in love with Lillian. Miss Hellman presides over the brotherhood like an exceptionally maternal Maintenon.

In spite of Miss Hellman's liking for masculine company, she has none of the phony impatience with her own sex so often affected by female literary celebrities. She is fond of a number of women and likes to send them unexpected and interesting presents, half a *prosciutto* ham or a silver bowl for mixing New Orleans *cafe diable*. She is not above loud and bitter complaint if she doesn't get enough presents in return.

A week before her birthday last year, she sent a telegram to some twelve or fifteen friends. "A birthday present for Lillian Hellman is a blow against Fascism," it suggested. When the friends came through nobly with gifts, Miss Hellman wept frank and grateful tears. Although she is subject to attacks of sentiment, her aspect is not always tender.

"When Lillian gets mad," Dorothy Parker will tell you in her soft, deprecating voice, "I regret to say she screams." This talent for making a noise is partly responsible for Miss Hellman's success in Hollywood, notably with Sam Goldwyn, who is no whisperer.

Her contract with Goldwyn pays her thirty-five hundred dollars a week for as many weeks as she wants to work, whenever she wants to.

From this cushioned ease, she worries harder than ever about the hope and doom of the world these days. Once or twice lately she has quoted T. S. Eliot's lines from *The Hollow Men:*

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

She will repeat them in conversation, looking thoughtful and faraway. But she never stays dreamy long.

Her zest for living soon recalls her to the realities of food, clothes, friends, work, war, enemies, love, hate, and indignation, and when she returns to them it is not with a whimper but a bang.

Helen Hayes

PEOPLE WHO want to describe a woman of the theatre who is exceptionally pleasant and agreeable in private life often use the somewhat curious phrase "You'd never know she was an actress." By this they mean, presumably, that she is genuine, unaffected, and lacking in the languors and the fancy frame of mind displayed by some of the showier stars. No comment has ever pursued an actress more regularly or with more reason than this one has come to haunt Helen Hayes.

Off the stage, Helen Hayes is small, humorous, quiet and attractive as a rather thin, pleasant child might be attractive. She is not strikingly beautiful.

She laughs easily, and she has a devious and unexpected humor. She laughs at gags such as the one about the man who had claustrophobia so bad that he couldn't wear a double-breasted suit, and she is agreeable, if less uproarious, when confronted with the wit of her husband, Charles MacArthur. One New Year's Eve in Philadelphia an audience stirred by the final scene of *Victoria Regina*, in which the feeble Queen welcomes her family and subjects to her Diamond Jubilee, was abruptly jerked from its mood of reverence when Victoria, at the second curtain call, pulled a red tin horn from the wrappings of her wheelchair and blew a gaudy blast on it. Later someone asked Miss Hayes what had prompted her to do it. "Charlie thought it would be funny," she explained.

Helen Hayes was not born with the high aspirations and devotion to a calling that begin to make some geniuses uncomfortable early in life. Her family background was only dimly theatrical. A great-great-aunt, Catherine Hayes, was a singer who had sung Irish ballads for the Forty-Niners in lumber camps and mining towns in the West. Helen's mother, whose maiden name was also Catherine Hayes, had spent one dizzy week in her own youth as the feminine lead in a stock-company production of *Damon and Pythias* in her home town, Washington, D. C. She had abandoned the theatre after that flourish partly because of incurable stage fright and partly because of the melancholy discovery that the quality in her which her fellow-actors and the company director seemed to admire above her acting talent was the fact that she could sit on her hair. She married Francis V. Brown, who was sales manager for a wholesale butcher concern in Washington that dealt principally in pork products.

After Helen was born, Mrs. Brown sought to inspire her daughter with her own love of the theatre, and as Helen grew older, Mr. Brown would often come home from a comfortable atmosphere of spareribs and pork chops to find his wife classically parading in the living room, intoning mellow passages from the poets with appropriate gestures, while Helen drifted along behind, dutifully imitating her.

When Helen was six, her dancing class gave a recital; Mrs. Brown rushed around in a fury buying false curls and materials for a costume, spent hours teaching her daughter the then celebrated Gibson Girl walk, and Helen's impersonation of Annabelle Whitford, the Ziegfeld Gibson Girl of that period, was the hit of the show. A guest in the audience that day was Lew Fields, of Weber & Fields, who were then playing Washington. Mr. Fields sent a note to the head of the dancing school saying that if Helen Hayes Brown's mother should ever consider a stage career for her daughter, he would like to see her about it. Mrs. Brown thought the note gracious, but Helen's success that afternoon had naturally started her mother's mind working on a career for her daughter similar to Bernhardt's or Modjeska's, and the idea of Weber and Fields was a comedown. She dismissed it and accepted instead an offer that presently came from the Columbia Players, a Washington stock company which more nearly approached her notion of art in the theatre.

Next year, with the Columbia Players, Helen appeared in *The Prince Chap* and as Little Lord Fauntleroy. In both productions she knew everybody's part as thoroughly as her own and enjoyed prompting any member of the cast who so much as hesitated, in a voice that was clearly heard as far as the tenth row of the orchestra. She also displayed a gift for ad-libbing that was sometimes enough to frighten adult actors. One scene in *Little Lord*

Fauntleroy required Fauntleroy to pull a red bandanna from his pocket and show it to his grandfather, the old Earl, and most of the dialogue depended on this gesture. At one performance the property man forgot to put the bandanna in the pocket, and when Helen reached for it, it was not there. "Well," she said distinctly, and without a perceptible pause, "I must have left it in my room. I'll just go and get it." And she strolled off the stage, leaving the old Earl in a spot that would make any actor shudder.

Inspirations like this convinced Helen's mother that her child was truly destined to be a star, and before Helen was eight, Mrs. Brown had persuaded her husband to advance living expenses for herself and her daughter in New York. Mr. Brown was bewildered by the giddy turn affairs were taking, but he was helpless before the invasion of art into his home. He agreed to supply thirty-five dollars a week for a limited number of weeks.

In New York, Mrs. Brown remembered the offer from Lew Fields, but what she wanted for Helen was still something grander than association with a couple of Dutch comedians. She loftily kept Helen away from the Weber & Fields office, somewhat in the frame of mind of a man who holds the Kohinoor in his hand passing a hockshop, and when the financial time limit was up before she had found Helen a job, she sadly bought railroad tickets home to Washington on a train leaving the next day. That night, in the roominghouse where they were living, a fellow-boarder to whom Mrs. Brown had lightly mentioned Fields's interest in Helen said, "You're crazy not to see Fields before you go. Suppose you don't want musical comedy for Helen. Fields has the Shuberts in the hollow of his hand, and the Shuberts produce plays."

The next morning, Mrs. Brown, a little nervous about train time, called at the Weber & Fields office with Helen. She was kept waiting in an anteroom, while Fields escorted one beauty after another from his private office to the elevator, turning upon Helen and her mother each time a stare of blank unrecognition. When the door of the private office opened for the fifth time and Lotta Faust, a famous theatrical siren of that day, breezed out on Fields' arm, Mrs. Brown took Helen's hand and got up to go. In the corridor, where Fields had tenderly placed La Faust in a descending elevator, Mrs. Brown, with a last weary gesture, pushed Helen around so that she stood about eye to eye with his lowest waistcoat button. "Do you remember this child, the one who impersonated Annabelle Whitford in Washington?" she said rapidly. Fields stared and beamed. "Come right in!" he said.

Helen and her mother took the train for Washington that day, but it was only to carry the tidings to Helen's father that Helen had been given a contract at fifty dollars a week to play the part of Mime, a little Dutch girl, in the Weber & Fields production of *Old Dutch*, and that rehearsals were to start almost immediately. Mrs. Brown and her daughter never went back to Washington to live. Helen played a full season in *Old Dutch* and remained with Weber & Fields three years longer, until she was twelve. Long before that, Mr. Brown had retired into the obscurity that waits for actresses' fathers, and his disappearance was punctuated by his wife's decision to drop the "Brown" from Helen's name.

Mrs. Brown lives now in an attractive apartment full of canaries on East End Avenue in New York; she is a small, gay woman, known as Brownie to Miss Hayes' friends, and her voice and mannerisms are startlingly like her daughter's. Mr. Brown retired from the meat business some years ago and lives comfortably in a house Helen bought for him on Chesapeake Bay.

In the summer of 1925 Helen and her mother rented a house at Syosset. In spite of her professional success and the attentions of Syosset swains, Helen Hayes remained socially detached, silent in the presence of strangers, and worried about her own simplicity of appearance. Her mental unease was the worse that summer because she was, for the first time, painfully concerned with being attractive to a certain man. In the spring she had gone to a cocktail party in New York and there met Charles MacArthur, a Chicago newspaperman who had come to live in New York and who was temporarily serving literature by turning out highly improbable articles for Hearst's *American Weekly*.

MacArthur wandered over to Miss Hayes and offered her some peanuts out of a paper bag. She thanked him and took a handful, and MacArthur then made the remark that has since become a shining goal for romantic young men to aim at. "I wish they were emeralds," he said. His gallantry struck Miss Hayes starry-eyed, and soon MacArthur became a frequent week-end guest at the house in Syosset, generally arriving without a toothbrush or pajamas but full of winning ways which plainly failed to fascinate Mrs. Brown. Not only was Charlie a newspaper man, she pointed out to her daughter, and so presumably irresponsible, but he already had a wife. His wife was one Carol Frink, a motion-picture critic on a Chicago newspaper, from whom he was separated but not divorced.

Miss Hayes and MacArthur were married in 1928, after a deadly series of obstructions. Two years earlier, in Chicago, Miss Frink had filed suit for divorce against MacArthur, but shortly after the success of *Lulu Belle*, which he wrote in collaboration with Edward Sheldon, she had dropped the proceedings. Through his lawyers, MacArthur then made a financial arrangement with her, filed a countersuit for divorce, and received his decree. After he began courting Miss Hayes, Miss Frink claimed that the decree had been fraudulently obtained and threatened to get out an injunction preventing his remarrying.

Ben Hecht was on Charlie's side in the problem of his marriage to Miss Hayes, and when MacArthur and Miss Hayes decided that the best idea would be to get married quietly before Miss Frink could proceed to any more stirring activities, Hecht told them that Horace Liveright, the publisher, had said that T. R. Smith, his assistant, knew of a former city magistrate who could arrange a marriage without publicity. On an August day in 1928, MacArthur hired a car and with the late Alexander Woollcott as best man, he and Miss Hayes drove to the office of Charles A. Oberwager, a lawyer, where Magistrate Mark Rudich was to marry them. After they had waited some time in an anteroom, several men carrying notebooks, cameras, and flashlights arrived, and Oberwager came out of an inner office, saying, "You may proceed, Mr. Rudich. The press is here." MacArthur then offered to paste Oberwager in the jaw, but was restrained by reporters, and the marriage took place.

The following year, a clash between the cast of *Coquette* and Jed Harris, the producer, struck the front pages with such force that it is still familiar to most people, a good many of whom have the facts wrong. The popular version is that Miss Hayes, who was going to have a baby, claimed through her lawyer that her pregnancy was an act of God and that she could not therefore fulfill her contract with Harris, which called for a six-week tour in *Coquette*. What actually happened was that Miss Hayes, after two weeks of the tour, told Harris that the impending birth of her child would not allow her to finish the tour, and Harris decided to close the show rather than replace its star with another actress.

The members of the cast, informed of this plan, claimed that six weeks' salary was due them by right of contract. Before an arbitration board appointed by the Actors' Equity Association, the late Joseph P. Bickerton, Jr., Harris' lawyer, quoted the clause in Equity contracts stating that actors are not entitled to salaries "if the company cannot perform because of fire, accident, strikes, riot, act of God," and so on, and argued that the birth of a baby was an act of God. Harris was required by the board to settle with the actors by paying them an extra two weeks' salary, but it was too late to prevent ribald journalists all over the country from hailing the MacArthur child as "the act-of-God baby." Mary MacArthur, who is now fourteen, has grown up without any painful knowledge of the skirmish. She is attractive, blonde, and about three inches taller than her mother.

Miss Hayes's latest, and worst, bout with the press occurred about ten years ago when Carol Frink, MacArthur's former wife, from whom he had been divorced in 1926, sued her for one hundred thousand dollars on the ground that Miss Hayes had alienated MacArthur's affections while he was still married to Miss Frink. Charlie, who by that time was writing for the movies and had enough Hollywood money to withstand almost any affliction, was in favor of settling the case out of court to spare his wife the unpleasantness. Miss Hayes pointed out that Miss Frink was mistaken, and that for the sake of the MacArthur home and their daughter Mary, the mistake had better be proved in public.

The hearing lasted three days, at the end of which time the court was convinced that MacArthur had been long separated from his wife before he met Miss Hayes, that they had been divorced two years before he and Miss Hayes were married, and that the plaintiff had had no case. Miss Frink withdrew the suit on the advice of her lawyers and was ordered to pay court fees amounting to one hundred dollars. Painful as it was for Charlie and Miss Hayes, she is thankful that she had this situation out with Charlie's ex-wife. Miss Frink has made no further comment.

WHEN MISS HAYES is playing in New York, she commutes by car or by bus between the theatre and the house she and her husband bought eleven years ago in Nyack.

Even when MacArthur, now an Army major, is home on leave, the MacArthurs rarely go out in Nyack, and they each have found a social excuse that is surefire on the telephone against the most pressing invitations: Helen, who may be feeling in radiant health, simply says that she is sick in bed, and Charlie, speaking in precise and almost offensively sober accents, will explain that as for him, he is far too drunk to go anywhere. They have found these statements unanswerable.

Dressed for the street in Nyack or New York, Miss Hayes looks young and casual. She is indifferent to fashion, and will tell you complacently that a critic once spoke of her as the worst-dressed actress on the American stage. Twice the blandishments of her husband and friends have got her into Hattie Carnegie's, and she solved both crises by pointing to the dress Miss Carnegie was wearing and saying, "I'll have that one."

One day she came out of the stage entrance after a matinée of *Victoria Regina* wearing a rather shabby fur coat and heard a woman say to the man she was with, "There's Helen Hayes!" The man stared and said, "Looking like that? It couldn't be!" The next day, Miss Hayes, in a spasm of duty to a public which expects her to look dazzling off the stage, called up Jaeckel's and talked to them seriously about a sable coat. The coat, as the Jaeckels dreamed of it, was to cost 15,000 dollars, and it seemed to Miss Hayes that such a gesture ought to satisfy almost anybody. "Besides," she says characteristically now, "I figured that if I had on a $15,000 sable coat, I could wear any old sweater and skirt I liked underneath." Leaving the theatre that afternoon after the matinée, she passed the Durand-Ruel Galleries and saw a Renoir in the window priced at around 15,000 dollars. The Renoir now hangs in the house at Nyack, and the Jaeckels, if they are the emotional kind, are still weeping into their sables.

Many actresses preserve their energies for their work by insisting on the kind of personal peace that comes from having everything at home happen the way they want it to, but Miss Hayes' career in the theatre, mostly a matter of simple appeal until *Coquette*, seems to have profited since then from a private life that has been less than tranquil. Probably her most important professional step was the decision to play *Victoria Regina*—a conclusion she came to in the bathroom of her house at Nyack. Max Gordon wanted her to do a dramatic version of *Pride and Prejudice*, and she had almost decided in favor of it when one evening she picked up Laurence Housman's book of short plays about Queen Victoria, which Gilbert Miller had sent to her several weeks before. When she had read a few pages, she became so interested in it that she took it into the bathroom with her for greater privacy and locked the door. She studies most of her parts in her bathroom, which is large enough for pacing and brooding. The next day she sent her regrets to Mr. Gordon and telephoned Mr. Miller that she would like to do the Housman play.

Her three years as Victoria brought Miss Hayes into contact with several members of European royal families descended from the late Queen. During a summer layoff of the play, Helen and Charles were staying at a house near Salzburg when the late Duke of Kent, another guest, arrived late one night and sent an equerry to the MacArthurs' room to say that His Royal Highness was anxious to meet Miss Hayes and would be glad if she and her husband would join him downstairs for a drink. This amounted to a command, but Miss Hayes had gone to bed, and when Miss Hayes is in bed for the night nothing except the next morning gets her out of it. "You go down," she said to Charlie, and added, "If any dukes want to see me, let 'em come here." A few minutes later she heard footsteps chummily approaching the door, and Charlie breezed in with the Duke. Miss Hayes was lying with the blankets pulled up to her chin, her hair tumbled, and her face covered with cold cream. She still holds this against Charlie, but she is able to look on the bright side. "At least I didn't have to curtsy," she says.

The incident she likes to remember during that trip was meeting, in London, the Dowager Marchioness of Milford Haven, whose father was Louis IV, Grand Duke of Hesse, and whose mother was Princess Alice, Queen Victoria's daughter. "Please tell me something I haven't been sure of," Miss Hayes asked the Marchioness. "Queen Victoria's mother was a German princess—did Victoria speak with an accent when she was Queen of England?" The Marchioness raised her hands in astonishment. "Ach, no!" she said. "She het no more eggzent den you or me!"

The tour of *Victoria Regina* is considered the most successful any play has had since the movies drove the theatre out of the majority of American cities, but it was not without its mishaps. In Los Angeles, the opening night—a glittering affair attended by crowds of Hollywood celebrities—coincided with a convention of the Knights of Columbus; some hundreds of these revelers stood outside the theatre to watch the stars arrive in a blaze of floodlights and, when the doors had closed on the last of them, lightheartedly returned to their own pleasures, which happened to be shooting off firecrackers on the curb.

They kept it up during most of the performance, but it had a happy result in the end; the second night nearly everybody came back to find out what the people on the stage had been saying, and it was almost as brilliant an occasion as the first.

Difficult situations do not ruffle Miss Hayes when she is acting, but off the stage she is inclined to be helpless in unexpected ways. She has, for instance, no sense of direction and has regularly lost money betting nickels against other members of the cast who prophesy that she will turn the wrong way when she steps out of the stage door. They like to watch her walk confidently up the alley toward, say, a brick wall, and then to murmur indulgently, "Where do you think you're going, dear?" On trains, during the tour of *Victoria Regina*, Harry Essex generally pinned a typewritten slip of paper outside the men's room, where he knew Helen would be sure to see it repeatedly. "The ladies' room is at the *other* end of the car," it read.

One thing Miss Hayes is sure of is that she will make no more motion pictures; her experiences in Hollywood have considerably baffled her. In 1931, the urgent pleas of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer took her there to make *The Sin of Madelon Claudet*, for which Charles MacArthur had written the script. Miss Hayes, finding herself awash in a sea of incredibly beautiful women who were always behaving picturesquely, was once more overcome by her old feeling of drabness, and was depressed to learn that the studio felt the same way about her. In the projection room, when she went to see the rushes, or completed scenes, of *Madelon Claudet*, Miss Hayes sat dejectedly in a corner while executives in nearby seats gloomily smoked cigars and left afterward without speaking to her.

The night the picture opened in Hollywood, Helen and Charlie avoided the theatre and fled to some friends who had rented a house at Santa Barbara. Long after midnight, as they sat on the terrace, someone who had traced them there telephoned the news that the audience was still applauding and calling for Helen Hayes, and that the picture was the sensation of the year. A few minutes later telegrams began to arrive from excited executives. "You are the greatest actress in the world" was about the most moderate of these messages.

Miss Hayes, astonished, decided then and there on what seemed to her a gesture appropriate to Hollywood. "Ah me, Hollywood!" she sighed, and jumped into the swimming pool with her clothes on.

Mary Pickford

A FRIEND OF Mary Pickford's, going to her once for advice in some personal catastrophe, listened skeptically while Mary besought her to be tranquil and strong and to believe that everything would surely come out happily in the end. At these words, the afflicted one grew bitter. "Pollyanna," she muttered. Instantly a grimness settled over Mary. She was not, she insisted gravely, and never had been a Pollyanna.

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But she is, nevertheless, an unremitting optimist. Let disaster and woe rain upon her, on her family, or her friends, Mary never stops reminding herself and everyone else that things might be much worse than they are. To a fellow star whose career lay in ruins and whose private life had been tragically shattered, she once said earnestly, "Think how much more awful it would be if you had lost a leg." Somehow this habit is not as irritating as it sounds, perhaps because she applies the same dogged cheer so relentlessly to herself, and because her optimism has that quality of fierceness which is inseparable from her character. Good will prevail, she will tell you, while something in her wide, uncompromising face adds silently that it damn well better.

It was no accident of golden curls that made Mary the richest and most famous moving-picture star in the world. America's sweetheart is a business woman, hard-headed, patient and positive. The conferences that, in 1919, preceded the forming of United Artists—meetings that included Chaplin, Fairbanks, D. W. Griffith, and their lawyers—were quietly dominated by Mary. She had then, as she has now, the gift of intelligent listening, but at the end of one of these thoughtful silences, her rather high, Canadian voice would announce, "I disagree with you, gentlemen, and I will tell you why." It generally turned out that she was right.

In contrast to this positive attitude toward business, Mary is, in private conversation, astonishingly pliable. Urged variously by those who are fond of her to be gay, debonair, philosophic, or stately in any crisis, she will promise to try to follow all of this conflicting advice. She is as lacking in conviction about her private life as she is obstinate about the practical side of her career.

Her life at Pickfair during the first years of her marriage to Douglas was undeniably dull. Both of them worked from six in the morning until night most of the time, and their guests at dinner were a strange company of Douglas's trainers and the professional wits and yes-men who eternally clung to him. Mary sat at the head of the table; Douglas, dark and prankish, sat at her side, sometimes disappearing under the table to frighten people by grabbing at their ankles, occasionally vanishing to be found, later, in the chandelier; always there was, somewhere, a chair wired so that the most important guest would get an electric shock when he sat down. Mary, in the midst of these antics, remained pleasant but curiously grave.

She had not then, and still has not, many intimate women friends. Sometimes Frances Marion, the scenario-writer, or Lillian Gish would come to dinner, but Mary was, more often than not, the only woman at the table. Neither she nor Douglas drank anything at all—not from any moral conviction, but because Douglas at that time had never tasted liquor, and Mary had no interest in it; rather bad drinks were served, however, to any guests who wanted them. At ten o'clock, a butler passed a tray with cups of Ovaltine or a dish of fruit. After that, people usually went home.

Outwardly, their life was exciting enough. That they were king and queen of Hollywood was no fan-writer's dream; their position there was unique to an almost fantastic degree. People who had not been asked to visit Pickfair began to refer to it bitterly as Buckingham Palace. No *première* of any picture at Grauman's Chinese Theatre started until Mary and Douglas were in their seats.

Once, when Mary arrived a little late at a tea where the screen's most glamorous feminine stars were assembled, every woman in the room stood up as she entered. Hostesses all over town willingly ruined their table arrangements by changing the place cards so that Mary and Douglas might sit next to each other at dinner; it was an accepted rule that they never be separated, at their own or at any other table. At home, Douglas sat at Mary's left, and the guest of honor, whether a man or a woman, at her right; nobody ever sat at Douglas's right except Mary. At parties, they danced only with each other. Mary says now that this strange pact was Douglas's idea, not hers, and that she began to find it less enchanting when he pointed out to her on one occasion, when the late Duke of Kent visited Pickfair, that it also prevented her from dancing with His Royal Highness.

A dinner or a weekend at Pickfair soon became a part of the schedule planned for any visitor of distinction arriving in Hollywood, and with the coming of royalty, things at the Fairbanks' house grew livelier. For example the Crown Prince (later King) of Siam liked his dinner party there so much that he had his equerry telephone twice during the following week to ask whether he and his Princess might come again, informally. Dinner was always prepared for fifteen, whether fifteen people or three eventually sat down to it. This was all pretty good fun, but Mary was not entirely happy. She is half Irish, with the Irish clan feeling strong in her. She would have preferred having her mother and Jack and Lottie around her to this endless pageantry. There is nothing swanky about Mary; her early life was simple to the point of starkness, and she has never lost that simplicity.

The biographical facts about Mary Pickford are already familiar to the public. She was born in Toronto, and her name was Gladys Smith; her father, an impractical Englishman, died when she was four, and in 1899, at the age of six, Mary went to work for the Valentine Stock Company in Toronto. When she was fourteen, Mary made her first film for Biograph; it was directed by D. W. Griffith and called *Her First Biscuits*. After that, she began to be known as "the Biograph girl," and her pay in one year and a half was raised from forty dollars a week to 5,000 dollars a year, a lavish motion-picture salary for those days. After a stage appearance under the direction of David Belasco in *A Good Little Devil*, she made, in 1913, a movie of the play for Famous Players. Two years later she became

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vice-president of the Mary Pickford-Famous Players Company at a salary of $2,000 a week and fifty per cent of the profits, and when, in the following year, her own company was organized under the name of Artcraft Pictures, Mary's salary was more than doubled, and she still received her share of the profits. She became an independent producer in 1918.

Until her marriage to Charles (Buddy) Rogers in 1937, Mary Pickford's life was less happy than many women's. Through it all—the failure of her marriage to Owen Moore, the loss of her mother and her brother, and her separation and divorce from Douglas—she was sustained less by her optimism than by her passion for work.

She is scrupulous about her appearance in public, because she feels that people expect her to look well. The first time she was recognized on a New York street (it was in front of the Strand Theater in 1914), she had on an ugly hat, and it worried her for days—not to such an extent, however, that she forgot to ask for a raise on the strength of the public recognition. At home, she has no personal vanity at all, and will sit talking for hours with a shiny nose and her hair done up in pins or pulled straight back from her face—a style that, quite by accident, is very becoming. Her hair is about three inches long in back and naturally wavy; she has a vegetable rinse with every third or fourth shampoo to keep the lights in it. She weighs, now, one hundred and two pounds, and is exactly five feet tall.

Three months' schooling in Toronto at the age of five was the extent of Mary's formal education, but much of her spare time since has been devoted to learning. When she can, she reads a little, slowly, of a book she has heard about, sometimes taking twenty minutes to a page, because she stops to memorize in order to increase her facility for learning parts. She is never idle and never rests during the day. Even when she is playing four shows daily in personal appearances at picture houses, she never lies down until she goes to bed for the night. Sometimes, faced with a problem, Mary goes into her bedroom and talks out loud to herself. These private monologues are apt to sound very fierce, and Mary emerges pale, but positive.

Buddy Rogers, a tall, likeable man who has successfully lived down his unfortunate nickname and a pretty-boy reputation, is a lieutenant in the Navy Ferry Command, and is on active duty most of the time these days. After the war Mary may act again, possibly with her husband. In the meantime she wants, perhaps more acutely than anything else, to be thought of as a mature and capable person—an achievement difficult enough for any woman between whom and the public the ghost of a little girl with yellow curls keeps on plaintively intruding.

CORONET PICTURES

Page 27, U. S. Army Signal Corps; 53-75, Museum of Modern Art, 20th Century Fox's "Fighting Lady," W. Eugene Smith of *Flying Magazine*, John R. Whiting of *Popular Photography*, and U. S. Navy; 77, Stanley Lazarus; 103-108, Hal H. Harrison of P. P. C.; 120, Mike Elkins; 4th Cover, Lt. Thomas Lake of Publix.

Between these Covers

This Month:

Unless it is your habit to read from right to left, it will now be no surprise to you to read that with this issue, Coronet has undertaken a pretty thorough (and thoughtful) spring redecorating.

Redecorating a magazine is a great deal like redecorating a house. First everyone rolls up his sleeves and pitches in—then there is a lot of dust, a lot of indecision and suddenly, *pouf*—you have a very exciting new combination and prospects for a wonderful year ahead.

Coronet's new decorating scheme began with the return of Oscar Dystel as Editor-in-Chief from his two years "on leave" status in Egypt, Italy and France. There was a lot of midnight oil to be burned, and Art Director Arnold W. Ryan burned it. There were a few old fixtures which, like Aunt Hattie's oil portrait, had to be discarded. And then there were ideas—hundreds of them. The discarded layouts alone would make several complete magazines—good ones, too.

Statistically, the new layout is a distinct improvement—twenty-five per cent more color pages, for instance. But above and beyond mere statistics, all of us who rolled up our sleeves are distinctly proud of this month's lineup.

Calling the roll of artists who were selected to carry out the new Coronet motif is in itself a pretty impressive ceremony. To do the cover and illustrative artwork for Margaret Case Harriman's *Take Them Up Tenderly*, we chose Constantin Alajalov, whose *New Yorker* covers are as famous and as typical of that magazine as are Miss Harriman's profiles.

As geographic accompaniment to Russell Brines' revealing picture of Tokyo today, Antonio Petruccelli designed the map of Japan which we all hope will soon be punched full of pinholes—B-29 pinholes. Petruccelli, who apparently is as versatile as he is famous, has won prizes for his designs of costumes, posters, silks and magazine covers—among others.

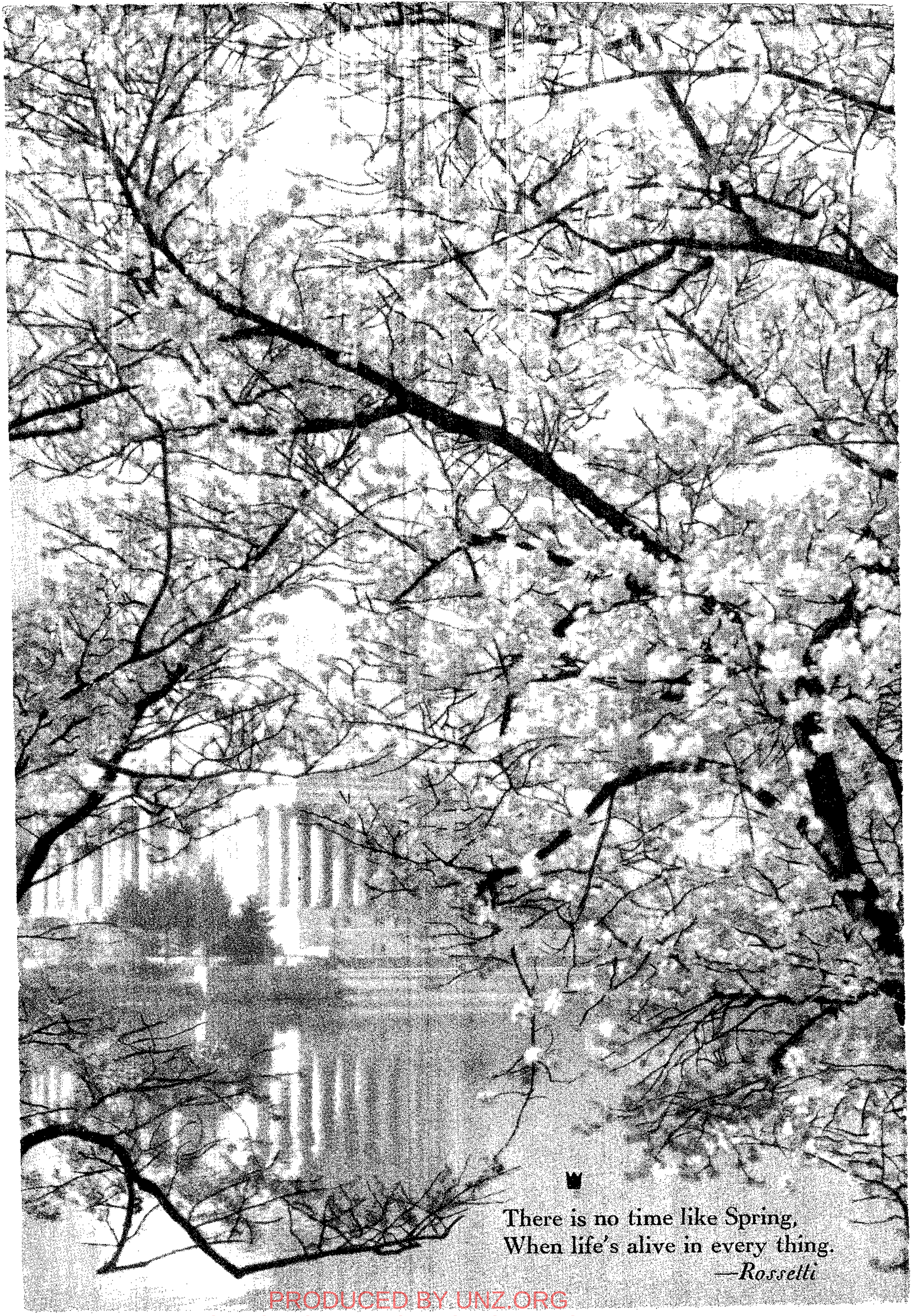
Next Month:

We've saved this space especially to mention Arthur Szyk, the second of whose "words in pictures" will appear on next month's inside cover. The first of the series, incidentally, is in the same position in this issue and, for good measure, Mr. Szyk is also responsible for the illumination of the Oath of Hippocrates.

Actually Arthur Szyk does not consider himself a cartoonist at all. He is the world's acknowledged master of the ancient art of illumination as handed down by the monks of the Middle Ages. He's also generally considered the world's greatest painter of miniatures.

In a way, the bright, painstaking note which Arthur Szyk has loaned to Coronet's inside front cover with his new series, is symbolic of Coronet's new renovating scheme. And we hope that you like both Mr. Szyk's series *and* the new decorating job as well as we do.

Manuscripts, photographs and other materials submitted for publication should be addressed to CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 11, Illinois, and must be accompanied by postage or by provision for payment of carrying charges if their return is desired in the event of non-purchase. No responsibility will be assumed for loss or damage of unsolicited materials submitted. Subscribers' notices of change of address must be received one month before they are to take effect. Both old and new addresses should be given.



There is no time like Spring,
When life's alive in every thing.
—*Rossetti*